

THE
WORKS
OF
FRANCIS RABELAIS, M. D.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

VOL. II.

Now carefully revised, and compared throughout with
the late new Edition of M. *Le du Chat*,

By Mr. OZELL,

Who has likewise added at the Bottom of the Pages, a
Translation of the Notes, Historical, Critical, and
Explanatory, of the said M. *du Chat*, and Others:
In which Notes, never before printed in *English*, the
Text is not only explained, but, in Multitudes of Places,
amended, and made conformable to the first and best
Editions of this learned and facetious AUTHOR.

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amended, and made conformable to the Latin and
Hebrew of the French and English Authors.

Printed for Philip Carteret, at the Sign of the
Golden Anchor, in the Strand, near the Temple
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THE
TRANSLATOR
TO THE
READER.

E*lsewhere, I taught Physicians doubtful Skill
Like other Doctors, how to cure or kill :
Here is my Nostrum, that can ne'er miscarry ;
For all I here prescribe, is to be merry.
One Dram of Mirth will sooner mend thy Crasis,
Than twenty bitter Draughts, with scurvy Faces.
Let Chymist or Galenist prevail ;
Yet sure a Course of Mirth is worth 'em all.
No Drug, nor Hellebore, no Rhubarb safe ;
O still, the only Physick is to laugh :
To which, if this small Book cannot provoke thee,
Let Pills, let Bolus, Quack, or Radcliff choke thee.*





T H E
A U T H O R ' s
P R O L O G U E .

MOST illustrious and thrice valorous Champions, Gentlemen, and others, who willingly apply your Minds to the high Flights and harmless Sallies of Wit. You have not long ago seen, read, and understood the great and inestimable Chronicles of the huge Giant *Gargantua* ; and, like true *Men of Faith*, have firmly believed all that is contained in them, and have very often past your Time amongst Honourable Ladies and Gentlewomen, telling them fair long Stories, when you are out of all other Talk, for which you are worthy of great Praise and sempiternal Memory. And I do heartily wish, that every Man would lay aside his own Business, meddle no more with his Profession nor Trade, and throw all Affairs concerning himself behind his Back, to attend this wholly, without distracting or troubling his Mind with any thing else, until he have learned all without Book ; that if, by chance, the Art of Printing should cease, or in case that, in time to come, all Books should perish, every Man might truly teach them to his Children, and deliver them over to his Successors and Survivors, from hand to hand, as a religious *Cabala* : for there is in it more Profit than a Rabble of great pocky Logger-heads are able to discern, who surely understand far less in these little Merriments, than (1) *Raclet* did in the Institutes.

(1) *Raclet*] Professor of Law at *Dole*.

I have known great and mighty Lords, and those not a few, who going a Deer-hunting, or a hawking after wild Ducks, when the Chace had not encounter'd with the Blinks, that were cast in her way to retard her Course, or that the Hawk did but *plain* and smoothly fly, without moving her Wings, perceiving the Prey, by force of Flight, to have gained Bounds of her, have been much chafed and vexed, as you understand well enough; but the Comfort unto which they had Refuge, and that they might not take cold, was to relate the inestimable Deeds of the said *Gargantua*. There are others in the World (these are no flimflam Stories) who being much troubled with the Tooth-ach, after they had spent their Goods upon *Physicians*, without receiving at all any Ease of their Pain, have found no more ready Remedy, than to put the said *Chronicles* betwixt two Pieces of Linnen Cloth made very hot, and so apply them to the Place that smarteth, *synapising* them with a little Powder of (2) *Projection*, otherwise called *Doribus*.

But what shall I say of those poor Men that are plagued with the Pox and the Gout? O how often have we seen them, even immediately after they were anointed and thoroughly greased, till their Faces did glister like the Key-hole of a Powdering-Tub, their Teeth dance like the Jacks of a Pair of little Organs or Virginals, when they are play'd upon, and that they foamed from their very Throats like a Boar, which the mongrel Mastiff-hounds have driven in, and over-thrown amongst the Toils: What did they then? All their Consolation was to have some Page of the said jolly Book read unto them. And we have seen those who have given themselves to an *hundred Punchions of old Devils*, in case that they did not feel a manifest Ease and Asswagement of Pain, at the hearing of the said Book read, even when they were kept in a Purgatory of Torment: no more nor less than Women in Travail use to find their Sorrow abated, when the Life of St. *Margarite* is read unto them. Is

(2.) Powder of *Ejection*, or rather *Dejection*, I should chuse to translate it: for the Author means no other than a Sirreverence. It is in the Original only *Poudre d'Oribus* (*quasi dorée*, of a golden Colour.)

The Prologue.



this nothing ? Find me a Book in any Language, in any Faculty or Science whatsoever, that hath such Virtues, Properties, and Prerogatives, and I will be content to pay you a *Chopine* of Tripez. No, no, my Masters, it is peerless, incomparable, and not to be matched ; and this am I resolved, for ever, to maintain, even unto the *Fire exclusive*. And those that will pertinaciously hold the contrary Opinion, let them be accounted Abusers, (3.) Predestinators, Impostors, and Seducers of the People. It is very true, that there are found, in some noble and famous Books, certain occult and hidden Properties, in the number of which are reckoned *Whippot, Orlando Furioso, Robert the Devil, Fierabras, William without Fear, Huon of Bourdeaux, Monteville, and Matabrune* : but they are not comparable to that which we speak of ; and the World hath well known, by infallible Experience, the great Emolument and Utility which it hath received by this *Gargantuine Chronicle* ; for the Printers have sold more of them in two Months time, than there will be bought of Bibles in nine Years.

I therefore (your humble Slave) being very willing to increase your Solace and Recreations yet a little more, do offer you, for a Present, another Book of the same Stamp, only that it is a little more reasonable and worthy of Credit than the other was ; for think not (unless you wilfully will err against your Knowledge) that I speak of it as the *Jews* do of the Law. I was not born under such a Planet, neither did it ever befall me to lie, or affirm a thing for true that was not : I speak of it like a jolly (4.) *Onocrotarie*, I should say *Crotenotary* of the martyrizd Lovers, and *Croquenotarie* of Love : *Quod vidimus, testamur*. It is of the horrible and dreadful Feats and Prowesses of *Pantagruel*, whose menial Servant I have been ever since I was a Page, till

(3.) *Predestinators, Impostors,*] These two Words were not in the first Editions. *Rabelais* added them afterwards, to abuse *Calvin*, to whom he was now become a bitter Enemy.

(4.) *Onocrotarie, &c.*] It is in the Original *Onocrotale* (which is Greek for a Buzzard.) The Author, by these buffooning Misnommers, alludes to the Prothonotaries and Martyrologers of his Time ; one of whom the famous *Capuchin P. Joseph*, very gallantly [very impiously, I think] calls *St. John Secretary to the Amours of the Son of God*.

this Hour, that by his Leave I am permitted to visit my *Cow-Country*, and to know if any of my Kindred there be alive.

And therefore to make an end of this *Prologue*, (5) Even as I give myself fairly to an hundred thousand Panniers full of Devils, Body and Soul, Tripes and Guts, in case that I lie so much as one single Word in this whole History : Just so St. *Anthony's* Fire burn you, *Marwmet's* Disease whirlyou, the Squinzy choke you, Botches, Crinckums sink you plumb down to *Pegtrantum's*, Plagues of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*, cram your pocky Arse with Sorrow. Fire, Brimstone, and Pits bottomless swallow you all alive, in case you do not firmly believe all that I shall relate unto you in this present *Chronicle*.

(c.) *Even as I give my self fairly to — Just so, &c.*] The Word *fairly* is not in the Original. Had the Translator left that out, the Author neither Curses himself, nor any body else ; for he only says, *Tout ainsy comme je me donne à* — Even as, &c. *Pareillemont*, Just so, &c. Now *Rabelais* does not give himself to, &c. consequently there is not the least Curse given to any body.

The SECOND BOOK of
RABELAIS,

Treating of the
 Heroick Deeds and Sayings

Of the Good

PANTAGRUEL.

C H A P. I.

*Of the Original and Antiquity of the Great
 Pantagruel.*

IT will not be an idle or unprofitable Thing, seeing, we are at leisure, to put you in mind of the Fountain and original Source, whence is derived unto us the good *Pantagruel*: for I see that all good Historiographers have thus handled their *Chronicles*, not only the *Arabians*, *Barbarians*, and *Latins*, but also the gentle *Greeks*, who were (1) eternal Drinkers. You must therefore remark, that at the Beginning of the World (I speak of a long time, it is above forty *Quarantains* of Nights, according to the Supputation of the ancient *Druids*)

[1.) *Eternal Drinkers.*] Thence the Word *Pergræcari*, to carouze, or spend whole Days and Nights in Drinking. It would be worth while to read *Nicolaus Leonicus*, l. 2. c. 93. de *Variâ Historiâ*, upon this Word *pergræcari*; as also *Erasmus* in his *Adagies*; not forgetting what is said by that Sage of *Scythia Anacharsis* in *Diogenes Laertius*.

a little after that *Abel* was killed by his Brother *Cain*, the Earth, imbrued with the Blood of the Just, was one Year so exceeding fertile in those Fruits which it usually produceth to us, and especially in *Medlars*, that, ever since, throughout all Ages, it hath been called the Year of the great *Medlars*, for three of them did fill a Bushel. In that Year the *Calends* were found by the *Grecian Almanacks*. There was that Year nothing of the Month of *March* in the time of *Lent*, and the middle of *August* was in *May*. In the Month of *October*, as I take it, or at least *September* (that I may not err, for I will carefully take heed of that) was the Week so famous in the *Annals*, which they call the *Week* of the *three Thursday's*; for it had three of them, by means of the irregular *Bissextile*, occasioned by the *Sun's* having tripped and stumbled a little towards the left hand, like a Debtor afraid of Serjeants; and the *Moon* varied from her Course above five Fathom; and there was manifestly seen (2) the Motion of *Trepidation* in the Firmament called (3.) *Aplanes*: so that the middle *Pleiades*, leaving her Fellows, declined towards the *Equinoctial*; and the Star, named *Spica*, left the Constellation of the *Virgin*, withdrawing itself towards the *Balance*: which are Cases very terrible, and Matters so hard and difficult, that *Astrologians* cannot set their Teeth in them; and indeed their Teeth had been pretty long if they could have reached thither.

However, account you it for a Truth, that every body did then most heartily eat of these *Medlars*, for they were fair to the Eye, and in Taste delicious. But even as *Noah*, that holy Man (to whom we are so much beholden, bound, and obliged, for that he planted to us the Vine, from whence we have that nectarian, delicious, precious, heavenly, joyful, and deifick Liquor,

(2.) *The Motion, &c.*] See upon this, *Agrippa*, c. 36. de *Vanitate Scientiarum*. This Motion, so difficult to conceive, was the Invention, or rather Conceit of the *Arabian Thebit ben Coreth*, a famous Astronomer of the 9th Age. See *Bergeron*, last Section of his Treatise of the *Saracens*. This made *Rabelais* say, it was manifestly seen.

(3.) *Aplanes*:] Heaven of *fixt Stars*: ἀπλανής; i. not erratic.

which

which they call the (4) *Piot*, or *Tiplage* was deceived in the drinking of it, for he was ignorant of the great Virtue and Power thereof: so likewise the Men and Women of that Time did delight much in the eating of that fair great Fruit; but divers and very different Accidents did ensue thereupon: for there fell upon them all in their Bodies a most terrible *Swelling*, but not upon all in the same place; for some were *swollen* in the Belly, and their Belly strouted out big like a great Tun; of whom it is written, *Ventrem Omnipotentem*; who were all very honest Men, and merry Blades: and of this Race came St. *Fatgulch* and *Shrovetuesday*. Others did *swell* at the Shoulders, who in that Place were so crump and knobby, that they were therefore called *Montifers* (which is as much as to say *Hill-carriers*) of whom you see some yet in the World, of diverse Sexes and Degrees of this Race came *Æsop*, some of whose excellent Words and Deeds you have in Writing. Some other *Puffes* did *swell* in length by the *Member*, which they call the *Labourer of Nature*, in such sort, that it grew marvellous long, plump, jolly, lusty, stirring, and Crest-risen in the antique Fashion; so that they made use of it as of Girdle, winding it five or six times about their Waste; but if it happened the aforesaid *Member* to be in good case, spooming with a full Sail, bunt fair before the Wind, then to have seen those strouting Champions, you would have taken them for Men that had their Lances settled on their Rest, to run at the Ring, or tilting *Quintain*. Of these the Race is utterly lost, and quite extinct, as the Women say; for they do lament continually, that there are none extant now of those *long, plump, &c.* you know the rest of the Song. Others did grow in matter of Ballocks so enormously, that three of them would fill a Sack: from them are descended the Ballocks of *Lorraine*, which never dwell in Codpieces, but fall down to the Bottom of the Breeches. Others grew in the *Hams*, and to see them; you would have said they had been Cranes, or (5) *Flamans*, or else Men walking upon

(4.) *Piot*,] A common Cant Word used by French Clowns, and other tipling Companions; it signifies *Rum-boozie*, as our Gipsies call *Good-guzzle*, and comes from *πρω bibo*.

(5.) *Flamans*,] A flame-coloured Bird with long red legs.

Stilts; the little School-boys called these *Jambicks*. In others, their Nose did grow so, that it seemed to be the Beak of a *Limbeck*, in every part thereof most variously diaped with the twinkling Sparkles of crimson Blisters budding forth, and purpled with Pimples all enameled with thick-set Wheals of a sanguine Colour, bordered with *Gules*; and such have you seen the Prebend *Panzoul*, and *Woodenfoot* the Physician of *Angiers*: of which Race there are few that liked the *Ptisane*, but all of them were perfect Lovers of the pure *septembral Juice*. (6) *Naso* and *Ovid* had their Extraction from thence, and all those of whom it is written, 7) *Ne reminiscaris*. (8) Others grew in *Ears*, which they had so big, that out of one would have been Stuff enough got to make a Doublet, a Pair of Breeches, and a Jacket, whilst with the other they might have covered themselves as with a *Spanish* Cloak: and they say, that in (9) *Bourbonois* this Race remaineth yet; and from thence they are called the *Ears* of *Bourbon*. Others grew in length of Body, and of those came the *Giants*, and of them *Pantagruel*.

And the first was *Chalbroth*,
 who begat *Sarabroth*,
 who begat *Fairbroth*,
 who begat *Hurtali*, that was a brave Eater of Pottage,
 and reigned in the time of the Flood;
 who begat *Nemobroth*,

(6.) *Naso and Ovid*] Two Names for the same Man, viz. *Naso* in the Person of *Ovid*, and *Ovid* as being of the Family of the *Nasos*.

(7.) *Ne reminiscaris* [Thus begins an Anthem sung before and after the seven penitential Psalms. The Author applies it to large huge *Noses* (*Nex* in *French*) either because *Nè* (a Nose) is thrice repeated therein, or else because Persons with large Noses can hardly tune these Words without singing through the Nose.

(8.) *Others grew in Ears*, *πρωτοτοι*, or *All-Ears*. See *Pliny* and *P. Mela*.

(9.) The People of *Bourbon* are noted for large Ears, even to a Proverb; so are those of *Lyon*; which made a satyrical Poet say, after he had taken Notice of the Honour done the Natives of *Lyon*, to let them wear their Hats when they go to be hang'd,

Privilege fort authentique
Pour cacher l'oreille Arcadique.

Chap. I. WORKS.

11

who begat *Atlas*, that with his Shoulders kept the Sky
from falling ;
who begat *Goliab*,
who begat (10) *Erix*, that invented the *Hocus Pocus*-
Plays of *Legerdemain* ;
who begat *Titius*,
who begat *Eryon*,
who begat *Poliphemus*,
who begat *Cacus*,
who begat *Etion*, the first Man that ever had the Pox,
for not drinking fresh in Summer, as *Bartachim*
witnesseth ;
who begat *Enceladus*,
who begat *Ceus*,
who begat *Tiphæus*,
who begat *Alæus*,
who begat *Othus*,
who begat *Ægeon*,
who begat *Briareus*, that had an hundred Hands ;
who begat *Porphyria*,
who begat *Adamasfer*,
who begat *Antæus*,
who begat *Agatbo*,
who begat *Porus*, against whom fought *Alexander the*
Great ;
who begat *Aranthas*,
who begat *Gabbara*, that was the first Inventor of drink-
ing of Healths ;
who begat *Goliab* of *Secondille*,
who begat *Offot*, that was terribly well nosed for drink-
ing at the Barrel-head ;
who begat *Artachæus*,
who begat *Oromedon*,
who begat *Gemmagog*, the first Inventor of (11) *Poulant*
Shoes,

(10.) *Erix*.] This Giant, and all those that are hereafter named,
have very curious, learned and diverting Accounts given of them by
M. Du Chat, but too long to be here inserted.

(11) *Poulant Shoes*.] *Mexeray* gives a somewhat different Account
of the Make of these Shoes. ' They had long sharp-snouted cock-
' up Toes, and at the Heels a sort of Spurs sticking out. None but
' People of Distinction wore them.' King *Charles V.* (of *France*)
anno 1365. by an Edict prohibited this ridiculous Mode. ' But con-

Shoes, which are open on the Foot, and tied over the Instep with a Latchet ;
 who begat *Sisyphus*,
 who begat the *Sitans*, of whom *Hercules* was born ;
 who begat *Enay*, the most skilful Man that ever was, in matter of taking the little Worms out of the Hands ;
 who begat *Fierabras*, that was vanquished by *Oliver* Peer of *France*, and *Rowland's* Camerade ;
 who begat (12) *Morgan*, the first in the World that play'd at Dice with Spectacles ;
 who begat (13) *Fracassus*, of whom *Merlin Coccaius* hath written, and of him was born (14) *Ferragus* ;
 who begat (15) *Hapmouche*, the first that ever invented the drying of Neats-Tongues in the Chimney ; for before that People salted them as they do now Gammons of Bacon :
 who begat *Bolivorax*,
 who begat *Longis*,
 who begat (16) *Gayoffo*, whose Cods were of *Poplar*, and his Pendulum of the *Servise*, or *Sorb-Apple-Tree* :

* *tinues Mezerey*, it came in again, and lasted a good while after the ' Beginning of the 15th Century.' The Word *Poulan* is thought to mean *Polish*.

(12.) *Morgan*,] or *Morgant*, the Name of a Giant, the Hero of an ancient Romance, mentioned by *Du Verdier*, in his *Bibliothèque*, p. 899. *Luigi Pulci* has composed an Italian Poem on him, in twenty-eight Canto's, injudiciously ascrib'd by some to *Politian*.

(13.) *Fracassus*, &c.] The Place, where *Merlin Cocaie* speaks of the Giant *Fracassus*, is in the Second *Macaronic*, in these Terms :

*Primus erat quidam FRACASSUS prole Gigantis,
 Cujus stirps olim MORGANTO venit ab illo,
 Qui bacchioconem campanæ ferre solebat,
 Cum quo mille hominum colpos fracasset in uno.*

(14.) *Ferragus* ;] The Name is composed of *ferrum acutum*, or *fer-agut*, as the People of *Languedoc* speak, who call your Fencing-masters by that Name. This Giant was with all the Ease in the World, knock'd o'th' Head with the Clapper of a huge Bell by the Giant *Morgan*, whom he had challenged to single Combat.

(15.) *Hapmouche*,] That is, *Fly-catcher*, *Aquila non capit Muscas* ; so this Giant could be none of the most magnanimous any more than *Domitian* the Emperor, called by *Rabelais* elsewhere, *Fly-nabber*.

(16.) *Gayoffo*,] From the Italian *Galiotto*, i. e. a Scoundrel. *Gaioffus* is the Name of a Magistrate of *Mantua*, in *Merlin Cocaie*. This Giant here must have been some terrible Belly-bumper.

who

who begat *Maschefain*,
 who begat *Brustsefer*,
 who begat *Angoulevent*,
 who begat (17) *Galehaut*, the Inventor of Flaggons.
 who begat *Mirelengant*,
 who begat *Gallaffre*,
 who begat *Salourdin*,
 who begat *Roboast*,
 who begat *Sortibrant* of *Conimbres*,
 who begat *Brusbant* of *Mommierre*,
 who begat *Bruyer*, that was overcome by *Ogyer the Dane*,
 Peer of *France* ;
 who begat *Mabrun*,
 who begat *Foutasnon*,
 who begat (18) *Haquelebac*,
 who begat *Vitdegrain*,
 who begat *Grangousier*,
 who begat *Gargantua*,
 who begat the noble *Pantagruel* my Master.

(17.) *Galehaut*,] This is an *English* Name we read in *Froissart*; and in Chap. 65. of Vol. I. of *Lancelot of the Lake*, it is the Name of a King of the *Outmarshes* of *Great-Britain*. Now, as *Englishmen* don't care to have Wine because of its Scarcity, either spilt or spoil'd, *Rabelais* gives us a boon Companion of that Country for the Inventor of Flaggons, in which the Wine is not subject to be spilt or pall'd.

(18.) *Haquelebac*,] *Commines* tells us, there is a Gallery so called in the Castle of *Amboise*, from one *Haquelebac* who had the Keeping of it. Now, since this Man, who should be a *German* or *Swiss*er by his Name is made a Giant by *Rabelais*, we may believe he was of a vast enormous Bigness, as many of those two Nations are: and upon this occasion it is not amiss to observe, that in that very Gallery, which is the same identical Place where *Charles VIII.* died suddenly in 1498. are to be seen the Pictures of a Man and his Wife, both of a Colossal gigantic Size, and of whom all that's known concerning them is that in the Days of yore they had an Employment in the Castle. *Ducerus in Atria*, says, *Jodocus Sincerus*, in his Journey through *France*, speaking of the Castle of *Amboise*, *Cubicula, Armamentarium tormentis grandioribus refertum, locum ubi subita & miserabili morte Carolus VIII. obit. Picti in pariete conspiciuntur conjuges duo MAGNÆ ET PROCRITATIS ET CRASSITIEI, cum pari ovium Indicarum. Nescio cui officio, in arce præfuerant. Ipsis mortuis, & par hoc bestiarum vitæ paulo post defuisse ferunt.* It is highly probable, that the Husband was the Castle-Keeper *Haquelebac*, and that, upon account of his uncommon Stature and Bulk, *Rabelais* here makes a Giant of him.

I know

I know that, reading this Passage, you will make a Doubt within yourselves, and that grounded upon very good Reason, which is this, How is it possible that this Relation can be true, seeing at the time of the Flood all the World was destroyed, except *Noah*, and seven Persons more with him in the Ark, into whose number *Hurtali*, is not admitted? Doubtless the Demand is well made, and seemingly just; but the Answer shall satisfy you, or my Wit is not rightly caulked: and because I was not at that time to tell you any thing of my own Fancy, I will bring unto you the Authority of the *Masforites*, good honest Fellows, true (19) *Ballockeering* Blades, and exact *Hebraical* Bag-pipers, who affirm, that verily the said (20) *Hurtali* was not within the Ark of *Noah* (neither could he get in, for he was too big) but he sat astride upon it, with one Leg on the one side, and another on the other, as little Children used to do upon their wooden Horses; or as the great (21) Bull of *Berne*, which was killed at *Mirinian*, did ride for his Hackney the great (22) Murdering-Piece, a pretty Beast, of a fair and pleasant Amble, without all question.

In that posture he, after God, saved the said Ark from danger; for with his Legs he gave it the Balance that was needful, and with his Foot turned it whether he pleased, as a Ship answereth her Rudder. Those that were within sent him up Victuals in abundance, by a Chimney, as People very thankfully acknowledging the Good that he did them: and sometimes they did talk together, as *Icaromenippus* did to *Jupiter*, according to the Report of *Lucian*. Have you understood

(19.) True—Blades,] *M. le Du Chat* says and proves it, that *Couillaux* only means *cucullated*, i. e. hooded monkish sort of *Rabbies* like those of *Rome*; not at all alluding to the *Scrotum* (*Couillon* in French.)

(20.) *Hurtali*] *Menage* has observ'd in the Margin of his *Rabelais*, that the *Rabbies* say this, not of *Hurtali*, but of *Og King of Basan*. See *Le Pelletier*, c. 25. of his *Noah's Ark*.

(21.) Bull of *Berne*,] See *Paulus Jovius*, and *Mr. Motteaux's* Notes on Chap. 35. &c. of Book IV.

(22.) Murdering-Piece,] A *Pederero*, to shoot Stones, from *Piedra*, a Stone. The *πετροβόλον* of the Greeks,

all this well Drink then one good Draught without Water ; for if you believe it not : *No truly do I not*, (23) quoth she.

C H A P. II.

Of the Nativity of the most dread and redoubted Pantagrue.

GArgantua, at the Age of four hundred fourscore forty and four Years, begat his Son *Pantagrue*, upon his Wife named *Badebec*, Daughter to the King of the *Amaurots* in *Utopia*, who died in Child-birth ; for he was so wonderfully great and lumpish, that he could not possibly come forth into the Light of the World, without thus suffocating his Mother. But that we may fully understand the Cause and Reason of the Name of *Pantagrue*, which, at his Baptism, was given him, you are to remark, that in that Year there was so great a Drought over all the Country of *Africk*, that there past thirty and six Months, three Weeks, four Days, thirteen Hours, and a little more, without Rain, but with a Heat so vehement, that the whole Earth was parched and withered by it : neither was it more scorched and dried up with Heat in the Days of *Elijah*, than it was at that time ; for there was not a Tree to be seen that had either Leaf or Bloom upon it : the Grass was without Verdure or Greenness, the Rivers were drained, the Fountains dried up, the poor Fishes abandoned and forsaken by their proper Element, wandering and crying upon the Ground most horribly : the Birds did fall down from the Air, for want of Moisture and Dew wherewith to refresh them : the Wolves, Foxes, Harts, Wild-Boars, Fallow-Deer, Hares, Conies, Weefils, Brocks, Badgers, and other such Beasts were found dead in the Fields, with their Mouths open. In respect of Men, There was the Pity, you should have seen them

(23.) *Quoth she.*] It means, *Not I neither*, a very ancient Expression in some Parts of *France*:

lay

lay out their Tongues like Gray-hounds that had run six Hours; many did throw themselves into the Wells; others entered within a Cow's Belly to be in the Shade; those *Homer* calls *Alibants*; all the Country was at a stand, and nothing could be done; it was a most lamentable Case, to have seen the Labour of Mortals in defending themselves from the Vehemency of this horrick Drought; for they had Work enough to do to save the *Holy Water* in the Churches from being wasted: but there was such order taken by the Counsel of my Lords the *Cardinals*, and of our *Holy Father*, that none did dare to take above one Lick; yet when any one came into the Church, you should have seen above twenty poor thirsty Fellows hang upon him that was the Distributer of the *Water*, and that with a wide open Throat, gaping for some little Drop (like the rich Glutton in *St. Luke*) that might fall by, lest any thing should be lost. O how happy was he that Year who had a cool Cellar under ground, well plenished with fresh Wine!

The Philosopher reports in moving the Question, Wherefore is it that the Sea-Water is salt, that at the Time when *Phæbus* gave the Government of his resplendent Chariot to his Son *Phaeton*, the said *Phaeton*, unskilful in the Art, and not knowing how to keep the *Ecliptick-Line* betwixt the two *Tropicks* of the *Latitude* of the Sun's Course, strayed out of his Way, and came so near the Earth, that he dried up all the Countries that were under it, burning a great part of the Heaven, which the *Philosophers* call *Via lactea*, and the (1.) *Huffs-nuffs*, *St. James's way*; altho' the most lofty and high-crested Poets affirm that to be the Place where *Juno's* Milk fell when she gave Suck to *Hercules*.

The Earth at that time was so excessively heated, that it fell into an enormous Sweat, yea such an one that made it sweat out the Sea, which is therefore salt, because all Sweat is salt; and this you cannot but confess to be true, if you will taste of your own, or of those that have the Pox, when they are put into a Sweating, it is all one to

(1.) *Huffs-nuffs*,] *Lifselofres* in the Original. Sometimes it means a *Swiss* or *German*, as is shewn elsewhere. Here it is a buffooning Term for an impertinent *Philosopher*.

me. Just such another Case fell out this same Year ; for on a certain *Friday*, when the whole People were bent upon their Devotions, and had made goodly *Processions*, with store of *Litanies*, and fair *Preachings*, and Beseechings of God Almighty to look down with his Eye of Mercy upon their miserable and disconsolate Condition, there was even then visibly seen issue out of the Ground great Drops of Water, such as fall from a Man in a top *Sweat* ; and the poor *Hoydons* began to rejoice, as if it had been a Thing very profitable unto them ; for some said, that there was not one Drop of Moisture in the Air, whence they might have any Rain, and that the Earth did supply the Default of that. Other learned Men said, that it was a Shower of the *Antipodes*, as *Seneca* saith, in his Fourth Book *Quæstionum Naturalium*, speaking of the Source and Spring of *Nilus* ; but they were deceived ; for the Procession being ended, when every one went about to gather of this Dew, and to drink of it with full Bowls, they found that it was nothing but *Pickle*, and the very *Brine* of Salt, more brackish in Taste than the saltest Water of the Sea : and because in that very Day *Pantagruel* was born, his Father gave him that Name ; for *Panta* in *Greek* is as much as to say *all*, and *Gruel* in the *Hagarene* Language doth signify *thirsty* ; inferring hereby, that at his Birth the whole World was a dry and thirsty ; as likewise foreseeing that he would be some day supream Lord and Sovereign of the thirsty *Companions*, which was shewn to him at that very same Hour, by a more evident Sign ; for when his Mother *Badebec* was in the bringing of him forth, and that the Midwives did wait to receive him, there came first out of her Belly threescore and eight *Sellers* of Salt, every one of them leading in a Halter a *Mule* heavy loaded with salt ; after whom issued forth nine *Dromedaries*, with great Loads of *Gammens* of Bacon, and dried Neats-Tongues on their Backs ; then followed seven *Camels* loaden with (2) Links and Chit-

(2.) *Links and Chitterlings, &c.*] *M. le Du Chat* says, tho' some Editions have it *Aiguillettes & Andouilles*, i. e. Chitterlings &c., yet the true Reading, according to *Doler's* Edition, is *Anguillettes*, small *Eels*, *Grigs*, and that the Author had a Reference to the vast Quan-

Chitterlings, Hogs-Puddings, and Sauflages; after them came out twenty-five great *Wains* full of Leeks, Garlick, Onions, and Chibols. At the fight hereof the Midwives were much amazed; yet some of them said, Lo, here is good Provision, and indeed we need it, for we drink but lazily, (3) as if our Tongues walked on Crutches: truly this is a good Sign, there is nothing here but what is fit for us, these are the *Spurs of Wine* that set it going. As they were tattling thus together, after their own manner of Chat, behold out comes *Pantagruel*, all hairy like a Bear; whereupon one of them, inspired with a propheticall Spirit, said, *This will be a terrible Fellow, he is born with all* (4) *his Hair, he is undoubtedly to do wonderful Things; and, if he live, he will be of Age.*

Quantities of Grigs catch'd in the Rivers and Brooks of *Languedoc* and *Guienne*, during the Autumn Rains, and which are salted and stored up for Lent. *Rondeletius*, chap. 23. of River Fishes: *Idem certum est venire in permultis Galliae rivulis & fluminibus, in quibus turbata aqua autumnalibus pluviis, nassis & aliis excipulis innumerabilis capiuntur ANGUILLÆ, quæ salitæ in proximum quadraginta dierum junium servantur.*

(3.) *As if our Tongues, &c.*] This is not in the Original, which says only, *aussi bien ne beaurvions nous que laschement, non en lancement*, i. e. *we drink but lazily; not lustily, like a German.* *Landzman*, in High Dutch, means a *Compatriot*. The Germans, when they are carrouzing, say to one another. *Drink, Country, or Countryman, Lans or Landzman tringue.* *Rabelais* play upon the Words *Lachment* and *Lancement*. The Pun could not be kept in *English*, so I oppose *lustily* to *lazily*.

(4.) *His Hair*] Which shew'd the mighty Courage and-marvellous Strength *Pantagruel* was one day to be endued with. In Chap. 90. of Vol. I. of *Porcesforest*, it is reported, that the Ladies used to beg their Knights, for Heaven's sake, that Day to shew the Stength of their Arm, *the Wooll of their Breast, or Navel*, the Fame of their Prowess, and the Chivalry for which they were renown'd. Again, in Chap. 152. Then the Knight look'd on the *Wooll of his Bosom*, the Strength of his Limbs, the Stoutness of his Horse, and so on.

C H A P. III.

Of the Grief wherewith Gargantua was moved at the Decease of his Wife Badebec.

WHEN *Pantagruel* was born, there was none more astonished and perplexed than was his Father *Gargantua*; for, on the one side seeing his Wife *Badebec* dead, and on the other side his Son *Pantagruel* born, so fair and so goodly, *he knew not what to say, nor what to do*; and the Doubt, that troubled his Brain, was to know whether he should cry for the Death of his Wife, or laugh for the Joy of his Son: he was, on either side, choak'd with sophistical Arguments; for he framed them very well *in modo & figura*, but he could not resolve them, remaining pestered and intangled by this means, like a *Mouse* catch'd in a Trap, or *Kite* snar'd in a Gin. Shall I weep? (said he) Yes, For why? My so good *Wife* is dead, who was the most *this*, the most *that*, that ever was in the World: never shall I see her, never shall I recover such another; it is unto me an inestimable Loss! O my good God, what had I done, that thou should'st thus punish me? Why didst thou not take me away before her, seeing for me to live, without her, is but to languish? Ah! *Badebec*, *Badebec*, my Minion, my dear Heart, my *Pigfney*, my Duck, my Honey, my *little Coney* (yet it hath in Circumference full six Acres, three Rods, five Poles, four Yards, two Feet, one Inch and a half of good Woodland Measure) my tender *Peggy*, my *Codpiece-Darling*, my *Bob and Hit*, my *Slipshoe-Lovv*, never shall I see thee! Ah, poor *Pantagruel*, thou hast lost thy good Mother, thy sweet Nurse, thy well-beloved Lady! O false Death, how injurious and despightful hast thou been to me! How malicious and outrageous have I found thee, in taking her from me, my well-beloved Wife, who should, of right, have been immortal?

With

With these Words he did cry like a Cow, but, on a sudden, fell a laughing like a Calf, when *Pantagruel* came into his Mind. Ha ! my little Son (said he) my Childilolly, Fedlifondy, Dandlichucky, my Ballocky, my pretty Rogue ; O how jolly thou art, and how much I am bound to my gracious God, that hath been pleased to bestow on me a Son so fair, so spritful, so lively, so smiling, so pleasant, and so gentle. *Ho, ho, ho, ho*, how glad I am ! Let us drink, *ho*, and put away Melancholy ; bring of the best, rinse the Glasses, lay the Cloth ; drive out these Dogs, blow this Fire, light Candles, shut that Door there, cut this Bread in Sippets for Brewis, send away these poor Folks, give them what they ask ; hold my Gown, I will strip myself into my Doublet (*en cuerpo*) to make the Gossips merry, and keep them Company.

As he spoke this, he heard the *Litanies* and the *Memento's* of the Priests that carried his Wife to be buried, which dash'd all his Merriment again, and was suddenly ravished another way, saying, Lord God, must I agan contrist myself ? This grieves me, I am no longer young, I grow old, the Weather is dangerous, I am sick, I faint away ; (1) by the Faith of a Gentleman, it were better to cry less, and drink more.

My Wife is dead, well, by G— (*da jurandi*) I shall not raise her again by my crying : she is well, she is in Paradise at least, if she be no higher : she prayeth to God for us, she is happy, she is above the Sense of our Miseries, nor can our Calamities reach her : What tho' she be dead, must not we also die ? the same Debt, which she hath paid, hangs over our Heads ; Nature will require it of us, and we must all of us, some day, taste of the same Sauce ; let her pass then, and the Lord preserve the Survivors, for I must now cast about how to get another Wife. But I will tell you what you shall do, said he to the Midwives, (where be they ? good Folks, I cannot see you) go you to my Wife's Interment, and I will the while rock my Son ; for I find myself strangely

(1.) By the Faith of a Gentleman,] We read in Chap. 15. of the Apology for Herodotus, that this was King Francis Ist's usual Oath.

altered, (2.) and in danger of falling sick: but drink one good Draught first, you will be the better for it; believe me, upon my Honour. They, at his Request, went to her Burial and Funeral Obsequies; in the mean while, poor *Gargantua* staying at home, and willing to have somewhat in Remembrance of her to be engraven upon her Tomb, made this *Epitaph*, in the manner as followeth.

*Dead is the noble Badebec,
Who had (3.) a Face like a Rebeck;
(4.) A Spanish Body and a Belly
Of Swisserland; she dy'd, I tell ye,
In Child-birth; pray to God that her
He pardon wherein she did err.
Here lies her Body, which did live
Free from all Vice, as I believe;
And did decease at my Bed-side,
The Year and Day in which she dy'd.*

CHAP. IV.

Of the Infancy of Pantagruel.

I Find, by the ancient Historiographers and Poets, that divers have been born in this World after very strange Manners, which would be too long to repeat;

(2.) *And in danger of falling sick:]* Read and should be in danger of falling sick: *jeserois*, &c. For the Author alludes to the Kings of France never being present at any Funeral, no, not of their nearest Relations, because they are made to believe the Air of the Vaults would be prejudicial to their Health. And therefore 'tis observed, they never enter *St. Denys*, but with their Feet foremost. *St. Denys* is a little Town near *Paris*, where there is an Abbey and Church, famous for the Sepulture of the Kings of France, and all that Royal Family,

(3.) *A Face like a Rebeck;]* A grotesque Figure, or monstrous chimerical Face, cut out in the upper part of a Rebeck, which is a three-string'd Fiddle. Thence *Visage de Rebec*, a dry meagre ugly Face, like a Mask, such as they frighten Children with.

(4.) *A Spanish Body, and a Belly of Swisserland;]* Very lank upwards, but very Tun-like below.

read

read therefore the seventh Book of *Pliny*, if you have so much Leisure; yet have you never heard of any so wonderful as that of *Pantagruel*; for it is a very difficult Matter to believe, how, in the little time he was in his Mother's Belly, he grew both in Body and Strength. That which *Hercules* did was nothing, when in his Cradle he slew two Serpents; for those Serpents were but little and weak: but *Pantagruel*, being yet in his Cradle, did far more admirable Things, and more to be amazed at. I pass by here the Relation of how at every one of his Meals he supped up the Milk of four thousand six hundred Cows; and how to make him a Skillet to boil his Milk in, there were set a-Work all the Brasiers of *Saumure* in *Anjou*, of *Villedieu* in *Normandy*, and of (1.) *Bramont* in *Lorraine*: and they served in this Whitepot-meat to him in a huge great Bell, which is yet to be seen in the City of *Bourges* in *Berry*, near the Palace: but his Teeth were already so well grown, and so strengthened in Vigour, that of the said Bell he bit off a great Morsel, as very plainly doth appear till this Hour.

One Day in the Morning, when they would have made him suck one of his Cows (for he never had any other Nurse, as the History tells us) he got one of his Arms loose from the Swadling-Bands, where-with he was kept fast in the Cradle, laid hold on the said Cow, under the left Fore-Ham, and grasping her to him, eat up her Udder, and half her Paunch, with the Liver and the Kidnies, and had devoured all up, if she had not cried out most horribly, as if the Wolves had held her by the Legs: at which Noise Company came in, and took away the said Cow from *Pantagruel*; yet could they not so well do it, but that the Quarter whereby he caught her was left in his Hand, of which Quarter he gulp'd up the Flesh in a trice, even with as much Ease as you would eat a Sausage; and that so greedily, with Desire of more, that when they would have taken away

(1.) *Bramont in Lorraine*:] *Bramont*, alias *Fromont*, a little Town of *Lorraine*, on the Frontiers of *Alsace*. Here are made abundance of Frying-pans, Skillets, &c. The place is called both *Bramont* and *Fromont*, corruptly for *Faramond*.

the Bone from him, he swallowed it down whole, as a Cormorant would do a little Fish, and afterwards began fumblingly to say, *Good, good, good*, for he could not yet speak plain; giving them to understand thereby, that he had found it very good, and that he did lack but so much more: which when they saw that attended him, they bound him with great Cable-Ropes, like those that are made at (2.) *Tain* for the Carriage of Salt to *Lyons*, or such as those are whereby the (3.) great *French Ship* rides at Anchor in the Road of (4.) *New-haven* in *Normandy*. But on a certain time a great Bear (5.) which his Father had bred, got loose, came towards him, began to lick his Face, for his Nurses had not thoroughly wiped his Chaps; at which unexpected Approach, being on a sudden offended, he as lightly rid himself of those great Cables, as *Sampson* did of the *Hauser Ropes* wherewith the *Philistines* had tied him, and, by your Leave, takes up *Monsieur* the Bear, and tears him in pieces like a Pullet, which served him for a Gorge-full, or good warm Bit for that Meal.

Whereupon *Gargantua*, fearing lest the Child should hurt himself, caused four great Chains of Iron to be made to bind him, and so many strong wooden Arches unto his Cradle, most firmly stocked and mortaised in huge Frames: of those Chains you have one at *Rochel*, which they draw up at Night betwixt the two great Towers of the Haven; another is at *Lyons*; a third

(2.) *Tain*] A large Town on the *Rhone*, over-against *Tournon*. *Valence* in *Dauphiné* is the Magazine or publick Storehouse for Salt, which they send up the River, and land it at *Lyons*.

(3.) *Great French Ship*] Or perhaps the great Ship the *Francis*, called so from King *Francis*, as many have since been called *Louis*, from the Monarch of that Name.

(4.) *New-haven*] 'Tis only said in the Original, *au Port de Grace*, which I take to mean *Havre de Grace* in *Normandy*. I know not why Sir *T. U.* translates it *New-haven*, nor why he should call a Port a Road: a Road is out at Sea, a Port near the Shore.

(5.) *Which his Father had bred,*] May not this refer personally to *Francis I.* of whom *Belon* relates, l. 3. c. 2. of his *Ornithologia*, that he used to keep a Lion or Leopard always about him, to play with, as others do a Lap-dog?

(6.) at

(6.) at *Angiers* ; and the fourth was carried away by the Devils, to bind *Lucifer*, who broke his Chains at that time, by reason of a (7.) Cholick that did extraordinarily torment him, taken with eating a Serjeant's Soul fricasseed for his Breakfast : and therefore you may believe that which *Nicolas de Lyra* saith upon that Place of the *Psalter*, where it is written, (8.) *Et Og Regem Basan* ; that the said *Og*, being yet little, was so strong and robustious, that they were fain to bind him with Chains of Iron in his Cradle. Thus continued *Pantagrue* for a while very calm and quiet, for he was not able so easily to break those Chains, especially having no room in the Cradle to give a Swing with his Arms. But see what happened ; once upon a great Holiday, that his Father *Gargantua* made a sumptuous Banquet to all the Princes of his Court : I am apt to believe, that the menial Officers of the House were so imbusied in waiting each on his proper Service at the Feast, that no body took care of poor *Pantagrue*, who was left (9.) *à reculorum*, behind-hand all alone, and as forsaken. What did he ? Hark what he did, good People ; he strove and essayed to break the Chains of the Cradle with his Arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him ; then did he keep with his Feet such a stamping Stir, and so long, that at last he beat out the lower End of his Cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great Beam five Foot in square ; and as soon as he had gotten out his Feet, he slid down as well as he could, till he had got his Soles to the Ground ; and then, with a mighty Force, he rose up, carrying his

(6.) *At Angiers* ;] It is there called the *High-Chain*.

(7.) *Cholick*] The Author quibbles, as if one should say, there is no *Cholick* like to that as when a Man is taken by the *Collar*.

(8.) *Et Og, &c.*] See *N. de Lyra* on this Place of *Psal.* 134. or 135. *Alphonsus Tostatus*, *Quæst.* 27. and *Ger. Vossius*, *lib. 1. de Idol. Gent. cap. 26.*

(9.) *A reculorum*,] This Expression comes to us from the University. *Mat. Corderius*, p. 433. of his *de Cor. Serm. Emend. Edit.* 1531.

*Beneveniat is qui apportatis,
Et qui nihil apportatis, à reculorum.*

Cradle

Cradle upon his Back, bound to him like a Tortoise that crawls up against a Wall ; and to have seen him, you would have thought it had been a great *Carrick* of five hundred Tun upon one end. In this Manner he entered into the great Hall, where they were banqueting, and that very boldly, which did much affright the Company ; yet because his Arms were tied in, he could not reach any thing to eat, but, with great Pain, stoop'd now and then a little, to take, with the whole Flat of his Tongue, some Lick, good Bit, or Morsel.

Which when his Father saw, he knew well enough that they had left him without giving him any thing to eat, and therefore commanded that he should be loosed from the said Chains, (10.) by the Counsel of the Princes and Lords there present : besides that, also the Physicians of *Gargantua* said, that if they did thus keep him in the Cradle, he would be all his Life-time subject to the Stone. When he was unchain'd, they made him to sit down, where, after he had fed very well, he took his Cradle, and broke it into more than five hundred thousand Pieces, with one Blow of his Fist that he struck in the midst of it, swearing that he would never come into it again.

CHAP. V.

Of the Acts of the noble Pantagruel in his youthful Age.

THUS grew *Pantagruel* from day to day, and, to every one's Eye, waxed more and more in all his Dimensions, which made his Father to rejoice by a natural Affection ; therefore caused he to be made for him,

(10.) *By the Counsel, &c.*] The Author insinuates, that formerly in *France* the Kings consulted the Princes and Grandees of the Kingdom, in whatever concerned the State : as here, where the Business was how the presumptive Heir of the Crown should be brought up. Observe likewise, how difficult a thing it is to keep young Princes in order, when once they get a head.

whilst he was yet little, a pretty Cross-bow, wherewith to shoot at small Birds, which now they call the great Cross-bow at (1.) *Chantelle*. Then he sent him to the School to learn, and to spend his Youth in Virtue: in the Prosecution of which Design, he came first to (2.) *Poitiers*, where, as he studied and profited very much, he saw that the Scholars were oftentimes idle, and knew not how to bestow their Time, which moved him to take such Compassion on them, that one day he took from a long Ledge of Rocks (called there *Passelourdin*) a huge great Stone, of about twelve Fathom square, and fourteen Handfuls thick, and, with great ease, set it upon four Pillars, in the midst of a Field, to no other End, but that the said Scholars, when they had nothing else to do, might pass their Time in getting up on that Stone, and feast it with store of Gammons, Pasties, and Flag-gons, and carve their Names upon it with a Knife; in token of which Deed, till this Hour, the Stone is called the *lifted Stone*: and in Remembrance hereof, there is none entered into the Register and *Matricular* Book of the said University of *Poitiers*, till he have first drunk in the *Caballine* Fountain of (3.) *Croustelles*, passed at (4.) *Passelourdin*, and got up upon (5.) the *lifted Stone*.

Afterwards

(1.) *Chantelle*.] A very strong Place in the *Bourbonnois*, belonging, in 1523, to the Constable *Charles de Bourbon*. See Chap. 23. of Book I. concerning these prodigious rack-bent Cross-bows.

(2.) *Poitiers*.] As this is not much to the praise of the University of *Poitiers*, it may not be amiss to take notice of what is said of it by *Chasseneux*, in his *Catalogus Gloriæ Mundi*, Part X. Consider. 32. *Nec est ulla Universitas*, says that Writer, *quæ non habeat sua impedimenta: cum apud nos in vulgari dicatur*, the Pipers and Tennis-players of *Poitiers*; the Dancers of *Orleans*; the Vapourers or Braggadochios of *Angers*; the Daggie-tails of *Paris*; the Quarrel-pickers of *Pavia*; the Amourists of *Turin*.

(3.) *Croustelles*.] A Hamlet, a League off of *Poitiers*. Here are made abundance of little Whistles, which occasioned the Name of *Whistlers* to be given, in 1561, to certain rude Fellows of *Poitiers*, and other Scholars, who wore about their Necks a Whistle, with which they called each other together, whenever they were in danger of being insulted by the Protestants, as they pretended.

(4.) *Passelourdin*.] In *English* the *Booby pass*. So they call a great Rock, not far from *Poitiers*, where there is a very narrow Hole on the Edge of a Precipice. Through this Hole the new Comers of that University are made to pass, by the other Scholars, in order to

season

Afterwards reading the delectable Chronicles of his Ancestors, he found that *Jeffrey of Lusnian*, called *Jeffrey with the great Tooth*, Grandfather to the Cousin-in-law of the eldest Sister of the Aunt of the Son-in-law of the Uncle of the good Daughter of his Step-mother, was interred at *Maillezais*; therefore he took a *Play-day* to pay his Respects to him in a Visit; and going from *Poitiers* with some of his Companions, they passed by (6.) *Legugé*, visiting the noble Abbot *Ardillon*: then by *Lusnian*, by *Sansay*, by *Celles*, by *Colonges*, by *Fontenay le Comte*, saluting (7.) the learned *Tiraqueau*, and from thence arrived at *Maillezais*, where he went to see the Sepulchre of the said *Jeffrey with the great Tooth*, which made him somewhat afraid, looking upon the Portraiture, representing a Man in an extream Fury, drawing his great *Malchus* Faulchion half-way out of his Scabbard. When the Reason hereof was demanded, the Canons of the said Place told him, that there was no other Cause of it, but that *Pictoribus atque Poetis, &c.* that is to say, that Painters and Poets have Liberty to paint and devise what they list after their own Fancy: but he was not satisfied with their Answer, and said, He

season them. The same is done at *Mantua*, by making them pass under the Arch of *St. Longinus*.

(5.) *The lifted Stone.*] This Stone, said to be 60 Feet round, stands near *Poitiers*, on five other Stones, all fixed there, in 1478. as a Monument of the Fair which is held in *October*, in the old Market-place of *Poitiers*. But tho' even the Historians of *Poitou* relate the Thing as above, yet the simple People of the Country will rather have this Cluster or Pile of Rocks to be a Miracle of *St. Radegondes*, who, they say placed in this manner these six huge Stones; nay more, that she brought them to that Place all at a time, the five lesser ones in her Apron, and the biggest on her Head. See *Jodocus Sincerus*, *Golnitz*, *Bouchet*, &c.

(6.) *Legugé,*] *Legugé*, in the lower *Poitou*, is a Priory, two Priors of which, successively, were *Rabelais's* very good Friends and Patrons viz. *Geoffroy d'Estissac*, Bishop and Lord of *Maillezais*, and *Anthony Ardillon*, whom he here calls the noble Abbot *Ardillon*. *Legugé*, a mighty pleasant fruitful Place, and very proper for Gardening, has, for some time past, belong'd to the *Jesuits*.

(7.) *The learned Tiraqueau,*] *Andrew Tiraqueau*, another Friend of *Rabelais's*. He was then Lieutenant-General of the Bailywick of *Fontenay le Comte*.

is not thus painted without a Cause ; (8.) and I suspect that at his Death there was some Wrong done him, whereof he required his Kindred to take Revenge : I will enquire further into it, and then do what shall be reasonable. Then he returned not to *Poitiers*, but would take a View of the other Universities of *France* ; therefore going to *Rochel*, he took Shipping, and arrived at *Bordeaux*, where he found no great Diversion, only now and then he would see some Mariners and Lightermen a wrestling, on the Key or Strand, by the River-side. From thence he came to *Tholouse*, where he learned to dance very well, and to play with the two-banded Sword, as the Fashion of the Scholars of the said University is. But he staid not long there, when he saw that they stuck not to (9.) burn their Regents alive, like *Red-berrings*, saying, Now God forbid, that I should die this Death, for I am by Nature sufficiently dry already, without being heated any further.

He went then to *Montpellier*, where he met with the good Wives of *Mirevaux*, and good jovial Company withal, and thought to have set himself to the Study of *Physick* ; but he considered that that Calling was too

(8.) And I suspect] Jeffrey, surnamed, with the great Tooth, had caused the Abby of *Maillezais* to be burnt, in 1232. but the Court of *Rome* not only obliged him to rebuild it, but to endow it to the Amount of 3000 Livres, and upwards. For this Reason he is buried there as the second Founder ; and perhaps it was for the above Reason, that his Effigies represents him, as it were, enraged at the Wrong he thought done him.

(9.) Burn their Regents alive,] This personally regards *John Canturcius*, burnt in June 1532, at *Toulouse*. He was Law Professor there ; and on Twelfth-day (as we call it, but the French the Feast of the Kings) in 1532, being invited to the usual Merry-making, he prevailed on the Company, instead of the superstitious Cry, *The King drinks*, to say, *Christ reigns in our Hearts*. He likewise proposed that the Guests should each make a short edifying Discourse to the rest, before they broke up ; which they all did, particularly himself. Whatever it was he said, it cost him his Life, for somebody informed against him as a *Lutheran*. At his Death he shewed such Constancy, that many Persons, especially such as had attended his Law Lectures, began, from that Moment, to instruct themselves thoroughly in that Doctrine for which they saw their Regent suffer Death so manfully. See *Icones Beæ*, Hist. of the Protestant Martyrs, Hist. Eccl. also *Doler's* Declamation against *Tolouse*, and *Crepin's* Martyrologe Protestant.

trouble.

troublesome and melaneholy, and that *Physicians* did smell of *Glisters* like old Devils : therefore he resolved he would study the *Laws* ; but seeing that there were but three scall'd, and one bald-pated *Legist* in that Place, he departed from thence, and, in his way, made the Bridge of *Gard*, and the *Amphitheatre* of *Nemes*, (10.) in less than three Hours ; which nevertheless seems to be more than mortal Man could do. After that he came to *Avignon*, where he was not above three Days before he fell in *Love* ; for the *Women* there take great Delight in playing at the close Buttock-Game, (11.) because it is *Papal Ground* ; which his Tutor *Epistemon* perceiving, he drew him out of that Place, and brought him to *Valence* in the *Dauphinee*, where he saw no great Matter of Recreation, only that the *Lubbards* of the Town (12.) did beat the *Scholars* ; which so incensed

B 3

him

(10.) *In less than three Hours ;*] The Pont (or Bridge) *Du Guard*, and the *Amphitheatre* of *Nemes* (*Nismes*) are two *Roman* Antiquities of a surprizing Magnificence, and prodigious Workmanship ; which makes *Rabelais* ascribe the Structure thereof to *Pantagruel*, whom he represents both as a great Prince and a Giant.

(11.) *Because it is Papal Ground ;*] Swarming with Monks and Priests, who, for a very moderate Tax, have obtained for the *Curtizens* full Liberty to follow their Trade. *Jodocus Sincerus*, p. 204. of his *Itiner. Gall.* speaking of the City of *Avignon* ; *Caveas hic pulpamenti Terentiani venditores & proxmetas, qui se sistent tibi quamprimum urbem ingressus fueris. Norisque merces illos corruptissimas venum exponere.* Which is repeated in *French*, p. 150. of *Travels thro' France*, dedicated to the Count *de Schleswic*, &c. and printed in *Ostavo*, at *Paris*, anno 1643.

(12.) *Did beat the Scholars :*] The latter were even with them afterwards, and these Disorders lasted a long time ; witness what was deposed in 1560. by an Attorney of *Valence*, viz. ' That he had kept the Town-Register eight Years, and in all that Time not a Night passed, but his Registers were filled next Morning with Complaints and Informations of Outrages committed by the Street-Rovers, or *Scowrers* ; so that no body could go along the Streets, but was beat, robb'd and plunder'd, the Houses scaled, Doors broke open, Mens Wives and Daughters violated : in short, that the *Strangers* (*Inmates*, as were the Scholars) committed such Disorders, that there was no stirring abroad, as soon as 'twas dark, upon ever so urgent a Business. But that since it had pleased God to send his Light into their Town, by the means of the Holy Gospel preach'd therein, all the said Enormities were well nigh ceased, as if, together with the Change of Doctrine, a Change of Life had also made its

Entrance

him with Anger, that when upon a certain very fair *Sunday*, the People being at their publick Dancing in the Streets, and one of the *Scholars* offering to put himself into the Ring, the Bumkins would not let him; whereupon *Pantagruel* taking the Scholar's part, so belaboured them with Blows, and laid such load upon them, that he drove them all before him, even to the Brink of the River *Rhospne*, and would have there drowned them, but that they did squat into the Ground like Moles, and there lay close a full half League under the River. (13.) The Hole is to be seen there yet.

After that he departed from thence, and in three Strides and (14.) a Leap came to *Angiers*, where he found himself very well, and would have continued there some Space, but that the Plague drove them away. So from thence he came to *Bourges*, where he studied a good long time, and profited very much in the Faculty, of the *Laws*; and would sometimes say, that *Law Books* were like a wonderful rich Cloth of Gold, edg'd with Sirreverence; for in the World are no goodlier Books to be seen, more ornate, nor more elequent than the *Texts* of the *Pandeets*; but the *bordering* of them that is to say, (15.) the *Gloss* of *Accursius*, is so vile, mean, and scandalous, that it is nothing but Dirt and Excrement.

Going from *Bourges*, he came to *Orleans*, where he found store of (16.) sparkish *Scholars* that made him great

“Entrance among them.” See *Louis de Reynier Sieur de la Planche*, p. 294. of his *Hist. of the State of France under Francis II.* printed in 1576.

(13.) *The Hole, &c.*] This Hole, beginning at the Abbey of *St. Peter*, goes a good way under the *Rbone*; nay, if you'll believe the credulous *Coulon*, in his *Travels through France*, printed anno 1660, this Hole leads into the Fields on t'other side that River.

(14.) *A Leap*] This *Leap* is the Passage of the *Loire*, which runs between *Valence* and *Angers*.

(15.) *Gloss of Accursius*,] *Rabelais*, after *Budæus*, *Vives*, and some others, speaks of *Accursius* with abundance of Contempt. The Barbarism, however, and Ignorance he is accused of, are not so much his Fault as that of the Age he lived in. It is not denied that he was a bad Grammarian, but it is thought maintainable that he was a good Lawyer. And this has been evidently proved by *Francis Flueri*, in his *Book de Juris Civilis Interpretibus*. *Accursius's Gloss*, the Work
of

great Entertainment at his Coming, and with whom he learned to play at *Tennis* so well, that he was a Master at that Game: for the Students there are excellent at it. And sometimes they carried him unto *Cupid's Gardens*, there to recreate his Person at the *Poussévant*, or *In* and *In*. As for breaking his Head with over-much Study, he had an especial Care not to do it in any case, for fear of *spoiling his Eyes*; which he the rather observed, for that one of the *Regents* there had often in his *Lectures* maintain'd, that *nothing could be so hurtful to the Sight as to have sore Eyes*. So one Day, when a *Scholar* of his Acquaintance (who had of Learning not much more than his Brethren, tho', instead of that, he could dance very well, and play at *Tennis*) was made a *Licentiate* in Law, he blazon'd the (17.) *Licentiates* of that University in this Manner:

*In his Hand is always a Racket,
Or his Tennis-Ball in a Placket:
In a Dance he neatly can trip it;
And for Law, it is all in his Tippet.*

of nine Years, contains the whole Spirit of Jurisprudence that lay but scattered in the Writings of the Doctors that went before. You may see *Cujatius's* Judgment thereof, *lib. 12. cap. 16.* of his *Observat.*

(16.) *Sparkish* Scholars,] It should be Rake-Hell and Skim-the-Devil Scholars, for that's the Meaning of the Word *Rustre* (from whence we have our Word *Royster*, I suppose.) Those who were formerly called *Rustres* in *French*, from *Rus, ruris*, were properly Foot-Soldiers raised in the Country, but not paid, and who, coming to debauch with the Rakes of the Army, spent riotously among themselves whatever they could filch or steal from the good Folks at home. In the same Sense it is that *Rabelais* here calls *Rustres* certain Scholars of *Orleans*, whose Parents not allowing them sufficient for their Expences, some of those young Sparks made the best Cheer they could with what they plundered People of in their Night Rambles, and such were at *Valence* those *Street-Rovers*, or *Scowlers*, mentioned before in this Chapter.

(17.) *Licentiates*,] One that hath *Licence* or Leave to plead for Clients; an utter Barrister.

CHAP. VI.

How Pantagruel met with a Limoufin, who affected to speak in learned Phrase.

UPON a certain Day, I know not when, *Pantagruel* walking after Supper with some of his Fellow-Students, without that Gate of the City through which we enter on the Road to *Paris*, encounter'd with (1.) a young handsome spruce Scholar, that was coming upon the very same way; and, after they had saluted one another, asked him thus, My Friend, from whence comest thou now? The *Scholar* answered him, From the *Alme inclyte and celebrate Academy*, which is, vocitated *Lutetia*. What is the Meaning of this (said *Pantagruel*) to one of his Men? It is (answered he) from *Paris*. Thou comest from *Paris* then (said *Pantagruel*) and how do you spend your Time there, you my Masters the Students of *Paris*? The *Scholar* answered, We transfretate the *Sequan* at the *Dilucul* and *Crepuscul*; we deambulate by the *Compites* and *Quadrivies* of the *Urb*;

(1.) *A young handsome spruce Scholar,*] *Pâquier* will have it that, the Person *Rabelais* banters by the Name of the *Limoufin* Scholar who *Pindarizes*, as the *French* say (that is, affects to speak hard Words, or a new quaint Language) was a young Gentlewoman of *Picardy*, named *Helisane de Crenne*. She was cotemporary with *Pâquier*, when he was yet but very young. She translated into *French* the four first Books of the *Æneid*, which she dedicated to King *Francis I.* She likewise wrote the History not of her Life only, but also of her own Death, in a Book printed at *Lyons*, and, in 1541. at *Paris*, under the Title of *Angoisses Douloureuses qui procedent d' Amours*. By these Books, especially the last, where, at every Page, we find *pigricité* for *pareisse*: *Venus circondee d' une nuée aurette*; *je reformide*; *ociosté*; *timeur*; *ultime deliberation*; *amenicule passion*; *fatigues preteritæ*; *chien tricipite*; *bilarité*, *irrigée*, *emanée*, *exhibée*; *mancipe*, for a Slave; *le resurgent curre du soleil*; *les rutilans astres*; *fragrante ambrosie*; *populeuse & inclyte cité*, &c. she thought to have gained the Admiration of the Publick, and perhaps some Pension of the King, who only countenanced the truly learned and eloquent, but let this poor Gentlewoman starve, [tho' lavish enough of his Favours to other Women.] Mr. *M.* in his Notes, has err'd very much in relation to this Person, whom he took to be a Man.

we *despumate* the *Latial Verbocination*; and like *verisimularie amorabons*, we *captat* the *Benevolence* of the *Omniugal*, *Omniiform*, and *Omniigenal Fæminine Sex*; upon certain *Diecules* we *invisat* the *Lupanares*, and in a *venerian Extase inculcute* our *Veretres*, into the *penitissime Recesses* of the *Pudends* of these *amicabilissim meretricules*: then do we *cauponisate* in the *meritory Taberns* of the *Pineapple*, the *Castle*, the *Magdalene*, and the *Mule*, goodly *vervecine Spatules perforaminated* with *Petrofles*: and if by *Fortune* there be *Rarity*, or *Penury* of *Pecune* in our *Marfupies*; and that they be exhausted of *ferruginean Metal* for the *Shot*, we *dimit* our *Codices*, and *oppignerat* our *Vestiments*, whilest we *prestolate* the *Coming* of the *Tabellaries* from the *Penates*, and *patriotick Lares*. To which *Pantagruel* answered, *What dewilish Language is this?* by the *Lord*, I think thou art some kind of *Heretick*. My *Lord*, No, said the *Scholar*; for *libentissimally* as soon as it *illucesceth* any *minutle Slice* of the *Day*, I *demegrate* into one of these so well *architected* *Ministers*, and there *irrorating* myself with fair *lustral Water*, I *mumble off* little *Parcels* of some *missick Precation* of our *Sacrificuls*; and *submurmuring* my *horary Precules*, I *elevate* and *absterge* my *Anime* from its *nocturnal Inquinations*. I *revere* the *Olympicols*; I *latrially venerate* the *supernal Astripotent*; I *dilige* and *redame* my *Proxims*; I observe the *decalogical Precepts*; and, according to the *Facultatule* of my *Vires*, I do not *discede* from them one *breadth* of an *Unguicule*; nevertheless it is *veriform*, that because *Mammona* doth not *supergurgitate* any thing in my *Locules*, that I am somewhat *rare* and *lent* to *supererrogate* the *Elemosynes* to those *Egents* that *ostially queritate* their *Stipe*.

Prut, tut, (said *Pantagruel*) what doth this *Fool* mean to say? I think he is upon the forging of some *diabolical Tongue*, and that, *Inchanter-like*, he would *charm* us. To whom one of his *Men* said, Without doubt (*Sir*) this *Fellow* would counterfeit the *Language* of the *Parisians*, but he doth only *slay* the *Latin*, imagining by so doing, that he doth mightily *Pindarize* it in most *eloquent Terms*, and strongly conceiteth himself to be therefore a great *Orator* in the *French*, because he *disdaineth*

the common Manner of speaking. To which *Pantagruel* said, *Is it true?* The *Scholar* answered, My worshipful Lord, my *Genie* is not aptnate to that which this *flagitious Nebulon* saith, to excoriate the *Cuticle* of our *vernacular Gallick*, but *viceversally* I gnawe opere, and by *veles* and *rames enite* to *locupletate* it with the *Latini-come Redundance*. By G-- (said *Pantagruel*) I will teach you to speak: but first come hither, and tell me whence thou art? To this the *Scholar* answered: The *primeval Origin* of my *Aves* and *Ataves* was *indigenary* of the *Lemovick Regions*, where *requiesceth* the *Corpor* of the *Hagiotat St. Martial*. I understand thee very well (said *Pantagruel*) when all comes to all, thou art a *Limousin*, and thou wilt here, by thy affected Speech, counterfeit the *Parifians*. Well now come hither, I must shew thee a new Trick, and handsomely give thee one Fling. With this he took him by the Throat, saying to him, Thou *slayest* the *Latin*; by *St. John* I will make the *slay* the *Fox*; for I will now *slay* thee alive. Then began the poor *Limousin* to cry; Haw, gwid Maaster, haw Laord, my help and St. (2.) Marshaw, haw, I'm worried: haw my Tropple, the Bean of me Cragg is bruk: haw, far Guaads seck, larwt me lean, Mawster waww, waww, waww. Now (said *Pantagruel*) thou speakest naturally, and so let him go; for the poor *Limousin* had totally bewrayed and thoroughly conshtit his Breeches which were not deep and large, but made (3.) à queue de merlus. Then (said *Pantagruel*) St. (4.) Alipantin, what

(2.) Corruptly *St. Marsault* for *St. Martial*, who is reckoned, but without Reason, the Apostle of the *Limosin*. See *Du Tillet*, in his History of the War of the *Albigenses*, printed at *Paris*, 1590.

(3.) *Cotgrave* says, *Gbausses à queue de merlus*: round Breeches with strait Cannions, having in the Seat a Piece like a Fish's Tail, and worn by old Mens Scholars, and such like niggardly or needy Persons.

(4.) The Word *Alipantin* seems to be coin'd from the modern Greek *ἀλιπαντα*, *Pharmaca seu emplastra quæ ex pinguium missione non constant*, says, after *Aëtius*, *Harry Stephens*, in his Treatise of the Greek Tongue, and *Crepin's* Abridgment of *Constantine's* Lexicon. The Drug, which so offended *Pantagruel's* olfactory Nerves with its Odour, was but too *λιπώδες*, i. e. too fat. It required no less a Relief than that of *St. Alipantin*, whose very Name alone promises a quite contrary Operation.

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Civette? Foh, foh, to the Devil with this (5.) Turnep-Eater. How he stinks! and so let him go. But this Hug of *Pantagruel's* was such a Terror to him, all the Days of his Life, and he had such a Thirst upon him, that he would often cry out that *Pantagruel* held him by the Throat. And after some few Years he died a (6.) *Roland* Death, a Work of Divine Vengeance, shewing us that which saith the Philosopher, and *Aulus Gellius*, that it becometh us to speak according to the common Language; and that we should (as said *Octavian Augustus*) shun all strange Words, with as much Care as Pilots of Ships avoid the Rocks in the Sea.

(5.) The *Limosins* are nick-nam'd Turnep-Eaters, from the Quantities of Radishes and Turnips, on which those poor People mainly subsist. *Fr. Hotman*, in his *Matago de Matagonibus*, calls *John Dorat* of *Limoges*, for the aforesaid Reason, *Raphanophagus*; and *John Hotman* Son of *Francis*, in his *Antichopin*, bantering the same *Limosins*, volo tibi, says he, numerare pulchram historiam——de *Lemovicensibus* qui cum audirent quod Papa erat Vicarius Dei, immo quod ipsemet erat Deus (ut patet per Canonistas)——miserunt sibi legationem ad remonstrandam paupertatem patriæ suæ *Limosinæ*, in qua ferè nihil crescit præter rapas & castaneas & parum bladi pro diebus Dominicis, quatenus attenta paupertate prælibata.

(6.) Concerning *Roland's* Death, i. e. Thirst, or a dying of Thirst: *John de la Bruiere Champier*, lib. 16. cap. 5. of his *de Re Cibarias*. Nonnulli qui de Gallicis Rebus historias conscripserunt, non dubitarunt posteris significare *Rolandum Caroli illius magni sororis filium*, virum certè bellica gloria omnique fortitudine nobilissimum, post ingentem *Hispanorum* cædem propè *Pyrenæi* saltus juga, ubi insidiæ ab hoste collocatæ fuerint, siti miserrimè extinctum. Inde nostri intolentabili siri & immiti volentes significare se torqueri, facetè aiunt, *Rolandi* morte se perire. Hence 'tis plain, that our saying such a one dy'd like *Rowland*, means he died of Thirst; and it is likewise plain, that he, who gave occasion to this Expression, was the pretended Nephew of *Charlemagne*, *Rowland*, Admiral of *Bretagne*, whom some will have to have actually died of Thirst; at the Battle of *Roncevaux*. [See *Du Tillet's* *Mém.* anno. 1607. p. 261.] But, continues *M. le Du Chat*, as it is not natural to die of a few Hours Thirst in the Mountains, might not this Story be forged on what some Romances say of *Roland*, describing him as one distracted and stark staring mad, at the Defeat of his Men, and that Persons under that Disorder of the Brain, as he was said to be when he died, have an invincible Abhorrence of whatever may in the least seem to tend to quench the Thirst with which they burn.

C H A P. VII.

How Pantagruel came to Paris, and of the choice Books of the Library of St. Victor.

AFTER that *Pantagruel* had studied very well at (1.) *Orleans*, he resolved to see the great University of *Paris*; but before his Departure, he was informed that there was a huge big Bell at *St. Anian*, in the said Town of *Orleans*, under the Ground, which had been there above two hundred and fourteen Years; for it was so great, that they could not, by any Device, get it so much as above the Ground, although they used all the Means that are found in *Vitruvius de Architectura*, *Albertus de Re Ædificatoria*, *Euclid*, *Theon*, *Archimedes*, and *Hero de Ingeniis*; for all that was to no purpose. Wherefore condescending heartily to the humble Request of the Citizens and Inhabitants of the said Town, he determined to remove it to the Tower that was erected for it. With that he came to the Place where it was, and lifted it out of the Ground with his little Finger, as easily as you would have down a Hawk's Bell: but before he would carry it to the aforesaid Tower, he would needs make some Musick with it about the Town, and ring it almost all the Streets, as he carried it in his Hand; wherewith all the People were very glad: but there happened one great Inconveniency; for with carrying it so, and ringing it about the Streets, all the good *Orleans* Wine turned instantly, and was spoiled; which no body there did perceive till the Night following; for every Man found himself so a dry with drinking these flat Wines, that they did nothing but spit, and that as white as *Maltha* Cotton, saying, We have got the *Pantagruel*, and our very *Throats* are salted.

This done, he came to *Paris* with his Retinue, and at his Entry every one came out to see him (as you know

(1.) At first *Rabelais* wrote *Orleans*, but afterwards thought fit to call it *Aurelians*, in order to bring it nearer its Original, or at least its Restoration, which it owes to the Emperor *Aurelian*.

well enough, that the People of *Paris* are Sots by (2.) Nature, by *B flat*, and *B sharp*) and beheld him with great Astonishment, mixed with no less Fear, that he would carry away (3.) the Palace into some other Country à *remotis*, as his Father formerly had done the great Bells at our *Lady's Church*, to tie about his *Mare's Neck*. Now after he had staid there a pretty space, and studied very well in all the seven liberal Arts, he said it was a good Town to live in, but not to die in ; because the (4.) Grave-digging Rogues of *St. Innocent* used, in frosty Nights, to warm their Bums with dead Mens Bones. In his Abode there he went to see the Library of *St. Victor*, (5.) very magnificent, especially in Books which were there, of which followeth the Catalogue.
Et primò.

(6.) The *Two-horse Tumbrel* of Salvation.

(7.) The

(2.) *By Nature, &c.*] Every way ; to all Intents and Purposes. The first is a Term of the ancient Musick, the two last of the New.

(3.) *The Palace,*] *Le Palais.* This Word means the Courts of Judicature, that is, the Parliament, which the *Parisians* were afraid he would remove, and so force them to tax themselves, in order to have them come again.

(4.) *Grave-digging Rogues,*] *St. Innocent's Church-yard* at *Paris* is so old, that at first it was out of the Town, as all other Church-yards then were. 'Tis therefore the less to be wondered at, if some of the beggarly Inhabitants thereabouts did, in length of time, put the dead Mens Bones to such a Use, considering how vastly full their Charnel-house must be, and likewise that the Bones of many Pagans were very probably among them.

(5.) *Very magnificent,*] *Passavant* to *Peter Licet* : *Denique quod allegatis Damascenum, Alexandrum de Hales, Thomam, Bonaventuram, & Scotum ; ipsi (those of Geneva) dicunt, quod tu es benè dignus cum monachis tuis, qui consumas vitam tuam in istis foedissimis latinis quibus est plena Bibliotheca Sancti Victoris, sicut porcus in luto, quod tu es.* *St. Victor's Library* owes its Origin to the Abbey of *St. Victor*, which King *Louis le Gros* founded and built, about the Year 1130. Now, as for want of Persons to teach sound Philosophy, and good Literature, the best Wits of those Times bent themselves to the Sophistry and Quiddities of the School Divinity ; *Rabelais* from thence takes occasion to ridicule, in this whole Chapter, such Books which served for a Foundation to this Library, of which *Joseph Scaliger* was wont to say, that absolutely there was nothing in it but Trash and Rubbish, and that it was not without reason *Rabelais* made a Mock of it.

(6.) *The Two-horse, &c.*] *Bigua Salutis.* It is a thick *Quarto* in a black *Gotbick Letter*, containing 124 Sermons, the Title where-

of

- (7.) The *Cod-piece* of the Law.
 (8.) The *Slippers* or *Pantofles* of the Decretals.
 (9.) The *Pomegranate* of Vice.
 (10.) The *Clew-bottom* of Theology.
 (11.) The *Duster*, or *Foxtail-flap* of Preachers, composed by *Turlupin*.
 (12.) The *churning Ballock* of the Valiant.

(13) The

of, as transcribed from the Edition of *Haguenau* 1502. now in the Royal Library of *Berlin*, is, *Sermones Dominicales perutiles à quodam Fratre Hungaro Ordinis Minorum de Observantia in Conventu Pesthienſi comportati, Biga Salutis intitulati. Bigua* (instead of *Biga*) as it stands even in the first Editions of *Rabelais*, has all the Air of an affected Ignorance, to render the Title of the Book still more ridiculous, as if one should say, *The Twa-borse Tumbrel*. I cannot guess the Reason of Sir T. U's translating it *The for Godsake* of Salvation; perhaps he took *Biga* to allude to the Words *By God*.

(7.) *The Cod-piece of the Law.*] *Bragueta Furis*. No such Title of a real Book: the Author only quibbles upon the double Meaning of the French Word *Droit* (in Latin *Fus*) *Droit* signifying both *Reſtitution* and *Erection*.

(8.) *The Slippers or Pantofles, &c.*] *Pantofla Decretorum*. This Book is thus intituled, as well becauſe the Popes, by virtue of their Ordinances, commonly called *Decretals*, have made themſelves ſo highly revered, that all who approach them muſt kiſs their *Slipper*, as alſo becauſe the Docters made ſo by *Decree* (or Ordinance) generally go abroad in their Slippers. *Herbord Miſtlader M. Ortwinio*, in the firſt Part of the *Epistles Obscur. Viror. Timeo quod caput vobis dolet, vel quod habetis infirmitatem in ventre, & eſtis laxus, ſicut olim fuiſtis, quando permerdaſtis caligas veſtras in plareis, & non ſentiſtis, donec una mulier dixit: Domine Magiſter, ubi ſediſtis in merdis? ecce tunica & pantofoli veſtri ſunt maculata.*

(9.) *The Pomegranate of Vice.*] *Malogranatum Vitiorum*. This Book in *Quarto*, of which I have ſeen the *Auſburg* Edition, 1510. is aſcribed to a Doctor of *Keiſersberg*, named *Joh. Gayler*.

(10.) *The Clew-bottom*] The Title, perhaps, of ſome ſuch Book, wherein the Author pretends to wind up Theology, as it were, into a *Clew-bottom*.

(11.) *The Duster, &c.*] The old Editions have *Pepin's* Name, inſtead of *Turlupin*, *William Pepin* a *Jacobin* (*White-Friar*) was ſo famous a Preacher at the Beginning of the 16th Century, that it was a Proverb, *Qui nescit Pepinare, nescit prædicare*. His Sermons (ſeven or eight Volumes in *Quarto*) were the *Viſtempenard des Precheurs*, i. e. the grand Repertory of the Preachers of thoſe Times. As for the Derivation of *Viſtempenard*, ſee *Le D. C.* The Word *Turlupin*, if you mind it, is always uſed by *Rabelais* for a *Jacobin*, or, as they then wrote it, *Jacopin*.

(12.) *The churning, &c.*] *Couille Barrine des Preux: Barrine* from *Barrus* an Elephant, as much as to ſay, the Valiant, or Worthies

- (13.) The *Henbane* of the Bishops.
 (14.) *Marmotretus de baboonis & apis*, cum Commento Dorbellis.
 (15.) *Decretum Universitatis Parisiensis super gorgiositate muliercularum ad placitum.*
 (16.) The Apparition of *Sancte Geltrude*, to a Nun of *Poissie*, being in travel, at the bringing forth of a Child.

(17.) *Ars*

thies of the World, have large Talents for the Service of Ladies. *Mulier dignissima barris*, says *Horace. Epod. 12.*

(13.) *The Henbane*] *Henbane* is a venomous Weed, -which causes such an Alteration and Disorder of the Mind in any that should chance to eat of it, as to make them bray like Asses, and neigh like Horses. By this Title of *Henbane of the Bishops*, *Rabelais*, no doubt, means, that the Admonitions from Scripture, given to the Bishops of his Time, put them into as bad Convulsions as if they had swallowed *Henbane*. It is a home Thrust of the Satyrist, and has a strong Tincture of that time, when *Calvin* in his Treatise *de Scandalis* says that *Rabelais gustaverat Evangelium.*

(14.) *Marmotretus*] It is not the Name of an Author, but the Title of a Book, *Mammotraetus*, quasi *puer tractus, manu ductus*, from the old *Lombard* Word *Mammo* a Child and *trato tractus*, because by the Help of this Book the young *Friars* are brought to understand the Terms and Expressions of the Bible and Mass-book, and other Rituals, as Children are led by the Hand. *Luke Wading* names *Marchesino* a Cordelier, for the Author of this Book, and places him in the Year 1300. *Rabelais* always spells it *Marmotreët*, in allusion to the Word *Marmot* (a Monkey) and so ascribes to him a Treatise of Baboons and Apes. *D'Orbelles*, nor any other ever commented upon the *Mammotraetus* for all what *Rabelais* says. See *le D. C.* for further Information about this Book.

(15.) *Decretum*] A Decree whereby the University of *Paris* gave young Women and Maids leave to shew their Neck and Breast (*gorge* in *French*.) A Decree like that which *Panurge* is said to have obtained, *l. 2. c. 17.*

(16.) *The Apparition, &c.*] A severe Piece of Raillery against the Nuns of *Poissi*, strongly charg'd with intriguing at that time and since too. See Chap. 12. Book iv. of *Fænesté*. *Rabelais* instead of *St. Gertrude* (whom he miscalls *Geltrude*) should rather, one would think, have made Use of *St. Margaret*, who is commonly address'd to by Women in Labour; but the Name of *St. Margaret* would not have been so likely to surprize the Reader, who, being at first deceived by the grave Beginning of the Title, thinks it only some pious Fable out of some Legend, and is not undeceived till he comes to the Words in *Childbirth, &c.* What *Erasmus* says in his Colloquy *Virgo parvula* is pat to this Purpose. *EUBULUS. Nec omnes virgines sunt.*

- (17.) *Ars honestè fartandi (pettandi), in societate, per M. Ortuinum.*
 (18.) *The Mustard-pot of Penance.*
 (19.) *The Gamashes, aliàs the Boots of Patience.*
 (20.) *Formicarium Artium.*
 (21.) *De Brodiorum usu, & honestate Chopinandi, per Sylvestrem Prioratem Jacobinum.*
 (22.) *The Cuckold in Court.*

sunt, mihi crede, quæ velum habent. CATHARINA. *Bona Verba.* EUBULUS. *Imo bona verba sunt quæ vera sunt, nisi fortasse eelogium, quod nos hætenus judicavimus esse virgini matris proprium, ad plures transiit, ut dicantur & à partu virgines.*

(17.) *Ars, &c.*] This Man, who was become the Butt of many of the Wits and Satyrists of those times, for his violently engaging in the Persecution of the Learned *Leuchlin*, is the famous *Orthuinus Grætius*, or *Hardequin de Graes*, Doctor at *Cologne*, born indeed in the Diocese of *Münster*, but brought up at *Deventer* by an Uncle. The Book, which may have given *Rabelais* a Handle to ascribe to him this with so extraordinary a Title, is, in all Likelihood, the *Fasciculus rerum expetendarum, &c.* where *Orthuinus* styles himself *bonarum Artium Professor*. The waggish *Rabelais* wanted no more than that *culus*—*expetendarum* (which our *Arts-Master* had indeed better avoided) thence to take Occasion to make him the Author of *Ars honestè petandi*; [in good *Latin* it should be *pedendi*.]

(18.) *The Mustard-pot*] *Mustard* is here an Allusion to *moult tarde, multum tardare*. A certain Preacher, who had lay'd a Wager he would begin his Sermon by crying three times *Mustard* (*Moultarde*) with a Pause between each of the two first, cry'd out the third time: MOULT TARDE le pécheur à faire penitence. Much tardy is the Sinner to repent.

(19.) *The Gamashes, &c.*] 'Tis thought this alludes to the cruel Torture of the Boot, used by the *Jacobin* Inquisitors upon the poor *Albigenses*.

(20.) *Formicarium Artium.*] *John Nyder*, a German *Jacobin* who dy'd in 1438, has written a Piece of Morality on *Pismirès*, intitul'd *Formicarium*. *Rabelais* on this Title conceived his *Formicarium Artium*, taken Notice of by Chancellor *Bacon* in his Advancement of Learning, l. i. c. 6.

(21.) *De Brodiorum, &c.*] This good Father, *Sylvester de Priero* (who by the Way wrote in Behalf of Indulgences in 1518 against *Luther* who attack'd them the Year before) in his *Summa Sylvestrina*, handles the Questions of Fasting and Abstinence in as loose a Manner as has since been done by the *Baunis*, the *Filiutius's*, and the *Escobars*. *Brodium*, Broth, comes from the German *Brodt*, Bread; because Bread is a main Ingredient in good Broth.

(22.) *The Cuckold in Court.*] There were enow such in the lewd Reign of *Francis I.* especially after that gallant Prince had introduced
 Circles

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(23.) The *Frail* of the Scriveners.

The *Marriage-packet*.

The *Crucible* of Contemplation.

The *Flimflams* of the Law.

(24.) The *Goad* of Wine.

(25.) The *Spur* of Cheese.

(26.) *Decrotatorium scholarium*.

(27.) *Tartaretus de modo cacandi*.

(28.) The *Bravades* of Rome.

Circles of the fair Sex at Court. It was indeed that Reign which furnish'd *Brantome* with his Tales of the *Dames galantes*.

(23.) *The Frail of the Scriveners*.] Formerly in France, as well as anciently at Rome and in Greece, the Notaries put their Papers in Frails, or Rush and Wicker Baskets.

(24.) *The Goad of Wine*.] *The Goad of divine Love*, as the Translator of a Book of Devotion of St. *Bonaventura* intitles it, furnish'd *Rabelais* with this Idea, who knew no better *Goad* to his Wine than *Bolonia* Sauages, Gammons of Bacon, salted Eels, &c.

(25.) *The Spur of Cheese*.] *Rabelais* places the *Goad* of Wine and the *Spur* of Cheese next to one another, and both in the Library of St. *Victor*, because Wine makes a Man run to the Cheese, and the Cheese to the Wine; and 'tis highly probable, the Canons of that House very gladly travelled from one to the other.

(26.) *The Decrotatorium*.] He banters the Regents and Scholars of *Paris* upon their being so slovenly and dirty, as if they had made a Vow never to clean themselves, *se decroter*. He puns upon their studying the *Decretals*.

(27.) *Tartaretus*] *Peter Tartaret* (whose Works were reprinted at Lyons in 1621.) His sole Merit was refining on the ridiculous Subtilties of *John Scotus*. *Harry Stephens* in his Apology for *Herodotus*, c. 39. puts this *Sorbonist* among those mischievous Writers who had revived the detestable *Eternal Gospel*, which in former Days the Begging Monks opposed to the *Vaudois* and their Doctrine. This *Tartaret* had a long Dispute with another *Quodlibetist* of that House, touching the right pronouncing the Word *mibi*. Might it not be on Account of the Ordures and Blasphemies which issu'd so copiously from the Pen and Mouth of *Tartaret*, or on Account of the vicious Custom he perhaps had of speaking and writing *chi* for *bi* in *mibi*, that *Rabelais* ascribes a Book to him with so filthy a Title, They are neither of them impossible, but in my Opinion *Rabelais* therein principally considers him as a Disciple of that very *John Scotus*, who, on Account of the scandalous Subjects by him agitated, the Painter *Holbein* had before pleasantly represented as vomiting his Soul out of his Mouth, under the Figure of a Child *Stulta cacantis Logicalia*.

(28.) *The Bravades*] The pompous Ceremonies of that Church, or perhaps *Rabelais* reflects on the *Popes*, who commonly are tame enough to such as don't value their Threats.

(29.) *Bricot*.

(29.) *Bricot de differentiis soupærum.*

(30.) The Tail-piece Cushion, or Close-breech of Discipline.

(31.) The cobbled Shoe of Humility.

(32.) The Trevet of good Thoughts.

(33.) The Kettle of Magnanimity.

The cavilling Intanglements of Confessors.

(34.) The Curates Rap o'er the Knuckles.

(35.) *Reverendi patris fratris Lubini provincialis a-*
wardia, de coquendis lardonibus, libritres.

(36.) Pasquilli

(29.) *Bricot*] A Doctor of *Paris*, an Enemy of *Reuchlin*'s; his Name signifies *boil'd Pap* in German: So *Rabelais* makes him the Author of a Book about Soops; with an Eye likewise to the Gluttony and fine Latin Stile of him and many of his Fraternity.

(30.) *The Tail-piece, &c.*] In French *Le Cullot de Discipline*. At Metz the Boys after a severe Whipping noint their Posteriors with a Candle's End (which they call *Calot*): So *Rabelais* here alludes to the Monks doing the like by Way of Lenitive, after they have whipt themselves with their Discipline.

(31.) *The cobbled Shoe of Humility.*] *La Savate d'humilité*. This Title considered as depending upon, and immediately following the other, may allude to the *Sapatade*, a sort of Punishment at *Malta* inflicted on the Buttocks of such young Knights, as have fail'd in their Duty on the Gallies. 'Tis done with the Sole of a Shoe, (*Savate*.)

(32.) *The Trevet, &c.*] *Rabelais* may allude to Somebody, who, according to the reigning Custom of using whimsical Titles, had ridiculously given that Title to a Piece, teaching the Basis of good Thoughts, or the Principle of devout Meditations.

(33.) *The Kettle*] the Author of the preceding Vol. may have been so of this, which is only a Continuation of the odd Ideas of the other.

(34.) *The Curates, &c.*] Slight Penances imposed by some Curates in Cases, where others would be more rigid.

(35.) *Reverendi, &c.*] Several Things here seem to me to be worth taking Notice of--First, *Rabelais* has a Fling at the Pride of the Monks, who at first being only called *Fratres*, *Friars*, *Brothers*, got to themselves, in time, the Title of *Reverend Fathers*. Secondly, The Author introduces here a *frere Lubin*, i. e. an arrant religious Bite, whom those of his Order have chosen their Provincial, though a mere *Baward*, i. e. one without Merit or Learning. Then we see this Monk, brimful of himself, set about making Books, and takes for the Subject of his most serious Occupation a ridiculous Matter, under the Colour of its relating to an Adventure, which the Scoffers will have it, that the Book of *Conformities, &c.* ascribes to his Patriarch St. *Francis*. The Scoffers, I say, for that Book does not say,

(36.) *Pasquilli doctris marmorei, de capreolis cum char-
doneta comedendis tempore Papali ab Ecclesia interdic-
to.*

(37.) *The Invention of the Holy Cross, personated by
six wylie Clerks.*

as they pretend, that one Day St. Francis happening to pick the Lord
or Bacon out of some Meat, as it was roasting in the *Friar's Kitchen*,
did the same Penance for it as if it had been a great Sin, but only
that that Saint did Penance, *si quando ratione infirmitatis carnes come-
disset vel coquinam conditam lardo, i. e.* when being Sick or out of
Order, he eat Flesh, or tasted any *Viſuals* that had Bacon in it,
which a little lower is called *coquinam cum lardo*, and which is else-
where explained by *cibaria condita cum lardo*. See *Les Conformites*,
&c. *Edit. 1510. fol. 38 and 187.*

(36.) *Pasquilli, &c.* A long Letter, which our Lady hard by
Bazil wrote in 1524 to a *Lutheran*, concludes thus: *Ex æde nostra
lapidea, Calendis Augusti; anno Filii mei passi 1524. Virgo lapidea
mea manu subscripsi.* Since therefore it was but wearing a human
Shape, and one was qualified to turn Author, *Rabelais* thought he
might here assign a Book to the Statue of *Pasquin* at *Rome*; and it be-
ing even in his Time a common Thing to fix on that Statue all Sorts
of scandalous Writings, *Pasquin* makes a Treatise how one may, on
Days of Fasting and Abstinence, contrive to eat *Kid à la Chardonnet-
te, secundum usum Romæ*, as *H. Stephens* says. This *Chardonnette*
was the *cinare pappi* (the Flower or Downe of the Artichoke) which
the nice Eaters with scrupulous Consciences rather chose to make use of
than the *Presure de Careme*. [I suppose *M. de C.* by this may mean a
Lenton Cheese made of Eggs, and the Spawn of Fishes, and curded
with the Juice of that Thistle as I find it described it by *Cotgrave*.]
Be that as it will, this Note will help to explain what follows: *La
Bruirere Champier, l. 14. c. 7.* of his *dere cibaria*, after he had spoke
of what is properly called *Presure* (Runnet or Rennet) says, *Coagula-
tur insuper lac succo ficulno. Quin & hodie cinare pappis & gingi-
fere, atque Lucii piscis extis quibusdam novitio sanè invento, & gulæ
acceptissimo; quandoquidem per ecclesiæ Romanæ decreta vesci caseo
Christianis baud licebat verno jejunio, quo scilicet Coagulum quadrup-
dum recepisset.* I therefore fancy that this Way taught by *Pasquin*,
how to eat boldly at *Rome* itself a Kid of the Goats à la *Chardonnette*,
was indeed how to eat Flesh-meat and indulge in all good Cheer, so one
does but save Appearances.

(37.) *The Invention, &c.* Doubtless, in *Rabelais's* Time was
publickly acted among other *Pieces of Moralities*, as they called them.
The Invention (or Finding) of the Holy Cross; and it being probable
it brought good Grift to the *Actors Mill*, *Rabelais* thence takes Oc-
casion to speak of another *Invention of the Cross*, play'd by six Per-
sonages, *viz.* Judge, Counsellor, Attorney, Clerks, Records, and
Ushers of the Court, all whom he calls *Clercs de Finesse*, on
Account of their warming their Clients out of their Money finely.

(38.) *The*

(38.) *The Spectacles of Pilgrims bound for Rome.*

(39.) *Majoris, de modo faciendi Poudinos (Puddings.)*

(40.) *The Bag-pipe of the Prelates.*

(41.) *Beda de optimitate triparum.*

(42.) *The Complaint of the Barrafters upon the Reformation of Comfits or Sweetmeats.*

(43.) *The furr'd Cat of the Sollicitors and Attornies.*

(38.) *The Spectacles, &c.]* The *Spaniards* wear such, and call them travelling-Spectacles. Those likewise, who go from *France* to *Rome*, wear them when they come near the *Alps*, to preserve their Eyes from the Injuries of the Snow and Cold. The Author hereby, further insinuates to the *Pilgrims*, that they will stand in need of their Spectacles at *Rome* to see the Relicks, for that they are shewn at such a Distance, that even with the Help of them, a Man can hardly say what it is he sees.

(39.) *Majoris, &c.]* *John Major*, a *Scotsman*, Doctor of *Paris*, known in the beginning of the 16th Century by several Moral, Philosophical, and Theological Pieces printed at *Paris* in different Years from 1509 to 1529. This Person who had regented (*i. e.* taught) in *Montaigne* College, was, in all likelihood, as much given to his Gut, as many of his Colleagues; and therefore *Rabelais* brings him publicly teaching *The Art to make Puddings*, *i. e.* to stuff and cram the Womb while their Skins would hold, or till their Bellies crack'd again.

(40.) *The Big-pipe, &c.]* See this explained elsewhere.

(41. *Beda]* *Noel Bede*, Doctor of *Sorbonne*, a violent Enemy to polite Learning, and to *W. Budæus*, who favoured it by his Interest in *Francis I.* *Bede* had a prodigious Paunch of his own, and was called *gros Soupier* the great *Sopper*; or *Brew-is-belly*; one that is ever dipping his Bread in the Beef-pot, says *Cotgrave*. *Rabelais* makes him the Author of a Book of the Excellence of *Tripes*, as much as to say, his whole Merit lay in his huge abdominous Belly.

(42.) *The Complaint, &c.]* What *Rabelais* calls here, the Reformation of Sweetmeats, is the Changing Comfits and other Junkets the Lawyers used to have of their Clients, into Money which was moderated at a lower Value (per Cause) than if they had been paid in *Spices* (as they called their former Fees and used to be paid in) *Cotgrave* at the Word *Espices* says: Spices or Spice; also the Fees that be taken by the (*French*) Judges and their Assistants, for Books perused, Consultations had, and Sentence given in a Cause, from the ancient Manner of grateful Suitors, who having prevailed, were wont to present the Judges of the Reporters of their Causes with Comfits, or other Junkets; which Gratuity they afterwards turned into Money, and by Degrees, have suffered it to become a Duty, and (as it is at this Day) the only, or best Revenues belonging to judicial Places.

(43.) *The furr'd Cat]* *Chafourrer* (a Word which indeed sounds like *furr'd Cat*) signifies only to blot and blur Paper with scrawling, or writing, ill-favouredly. So here the Solicitors and Attornies are said to have the Art of amassing Money by *Chaffouring*, or Paper-staining.

(44.) Of Pease and Bacon *cum Commento*.

(45.) The *small Vales*, or *Drinking-Money* of the *Indulgences*.

(46.) *Præclarissimi juris utriusque Doctoris Magistri Pilloti Raquedenari de bobelinandis glossæ Accursianæ baguenaudis repetitio Enucidiluculidissima.*

(47.) *Stratagemata francharchierie de Baniollet.*

(48) Fran-

[44.] *Pease and Bacon cum Commento.*] *La Bruière Champier*, in the Title *de Pise* (of Pease) which is the 2d of l. 7. *Namque lautissimas epulas subire videmus. Reges quoque ac Proceres gratissime mandunt: præsertim cum suilla incocta. Pisa ex lardo vocant.* By these Words we see that until the time of Francis II. in whose Reign they were writ, plain *Pease and Bacon*, without any other seasoning, were accounted in *France* a Dish for a King: but long before this the Gentlemen of St. *Victor* turn'd up their Noses at this Dish, unless it had something more delicate than Bacon or Pork to compleat it; and therefore a certain ingenious Man, probably of this Foundation, after several Researches followed by Experiments, at length publish'd, as a worthy Comment on this Subject, a noble and large List of many Ingredients which might considerably *meliorate* the Pease and Bacon.

[45.] *The small Vales*,] *La profiterolle des Indulgences*: What in *Rabelais's* time they called *profiterolle* was a small Pellet, or Roll of Dough, baked in the *Ashes*, *turunda subcinericia vel focacea*, says *Nicot* after *Budæus*: and it is to this the Author makes Allusion here, calling *profiterolle* the *Profit* accruing (from *Ash-wednesday*) to the Curates and Monks by Means of Indulgences, which roll from one Church, where People have already gain'd them, to another, where they again gain them for a fresh Sum of Money.

[46.] *Præclarissimi*] *Raquedenare* is a Pinch-peny; *bobelineur* from *bubulinator* is a Worker in old Leather, a Cobler; and *baguenaudes* Fooleries, paltry Trash, or empty Discourses; metaphorically taken from *Baguenaudæ* Bladder-nuts, St. *Anthony's* Nuts, wild *Pistachios*. *Baguenaudæ, seu magnæ vesicæ benè turgidæ & repletæ vento, quæ cum puncto acus percussæ sunt, nihil aliud faciunt quam crepitum ad faciendum ridere pueros*, says *Antichopin*, p. 24. Thus we see that here *Rabelais* makes game of *Accursius's* Gloss on the one Hand (as he continually does) and on the other rubs up certain pillaging Lawyers, who get Estates by transcribing Scraps of this Gloss right or wrong, as much as by any really useful Science.

[47.] *Stratagemata*] This *Franc-archer* was condemned to die for his Villainies, as *Mezeray* and *Ambrose Paræus* tell us: But the Body of Physicians, being informed that this Man was exceedingly troubled with the Stone, begg'd the King to let them make a Trial upon him, and see if they could not open his Rein or Loins, and draw the Stone out that Way: They did so, and the Archer lived many years afterwards in perfect Health. Of the many Stories that went about concerning this *French* Rogue, and the Pranks he played, *Rabelais* sup-

pose

- (48.) *Franctopinus or Churlbumpkinus de re militari, cum figuris Tevoti.*
- (49.) *De usu & utilitate escorchandi, i. e. flayandi equos & equas, authore Magistro nostro de Quebecu. The Sawciness of Country Stewards.*
- (50.) *M. N. Rostocostojambedanasse, de mustarda post prandium servienda, libri quatuordecim apostillati, per M. Vaurillonis.*

poses a Volume, by the Help whereof the Author, who was this same Archer, lived happy in the other World, where he was seen by *Epi-simon. Rab. l. 2. c. 30.*

(48.) *Franctopinus* [Rabelais, under the specious Title of *Stratagems* of the Frank-archer of *Bagnolet*, had just now a sling chiefly at the Robberies of the Frank-archers (train'd Bow-men in every Parish, to be ready at any Time at a Summons, and a Rate certain to march; for which they were frank, i. e. exempt from Taxes; a sort of *Militia* establish'd by *Charles VII.* and suppress'd the very next Reign.) He now bansters the Cowardice and Inexperience of the *Franctaupins* (Husbandmen Soldiers, as *Cotgrave* calls them) compared with the old *Romans*, whose excellent Discipline and Stratagems of War are still admired in the Works of *Vegetius* and *Frontinus*, and the Author's Satire falls here personally on the Frank-taupin *Tevot*, whose clownish Name (being a Diminutive of *Stephen*) seems to me to be a nickname Expressive of a Bragadochio, destin'd rather to be knock'd o'th' Head with Stones on the Pavement of a Town, than to be kill'd in an Army in the Field of Battle.

(49.) *De usu* [William de *Quercu*, a Doctor of *Paris*, who has printed something on *St. Gregory*. Rabelais, who thought this Doctor neither more learned, nor less barbarous than a great many others of that Robe, changes his Name into *Quebecu*, in order to make out of it an Allusion to *equa equus*, whereby to ascribe to this Flayer of *Latin* a Volume *de usu*, &c. as above.

(50.) *M. N. Rostocostojambedanasse*,] *Beza*, c. 1. of his Ecclesiastical History, on the Year 1541 speaks of a certain Portuguese, *Andrew Govea*, Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, surnam'd, he says *Sinapiworus* or Mustard-mawler. If it be not to him that *Rablais* attributes this ridiculous Book, it may be he alludes to *Angelus de Gambedellionibus* or *Lion-leg*, Author of two Pieces mentioned in the *Bibliothèque* of *Draudius*. Instead of *Lion-leg*, the Author may have called him *Jambe d'anesse* *Afs's-leg*, probably reproaching him, that like an *Afs*, which has neither Teeth nor Claws to defend itself, he had at least kick'd his Enemy, and that too by a Writing, which, not appearing 'till after his Enemy's Death, came too late like *Mustard* (after Dinner) *post prandium*. As for *Vaurillonis* it means *William* a *Cordelier*, who has written on *John Scotus* and on the Master of the Sentences some Pieces, the Titles whereof you have in *Draudius's Bibliothèque*, and in pag. 47. *Bibliotheca Tellerianæ*.

- (51.) The *Couillage* or *Ballock-Money* of Proctors.
 (52.) *Jabolenus de Cosmographij. Purgatorii*
 (53.) *Quæstio subtilissima, utrum Chimæra in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones; & fuit*

(51.) The *Couillage*] In France they called by the Name of *Couillage* a certain Tribute paid before *Luther* by Priests for Licences to keep Wenches. The Bishops sold to the Curates and other Ecclesiasticks their Diocesans this Liberty, which indeed had before been granted them by the first Council of *Toledo*; (See the *Decret. part 1. dist. 34. au Canon 15. qui, &c.*) *Agrippa* in his *Vanity of the Sciences*, Chapter de *Lenonia*, speaks of this Tribute as still subsisting in *Germany* in his Time. But let's hear *H. Stebbens* in the only good (in this Respect, and) not a spurious Edition of his *Apology for Herodotus*. Ch. 21. p. 280. publish'd in 1566 in 527 Pages. *Mais dit il, oserois-je bien, &c. But may I take the Liberty, says he, to speak of that infamous Tribute which used to be exacted from Priests for licensing them to keep Concubines? May I be so bold as to call it by its Name, Couillage? Well, the Word is out, and I have said it, that Posterity might not be disappointed.* But with that Author's good Leave, *Couillage* is only grown scandalous from its resembling a Word (*couillon*, French for *scrotum*) from whence it is not derived. *Couillage* is form'd from *Couletage*, *Colleetagium*. Thus from *Collibertus* comes *Couillaut*, a Name given to the Valets of the Cathedral Church of *Angers*. *Collibertus*, *Colbertus*, *Colbart*, *Couillart*, *Couillaut*. These are *Menage's* own Words in the 1st Edition of his *Origines*. But to proceed: It was the Proctors that laid this Tribute of *Couillage*, and the Tradition of *Metz* has preserved there the Memory of what passed in the 16th Century between one of those Gentlemen and a poor Curate of the Diocese of *Treves*. He was called upon for a Crown, to which his Share of that Duty amounted to annually, and the good Man declined paying, because he said he kept no Woman. No matter for that, reply'd the Archbishop's Officer, you must pay your Dues; if you can do without a Girl, that is nothing to thy Master and mine; he has nothing to do with that. The Money he must have; and I too am to have a Part of the Sum thou owest. Such another Story is very pleasantly told in the Ch. de *concubinariis cum honestate* &c. of a small Volume de *fide Concubinarum*, &c. printed in *Germany* in the Year 1565, and the Raillery used here by our Author, of the sordid Abuse observed therein, is founded on the constant Practice of this scandalous commerce, always kept up by the *Germans*, and which indeed is the Subject of the 75th and 91st Article of the *Hundred Grievances* publish'd by the whole Empire in a Body against the Court of *Rome*, in the time of the Emperor *Maximilian I.*

(52.) *Jabolenus*, &c.] This is left out of some Editions of *Rabelais*.

(53.) *Quæstio*, &c.] A satyrical Stroke against the Council of *Constance* begun in 1414, and in which for near four Years that it lasted, the Author says that for several Weeks they minded but one Thing, and that was a very *Chimæra*.

debatuta

debatuta per decem hebdomadas in Consilio Constantienfi.

(54.) The Bridle-champer of the Advocates.

(55.) *Barbouillamenta Scoti.*

(56.) The Rasping and hard Scraping of the Cardinals.

(57.) *De calcaribus removendis Pecades undecim, per M. Albericum de Rosata.*

(58.) *Ejusdem de castrametandis criminibus, libri tres.*

(54.) The Bridle-champer] *Macbe-frain*, *Cotgrave* says, means a Lawyer (so call'd from his Mule, which by the Way is something odd too) which attending at the Door, while her Master's in Court, hath Leisure enough to champ on the Bridle. *M. le D. C.* says, there was at *Dijon* one *Philip Macbefoin*, Mayor of the Town in 1448, Counsellor and Keeper of the Duke of *Burgundy's* Jewels.

(55.) *Barbouillamenta*] The Works of *John Scot* an *English* Franciscan Fryar, who lived in the beginning of the 14th Century. He is commonly called the *subtil Doctor*: but *Rabelais* here calls by the Name of *Bedarwings* the Works of that Monk, as well because that in the 17 *Folio* Volumes which they make, and which were reprinted at *Paris* in 1659, there is wherewithal to *bedarw* the Mind in Proportion to the Paper *bedarw'd* by *Scotus* himself, as because these same Works suggest to them that read them another sort of *bedarwing*, which the Painter *Holbin* has very naturally represented in *Erasmus's* Praise of Folly, where this *John Scotus* is vomiting his Soul out at his Mouth, under the Figure of a Boy *stulta cacantis Logicalia*.

(56.) The Rasping, &c.] So Sir *T. U.* translates *Ratepenade*, but *M. D. C.* says it means a Bat or Rear-mouse, *Mus pennatus*, otherwise *Vespertilio*, a Creature which begins not to fly abroad 'till the Evening, as the Cardinals, who are of a modern Institution, did not begin 'till very late to make a grand Figure in the *Roman* Hierarchy. See the *Valesiana* at the Word *Cardinalat*.

(57.) *De calcaribus*] The Book, which *Albericus de Rosata* wrote on the Decretals, is a Book which *Rabelais* judg'd to be of that Use to the Publick, that he gives it here to the Tune of 110 Volumes, treating of the Art of not spurring the Horse one rides. *Rabelais* by making the Lawyer *Rosata* write a Treatise *de Calcaribus* (of Spurs) alludes to his Name *Rosata*, *Rosette* in *French* signifying the R wel of a Spur. Moreover as *Rosata* was a Native of *Bergamo*, in the Territory of *Venice*, I know not but this *removendis* (or keeping the Spurs clear of the Horse's Sides) may be a Banter upon the Unskilfulness of the *Venetians* as to Horsemanship. We all know how much *Poggius* and other Writers are in their Stories of the *Venetian* Noblemen's Awkwardness in this Particular, and that they know neither how to spur or rein in a Horse as they should do, because they never mount any Thing but their *Gondolas*, &c.

(58.) *Ejusdem*] Perhaps *Rosata* in his Commentary on the Decretals was too rigid, in Relation to the placing certain Cases of Conscience he might treat of.

(59.) The

- (59.) The Entrance of *Antony de Leyve* into the Territories of *Brasil*, or of the *Greeks*.
 (60.) *Marforii Bacalarii cubantis Roma, de pelendis Mascarendisque Cardinalium mulis*.
 (61.) The said Author's *Apology* against those who alledge, that the *Pope's Mule doth eat but at his Hours*.
 (62.) *Prognosticatio quæ incipit, Silvii Triqueville, balata, per M. N. Songecrusion*.
 (63.) *Boudarini Episcopi de emulgentiarum profectibus Æneades novem, cum privilegio Papali ad triennium & postea non*.

(64.) The

(59.) *The Entrance*] *Rabelais* derides *Antonio Leyva's* fatal Entry in 1536 into *Provence*, which is the *Brasil* of *France*, and particularly into the Territory of *Marseilles*, an ancient Colony of the *Greeks*. That *Spanish* Captain was buried in his Camp before *Marseilles*, where he died of Grief for undertaking the Siege of that Town so unadvisedly. See *Mezeray* on the Year 1536.

(60.) *Marforij*] This must be some Satyr of the time upon the Pegeantry of the Cardinals Mules being differently deck'd out and harness'd according to the Solemnity of the Days on which they appear in publick in their utmost Magnificence. *Marforio's* Statue, 'tis well known, lies along on the Ground in one of the Courts of the ancient Capitol. This is what's intended by *cubantis Romæ*. *Marforio* is here term'd a *Batchelor*, whereas *Pasquin* is stiled *Doctor* (in the Title of the Book *Rabelais* just now made him the Author of.) This is because *Marforio's* has not near so many Libels affix'd to his Statue, as that of *Pasquin* has daily.

(61) *The said Author's Apology, &c.*] What occasion'd this sort of Proverb, that the *Pope's* Mule eats but at his Hours, is not the Obstinacy of those moody Creatures; but some understand by it, that if because a Master may be immensely rich, he should be continually heaping Favours on those about him, it might cause him to be but ill served by them. *Marforio* here lends his Pen to some covetous Ecclesiastick.

(62.) *Prognosticatio, &c.*] *L. I. c. 20. Note 5. M. le D. C.* gives an Account of *Magister noster Songecrusion* or *Songecrusus*, Author of this facetious Almanack. It is of a Gothic Impression, contains 4 Leaves in 4to, is in *French Rhime*, and short Stanzas 4 Lines each. The Title is, *La Prenostication de Maitre Albert Songecreux Biscaïn*. Somebody *M. D. C.* tells us, had wrote above 200 Years ago at the Bottom of that Copy he saw, *Proclamation mense Decembri 1527*. *Harry Stephens* mentions this Almanack in his *Apology for Herodotus*. The Word *Songecreux* means, a dull melancholy saturnine Man; a sleepy heavy-headed Gull; a dreaming Visionary, always in a brown Study, or the Dumps.

(63.) *Boudarini --- ÆNEADES novem, &c.*] *ÆNEADES*, as the former Translator has it in large Letters in both Editions, as if

- (64.) The *Shitabrenna* of the Maids,
 (65.) The *bald Arse* of the Widows.
 (66.) The *Cowle* or *Capouch* of the Monks.
 (67.) The *Brimborions* of the *Cælestine* Fryars.
 (68.) The *Passage-toll* of *Beggarlinefs*.

(69.) The

it meant *Virgil's Æneids* should be *Enneades*, a Greek Word for Nine. The Word *emulgentiarum*, which signifies the Action of milking such Creatures as give Milk, is here put for *indulgentiarum*, which among the Bishops is another Way of milking their Flock. These Indulgences, it is true, are absolutely insignificant, as *Rabelais* owns; but yet the Profits of them are so very considerable, that he makes a Volume thereof consisting of fourscore and one Books, *i. e. nine Æneades*. As for the Author bringing in the *Pope's* Privilege for three Years only, that's as much as to say, the Gain accruing from Indulgences is a sort of Manna which rains only where, and how long, the *Pope* pleases.

(64.) *The Shitabrenna*] *Le Chiabrena des pucelles*. *Rabelais*, 'tis thought, banters the Resistance young Women make to the first Embraces of a Man, as if it was all a Farce, a Vinegar-Face put on, affected Nicety, and *spitten come Shittery*, for that's the meaning of the Word *Chiabrena*: *chier* is to *sh---*; *Bren* is a Rouen Word for a T---d. See more Book i. Ch. 10.

(65.) *The bald, &c.*] This may be taken in two Senses; the decent one is an Allusion to the peak'd Hood of the Widows, compared to the Capuche of the Monks mentioned in the next Article: The former, generally of Cloth or velvet, will in time lose the Nap and grow bare, as the Buttocks of a Monkey, and so too the latter by being often lifted up and let down.

(66.) *The Cowle, &c.*] *Coqueluche* has likewise two Meanings; one is a Cowle, and the other is a Disease said by some to be the Hooping-Cough. So *Rabelais* derides the Monks Cowle and their nocturnal Devotions, which engendred Coughs and Catarrhs; and these Coughs and Catarrhs would no more quit them, than they quitted their Cowles.

(67.) *The Brimborions*] Fond superstitious Devotions mumbled over to one's self. *Pregbiere senza attenzione*, says *Oudin*. *Rabelais* censures the extreme Indevotion that then reign'd among the *Cælestines*.

(68.) *The Passage-toll of Beggarlinefs.*] *Le Barraige de Manducité*. The true Translation whereof should be the Passage-toll, not of *Beggarlinefs*, as Sir T. U. translates it, but of *Guttling* or *Gormondizing*, from *Manducare* to chew; (*Mendicité* is indeed *Beggarlinefs*, from *Mendicare* to beg.) *Barraige* is so term'd of the *Bar* that ordinarily stands on the Way wherein is payable this *Barraige*, which is a sort of Tythe or Contribution the begging Monks subsist on at the Expence of the Publick, in exacting their Share of whatever is consumed in the Place they happen to be in. *Rabelais* calls *Manducité* the State and Condition of the *Mendicant Fryars*, in Regard to the Statue called *Manducus* (*de Manducare*) the Idol of the Belly-devotees. To conclude the Allusion from *fratres manducantes* to *fratres mendicantes* is originally *Louisa de Savoy's* Mother to *Francis I.* It

- (69.) The *Teeth-chatter* or *Gum-didder* of lubberly Lusks.
 (70.) The *Paring-shovel* of the Theologues.
 (71.) The *Drenching-born* of the Masters of Arts.
 (72.) The *Scullions* of *Olkam* the uninitiated Clerk.

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(73.) The

is taken from a Manuscript Journal of that Princess, and reported in Pag. 151 of the Protestant-Minister *Drelincourt's* Answer to the Landgrave *Ernestus*; but *Le P. Minime*, who communicated some Extracts of that Journal to *Guichenon*, did not think fit to furnish him with this Passage, nor some others.

(69.) *The Teeth-chatter, &c.*] A Reflection on the Voraciousness and Nakedness of voluntary Beggars and other slothful Idlesbies, that will rather starve with Cold and Hunger, than work to get Heat or Meat. To conclude; *Clauquent*, in an antient *Moral* (devout Play so call'd) intituled, *The Crucifixion of Christ*, is the Name of one of the Roman Soldiers that cast Lots on our Saviour's Garment.

(70.) *The Paring-shovel of the Theologues.*] *La ratouere des Theologiens*, which should be translated *The Rat-trap* of the Theologues (though the Word does signify a Paring-shovel likewise, but can never mean so here.) *M. le D. C.* puts the Question, whether by this *Rat-trap* the Author may not mean the Vow of Celibacy made by the Monks and Roman Clergy, without foreseeing the Consequences of such an Engagement? Or whether it may not be only an Allusion to a certain *Rebus*, which considers these Gentlemen-*Sbavelings* as so many Rats which devour the World? *If the Iniquity of Men were as easily seen in Categorical Judgment, as we can discern Flies in a Milk-pot, the World had not been so eaten up with Rats*, says Lord *Suck-fist*, in the beginning of the 12th Chapter.

Before I dismiss this Note, I must desire the Reader to help me to find the *Rebus* in it. *M. D. C's* Words are: *Ne seroitce pas simplement une allusion à certain Rebus qui considere ces Messieurs les tonsurez comme autant de RATS qui mangent le monde?* Q. Whether instead of *tonsurez* (which I translate *Sbavelings*) he should not have used *ras* (which is good French for shaved as well as *tonsurez*?) Now between the Words *Rats* and *Ras*, the Equivoke, or Double-entendre, or Pun, or *Rebus*, or what you will, is apparent enough; between *Tonsurez* and *Rats* it is not. But enough of this: *Je m'en rapporte au Lecteur*: I leave it to the Reader.

(71.) *The Drenching-horn of the Masters of Arts.*] *L'embouchoir des Maîtres en Arts.* *L'embouchoir*. *M. D. C.* says means a Boot-last or Boot-tree, and compares the forming of a young Master of Arts, to a Bootmaker's forming a new Boot, by putting it on the Last, or Tree. To which I shall add, that as *Rabelais* has very frequently more than one meaning in what he says; it may allude to the pouring Learning into a young Man's Noddle, as a Drenching-horn serves to convey a Draught into a Horse's Mouth, for *embouchoir* means a *Drenching-born* too.

(72.) *The Scullions*] The Author seems here to rally some young Scholars [*Scullions*, *Marmitons* in French] of the University of Paris, who

(73.) *Magistri N. Fripesaucetis de grabellationibus horarum canonicarum libri quadraginta.*

(74.) *Cullebutatorium confratriarum, incerto authore.*

(75.) The *Rasber* of Cormorants, or greedy Gluttons.

(76.) The *Ramishness* of the *Spaniards*, supercoquelicanticked by Fryar *Inigo*.

(77) The

who had no sooner put on the Pensioner's Cap, but, without any further Examination, boldly espoused the Sentiments of *Ockham*, Patriarch of the *Nominalists*, against the subtle *John Scot*, who was Patriarch of the *Realists*, so called in Opposition to the former.

(73.) *Magistri N. &c.*] This *Garbling* the Canonical Hours is nicely to sift into them, to examine them minutely, &c. Thus the forty Books, which one of our Masters of the old *Sorbonne* had publish'd on the scrupulous *Garbling* the Canonical Hours, should seem to teach the Necessity of diving into all the Mysteries of them, which would have been much to the Tooth of this *Fryar Lick-diss*, who would indeed say these Prayers over, out of Duty, while some other Ecclesiastical Guest might be Cully enough literally to practise all its fine Precepts out of Devotion. *Politianus Canonicus Florentinus interrogatus, an legisset Horas Canonicas? dixit: semel perlegi istum librum, & nunquam pejus collocavi tempus.*

(74.) *Cullebutatorium, &c.*] This Book must be a new one, since it treats of the Overthrow (*culbut* in French) of most of the Religious Fraternities, which happened in several Countries nobody knows how, at that time.

(75.) *The Rasber, &c.*] I know not what *Rasber* means here; it is *Cabourne* in the Original, which, *M. le D. C.* says, is that Piece of Cloth made oval-wise, worn by the *Capuchins* during their Noviciate, and by it the Author means a sort of Stupidity in the Novices of that Order; and 'tis from these Words that is derived the *Italian Capronaggine*, which *Ant-Oudin* has rendered by that of *Lourdauerie*; i. e. Blockishness.

(76.) *The Ramishness*] This Title being in the *Gothick* Edition of *Rabelais* 1534, six Years before the Institution of the Jesuits was approved, or so much as their Name known, nobody can say *Rabelais* had an Eye to their Society, tho' grafted on all the *Seets* of Monks both ancient and modern; which is the meaning of *super-coque-licantiqued*. It is much more likely that *Ignatius* being in 1528 at *Paris*, where he practis'd, and caused to be practis'd the spiritual Exercises he had compos'd, *Rabelais* look'd on this Refinement made by a *Spaniard* in matter of Piety, as a pleasant Method to cure the World at once of its Opinion that the *Spaniards* stunk no less, or were a Whit more Orthodox than the Hypocrites or Bigots of *Bearne*, descended, like them, from the *Goths* and *Saracens*, who had for many Ages lorded it in *Spain*: Which *Rabelais* has express'd in his Way by the burlesque Title of *The Ramishness* (or frowzy Smell) of the *Spaniards* supercoquelicantiqued (not *supergiure gondigaded*) by *Frai Inigo* (not *Indigo*, as *Sir T. U.* has it). *Inigo* is *Ignatius*. *Indigo* is I know not what. *Rabelais*, by this Article, must have been the first Man that

- (77.) The Muttering of pitiful Wretches.
 (78.) *Poltronismus rerum Italicarum, authore Magistro Burnegad.*
 (79.) *R. Lullius de batisfolagiis Principum.*
 (80.) *Calibistratorium caffardiæ, authore M. Jacobo Hocstraten hereticometrâ.*
 (81.) *Codtickler de magistro nostrandorum magistro nostratorumque bene-venti libri octo galantissimi.*
 (82.) The Crackarades of Bullists, Copists, Scriveners,

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Clerks,

that ever took Notice of this Order (Jesuits.) *Bexa*, in the 59th of his Epistles, hath strongly declaimed against the devout, but empty Speculations of the Spaniards, putting in the same Scale *Ignatius de Loyola* and *Michael Servetus*: *Utrumque*, says he, *suis vanissimis, inanissimis, Hispanissimis denique contemplationibus additum.*

(77.) *The Muttering, &c.*] He means the Hypocrisy of whimpering Pretenders to Devotion, who while they are whining out their Prayers think of Nothing but the Porridge-Pot (*Marmite* signifies a Porridge-Pot, as well as *Marmiteux* a Whimperer: This is what I suppose *M. D. C.* would have said.

(78.) *Poltronismus*] *Stephen Brulefer* (not *Burnegad*) a Franciscan Fryar, and a Doctor of *Paris* in *Louis XI*'s time published several Sermons, &c. He taught that neither the *Pope*, nor Councils, no, nor the Church itself in a Body could establish any new Article of Faith: He also condemned the Meriting by Works. On this Account his Brother Doctors of *Paris* obliged him to fly for Protection to *Diether*, Archbishop of *Mentz*. It is perhaps on Account of this *Theologue*'s Zeal and Resolution, that *Rabelais* attributes to him the Boldness of daring thus publicly to expose the false Steps made 'till then, by so many Princes who had pusillanimously submitted to the *Pope*'s Yoke. Though, upon second Thoughts, the Author (perhaps) only rallies the *Catholick* Powers of *Europe* for letting the *Italians* so easily seize, and ingross the *Papacy* to themselves.

(79.) *Lullius*] *Rabelais* calls by the Name of *Batifolage*, (*i. e.*) ridiculous Occupation) the eager Endeavours of several Princes to find out the Philosopher's Stone after *Raymond Lully*'s time, who was reckon'd to have found it.

(80.) *Calibistratorium, &c.*] I fancy this Title may be thus construed: *The Papers, Writings, and Evidences of the Ecclesiastical Hypocrites, by Way of Brief or Instruction to James Hocstraten, who was to take the Measure and found the Depth of a Heretick that was fallen into his Hands.*

(81.) *Codtickler, &c.*] *Chaultcouillonis de magistro beu-ventis, &c.* (for there is no Sense in *bene-venti* nor *beu-ventis*, as some Editions have it) the Tippling-house (*beu-ventis*) of our Masters the Doctors of Divinity of *Paris*, and elsewhere, and of such as aspire to become so, described by a Master-Rake, a grand Whore-master.

(82.) *The Crackarades*] *Petarrades*. The kicking, winching, yerking

- Clerks, Abbreviators, Notaries and Reporters, lately compiled by *Regis*.
- (83.) A perpetual Almanack for those that have the Gout and the Pox.
- (84.) *Manera sweepandi fornacellos, per Mag. Eccium.*
- (85.) The Shable or Cimeter of Merchants.
- (86.) The Pleasures of the Monachal Life.
- (87.) The Hodge-podge of Hypocrites.
- (88.) The History of the Hobgoblins.

yerking out behind, and farting Gun-shot of Bullists, &c. It means the Quirks, the Rogueries, the *Qui-pro-quo*'s, the rascally, villainous Disappointments People must expect that have to do with the various Officers of the Court of Rome. For here *Petarrades* means neither more nor less than the Italian *corregiata staffilata*, which means such sort of Tricks and Bites, in drawing up or ingrossing a Writing, as was committed in the Agreement between the Landgrave of Hesse and the Emperor Charles V. when the Letter (u) was slip'd in for an (n). Again, *faire à quelqu'un la petarade*, is to make a Fool of one.

(83.) A perpetual Almanack] *Res ipsa loquitur.*

(84.) *Manera, &c.*] *Manera ramonandi fournelles per M. Eccium.* *Romoneur* is French for a Chimney-Sweeper. *Eccius*, a German Divine, and one of Luther's Antagonists, is here ridiculed for having in the Stile of a Chimney-Sweeper written a Piece wherein he defended, against Luther, the Doctrine of Purgatory.

(85.) The Shable, &c.] In the Original, *Le Poulemart des Marchans*, i. e. The Tradesman's Packthread; for in Dauphiny, and the Country of the Lyonnais, the Tradesman and Shop-keepers call, by the Name of *Poulemart*, the Packthread they use in tying up their small Wares in petty Parcels, which is far from the Signification *Oudin* assigns to this Word, namely a Scymetar or Hanger.

(86.) The Pleasure, &c.] *Les aises de la vie monachale.* The Ease, Comforts, and Conveniences of a lazy Abby-lubber's Life.

(87.) The Hodge-podge of Hypocrites.] *La galimaffrée des Bigots.* The *Olla podrida*, or Mingle-mangle of all the Superstitions practised by Bigots.

(88.) The History of the Hobgoblins.] Below in l. 3. c. 23. *Rabelais* mentions a Story of (*Farfadetz*) Hobgoblins of Orleans, relating to the Provost's Wife there, and *Sleidan* takes Notice of the same as a Piece of notorious Roguery of the Cordeliers of Orleans.

The Author generally calls all the Mendicants by the Name of *Farfadetz*, because he looks upon them as Men that would upon Occasion be guilty of the same Rogueries as the Franciscan Fryars, i. e. act their impious Farce of mimicking Sprights, Apparitions, and Hobgoblins, called in some Places *farfadets*, from *fadus*, which comes from *fari*.

(89.) The

- (89.) The *ragamuffianism* of the pensionary maimed Soldiers.
 (90.) The gulling *Fibs* of Commissaries.
 (91.) The *Litter* of Treasurers.
 (92.) The *Juglingatorium* of Sophisters.
 (93.) *Antipericatametanaparbeugedamphicibrationes Mendicantium.*
 (94.) The *Periwinkle* of Ballad-makers.
 (95.) The *Push-forward* of the Alchymists.

C 4

(96) The

(89.) *The ragamuffianism, &c.] La Bellifrandie des Millefoudiers.* Mr. D. C. interprets it, the miserable pinching Life of those who have no Way to grow rich, but by an extreme Avarice: I rather think it may be construed, especially as *Belifstre* signifies a sturdy Beggar, the sad Shifts old maim'd Soldiers are put to; for, *Millefoudiers* means such Soldiers as have only *mille sous* (or 5*l.* Sterling yearly Pension) to live upon, and no more.

(90.) *The gulling, &c.] Les bapelourdes des Officiaux.* The fallacious exterior Figure made by Officials, Chancellors of Bishops and others *ejusdem farinae*.

(91.) *The Litter, &c.] La bauduffe des Tresoriers.* Litter is one Meaning of the Word *Bauduffe*, but I remember to have read somewhere, that it likewise signifies a *Gig*, or *Casting-top*; and M. D. C. confirms it, for he says, As the Functions of the *Treasurers of France* [who are incredibly numerous, See *Cotgrave*] are neither frequent nor difficult to discharge, *Rabelais* assigns to these (most commonly un-employed) Officers a *Top* to whip, by way of Amusement; much-what upon the same Footing as in *l. 1. c. 38.* he brings in the Generals of the Finances at *Montpellier*, who not knowing how to employ themselves one Day, when according to Custom they were assembled, fell to playing at *Mufs* like little Children.

(92.) *The Juglingatorium, &c.] Badinatorium Sophistarum.* By the *Sophists*, in the *Rabelaisian* Stile, generally is meant the *Sorbonists*. This Title is a Satyr on the School Divinity, which the Author look'd upon as a vain Study and mere Foolery, *Child's Play*, *Bamboozling*, *Amusement* (*Badinage*.)

(93.) *Antipericatametanaparbeugedamphicibrationes Mendicantium.* It is in some Editions *Merdicantium*, which inclines M. D. C. to think our Author designates the Physicians by the barbarous Terms of their Profession.

(94.) *The Periwinkle, &c.] Le limasson des Rimassurs.* This should be *Englis'd*, according to D. C's Note, a Snail-like spitting, driving, foaming or flaving (by which I suppose he means the frothy vain Babble of poultry Poets in their playing upon Words in their creeping, crawling, reptile Rhimes.)

(95.) *The Push-forward, &c.] Le bousevent des Alchymistes.* The *buitar vento* of the *Italians*, signifies the Wind's beginning to blow. Thus we are to understand the first Effects of that Madness, which

puts

- (96.) The Niddy Noddy of the Satchel-loaded Seekers,
by Fryar *Bindfastatis*.
(97.) The Shackles of Religion.
(98.) The Racket of Swaggerers.
(99.) The Leaning-stock of old Age.
(100.) The Muzzle of Nobility.
(101.) The Apes *Pater noster*.

(102.) The

puts the Gentlemen of the Bellows upon blowing the Coal. If you spell it *Boutavant*, *Bouter* signifying *Pouffer* may allude to the fallacious Hopes which *push forward* such as hunt for the Philosopher's Stone, which they tell me is, after all, but a Brickbat.

(96.) *The Niddy-noddy, &c.*] *La nicquenocque des Questeurs cababezacée par Frere serratis*. It seems to have an Eye to those little deformed hump back'd Beggars, who *nicbe* or nestle in the Night in private Houses to do the Master's Work. As for *Serratis* the Name of this Brother, or Fryar-Beggar, it comes from *Serrer*, to lock up fast, and characterizes the true Inclinations of a begging Monk, to lock up whatever's given him. Lastly, as for *caba-bezacée*, it is an Adjective made up of *cabas* and *Bezace*, and intimates to us that such Mumpers are used to put into their Wallet (*bezace*) only part of what they catch; but that a certain Basket, or *cabas*, which lies hid within serves to secrete for their dear selves alone many a good Sliver of what's bestowed on them.

(97.) *The Shackles, &c.*] *Les entraves de religion*. The monastic Vows, which *volens volens* attach Monks to the Injunctions of Religion, and to the Rule they have embraced.

(98.) *The Racket of Swaggerers.*] *La raquette des Brimbaleurs*. The learned Translator, though never enough to be commended, take him all together, yet is mistaken in almost every one of the Books mentioned in this comical and satyrical Catalogue. *Brimbaler* is the same as *agiter*; *seconer*: *Brimbaler les Cloches*, to ring, or set the Bells a ringing. *La Raquette*, as *M. D. C.* says, is the Grate (not unlike a Racket) which hinders the Monks from going to the Nuns, with whom (could they but get to them) they would ring them another guess sort of a Peal, and with different Bells from those in the Church Steeple. So those Words should be translated, *The Grate of the Bell-ringers*.

(99.) *The Leaning-stock of old Age.*] Nothing said to it, or of it.

(100.) *The Muzzle of Nobility.*] *La Museliere de Noblesse*. *Museliere*, no doubt, signifies a Muzzle, and so it does two or three Things besides. But *Belon* in his *Singularitez*, &c. c. 35. will have it to mean the Mask or Vizard worn by young Ladies and Women of Quality. But here, says *Mr. D. C.* *La Museliere* particularly points at the musing, dreaming, loundging Life led by the French Gentry in *Rabelais's* time.

(101.) *The Apes Paternoster.*] *La Patenostre du Cinge*, the old Way, I suppose, of spelling *Singe*, from *Simia*, an Ape in Latin.

The

(102.) The *Crickets and Hawks-Bells* of Devotion.

(103.) The *Pot* of the Ember-weeks.

(104.) The *Mortar* of the politick Life.

(105.) The *Flap* of the Hermits.

(106.) The *Riding-hood* of the Penitentiaries.

(107.) The

The Hypocrisy of Outside Devotionalists ; properly we call by the Name of the *Ape's Paternoster*, an Appearance of Sanctity, which ends in some signal Roguery.

(102.) *The Crickets and Hawks-Bells of Devotion.*] *Les grezillons de Devotion*. Cotgrave's Dictionary which, by the Way, I find to have been the Book chiefly consulted by Sir T. U. says *Grezillon* is a Cricket, but Boyer says no such Thing. Hear what M. D. C. says : *Rabelais* here alludes to the Custom of some superstitious People, when they say their *Paternosters*, to twist and twine the Beads about their Thumbs, just as the Executioner does the *grezillons* or small Whip-cord, which he ties about the Thumbs of such as suffer the ordinary Rack.

(103.) *The Pot of the Ember-week.*] *La Marmite des quatretemps* A Pun upon the Substantive *Marmite*, which signifies a *Seething-pot*, and the Adjective *Marmiteux*, whimpering, whinnying. So it means the piteous, whimpering Countenance put on by Hypocrites, who would persuade People that they have rigourously kept the Fast of the four Ember-weeks.

(104.) *The Mortar of the Politick Life.*] *Le Mortier de vie politique*. The *Capuche* (or *Corol*, that Part of a *Friar's Habit* which covers his Head.) This *Capuche*, like the ancient Caps of Presidents, called *Mortiers*, covers the Eyes of those who would be reckoned as dead (*morts*) to the World, i. e. politically dead, as the Phrase is.

(105.) *The Flap of the Hermits.*] *Le Mouschet des Hermites*. *Mouschet*, M. D. C. says, comes from *Monachettus* a *Monkling*, (as Mr. Dryden calls a young God, a *Godling*. Hermits are by their Habit, a diminutive sort of *Monks* ; and at Metz, *Mouchet* is an Appellative for a little Bird, they in other Places call a Sparrow (*Moineau*) because of its Colour and Coat. It keeps altogether about Walnut-trees : Cotgrave says, *Moineau* signifies also, a Novice ; a young, or little *Monk*.

(106.) *The Riding-hood of the Penitentiaries.*] *La barbute des Penitenciers*. The meaning of *Barbute* Boyer's Dictionary declares not, any more than that of above six hundred other Words in these 5 Volumes. Cotgrave says it is a *Riding-hood*, as above : a *Montero*, or close Hood, wherewith Travellers preserve their Faces and Heads from Frost-biting and Weather-beating in Winter. M. D. C. who I perceive was well acquainted with Cotgrave's Dictionary (though not one English Gentleman in a Hundred, ev'n of those that are fond of the French Tongue know any thing of its real Worth) M. D. C. I say, concurs with Cotgrave in his Description of the *Barbute*, and adds that this Habit, made in Fashion of a *Domino*, under which a Priest may with Impunity, and at Ease laugh at all that is said to him

(107) The *Triëtrac* of the knocking Fryars.

(108) Blockheadodus *de vita & honestate bragadochiorum*.

(109) Lyrippii Sorbonici *moralisationes, per. M. Lupoldum*.

(110) The *Carrier-horse Bells* of Travellers.

him in Confession, suits rarely well with your Penitentiaries (generally a parcel of Sly-boots) who thus prepared themselves to hear, in a very cold Church, the Confessions of a Multitude of People.

(107.) *The Triëtrac of the Knocking-Friars.*] *Le triëtrac des freres fraparts.* *Triëtrac*, a Game at Tables with Dice, call'd so for no other Reason, I suppose, but on Account of the Sound and Noise made by the continual Motion of the Dice, and so may allude to the bustling, stirring Life of the *Mendicants*. But 'tis more likely, that by the *Triëtrac of the Knocking-Fryars*, *Rabelais* denotes the *Trantran* (the *Knack*, we call it) of the Claustral Life which the Masters understand incomparably better than the Novices. *Frapart* (from *Frapper* to *strike*) signifies in *French*, a good *Strokesman*; a rare Woman's Man; a notable Hair-beater (*batre la laine*, in *French*, to *leacher* it well).

(108.) *Blockheadodus de vita & honestate bragadochiorum.*] It is in the Original, *Lourdoudus de vita & honestate Bragadorum*. Formerly in *France*, a Man was called *bragard* that was flantingly dress'd, from the Word *bragues*, short and close Linen-Breeches worn next to the Thighs, as Drawers or Under-slops are worn now by some. The Fashion of these antient *bragues* being laid aside together with the *brayettes* (Codpieces) as indecent, because both one and t'other did too visibly mark out the Place and Shape of the Parts that ought to be nameless, a Man must be very unmannerly and rude to continue to justify the Use of them; and for that Reason *Rabelais* here brings in a *Lourdoud* (i. e. a gross unlick'd Cub, a clownish unpolish'd Jobbernole, for so *Lourdoud* means) launching out in Praise of those *bragues*, and undertaking to revile the Use of them.

(109.) *Lyrippii Sorbonici moralisationes, per M. Lupoldum.*] *Rabelais* ascribes to a German Doctor, one *Lupold* or *Leopold*, a Treatise, explaining all the Mysteries of Learning and Piety contained in the Shape, and throughout all the Parts of the ancient Doctorial Hood, or Sorbonick *Liripipion*, so called from the *Flemish* *Lierapype*, as if one should say, a sort of Bagpipe descending from the Head and hanging down on the Shoulders. See *Vossius de vitis Sermonis* p. 238. and in the Appendix p. 807. The Authors of the *Camb. Dictionary* call it *Liripoop*. See there, under the Words *Liripipium*, *Cleropopium*, & *Epomis*, what is said of it by *Skinner*, *Becman*, *Somner* and others.

(110.) *The Carrier-horse Bells of Travellers.*] *Les brimbelettes des Voyageurs*. It means the *Bawbles*, *Gew-gaws*, *Toys*, which some of the travelling sort of Gentry load themselves with, *Brimbelette*, *M. D. C.* thinks, is deriv'd from the Italian *Bimba*, which signifies a little Miss's Doll.

(111) The *Bibblings* of the tippling Bishops.

(112) *Tarrabalationes Doctorum Colonienſium adverſus Reuchlin.*

(113) The *Cymbals* of Ladies.

(114) The *Dungers* Martingale.

(111.) *The Bibblings of the tippling Bishops.*] *Les potingues des Evêques potatifs.* *Potingues* : Cotgrave does indeed interpret tippling *Exploits*. But to *M. D. C.* the Word *potingues* ſeems here to have a twofold Senſe, as well as *potatifs*, a Nick-name alluding to *portatif*, an Appellation formerly of a Biſhop in *partibus*, or titular Biſhop of a Dioceſe, the Revenue whereof was enjoyed by another. In this Senſe, it may come from *poting*, which Cotgrave tells us, ſignifies *broken Pieces of Metal, or of old Veſſels mingled one with another*, not capable of being gilt, and with which Rabelais may have meant the Bulls of ſuch Prelates, who are always poor, were ſealed. As for the other Signification, it is compoſed of *pot* and *ting*, which is the Sound made by Drinking-glaſſes, when, in carouſing, People knock them againſt each other; and ſo Rabelais may have had a Deſign to reproach the *potative* Biſhops of his Time, who were moſt of them *Sorboniſts*, with their diſſolute drunken Way of living, altogether unbecoming Men of their Function.

(112.) *Tarrabalationes, &c.*] The Hurly-burly, Noiſe and Uproar raiſed againſt Reuchlin by the *Theologues* of Cologne. All this Rout was owing to the Avarice of one *Pfefferkorn*, a converted Jew, about the Hebrew Books, all which, except the Bible, that wicked Man would have taken away from the Jews, to whom he afterwards would have ſold them again at a very dear Rate. This being vigorously oppoſed (in 1510) by the learned and equitable Reuchlin, he brought upon his Back all the *Theologues* of Cologne, who removed the Matter to Rome, and had him ſent thither, where after an Altercation of ten whole Years, the Affair was at laſt decided, to the utter Confuſion of thoſe People who had plagued him ſo long.

(113.) *The Cymbals of Ladies.*] The irregular, wanton Life of ſome Ladies of Quality.

(114.) *The Dungers Martingale.*] Before, in *l. i c. 20.* 'tis ſaid, all was done as they did appoint, *only Gargantua, doubting that they could not quickly find out Breeches fit for his wearing* (Janotus's) *because he knew not what Faſhion would beſt become the ſaid Orator, whether the Martingale Faſhion, wherein is a Sponge-hole with a Draw-bridge for the Fundament, in order to dung the more eaſily; or the Faſhion of the Mariners, &c.* This ſort of Breeches which was ſtill in Uſe in Rabelais's Time, took its Name from the *Martegaux*, the People of *Martegue* in Provence, who were the firſt Inventors of it, and the Author aſſigns them to ſuch Guttlers and foul Feeders as the Pedant Janotus, becauſe theſe ſame Martingale Breeches having, behind, an Opening covered with a Piece of ſquare Cloth, which moved up or down like a Draw-bridge, perfectly well ſuited thoſe great Eaters, who oftentimes can't truſt other Breeches ſaſt enough.

(115) *Whirling-*

(115) *Whirling-friskorum Chasemarkororum, per fratrem Crackwoodloguetis.*

(116) *The clouted Patches of a stout Heart.*

(117) *The Mummary of the Robin-good-fellows.*

(115.) Whirling-friskorum, &c.] *Virevousorium naquetorum per E. Pedebilletis.* The veering, whirling, frisking tricks of the Capuchins and Cordeliers, reduced into an Art by an arrant Foot-trotter of their Order. *Naqueter* is to dance Attendance, or follow great Men's Levees, as the Capuchins go from Door to Door mumping, and using a thousand (*Vire-voutes*) Shifts to pick up whatever comes in their Way to cram the Gut. The *Passepartout* of the Jesuits, printed in 1607, p. 33, speaks of the Capuchins as a sort of People:

*Desquels la troupe vagabonde
Ne s'attache point en ce monde
A quelque certain ratelier :
Et, marmiteuse ne s'arreste
Qu' aux Vire-voutes de sa queste,
Faisant son dos son Grenier.*

Who, in this World, a vagrant Pack,
Confine themselves to no one Rack,
But make a Garner of their Back.
In Tricks of Mumping they abound,
Ferret about from Ground to Ground,
Still VEERING, VAULTING, whirling round.

(116.) *The clouted, &c.]* The old patch'd Shoe of a merry heart. *Les bobelins de franc courage.* An Encomium on Cobblers who sing at their Work.

(117.) *The Mummary of the Robin-good-fellows.]* *La mommerie des Rabatz & Lutins.* What we call Hobgoblins, or Raw-head and Bloody-bones, is called *Rabatz* in the Provinces of Anjou, Poitou, Saintonge and Normandy. So *Rabaster* signifies to make a thundering Noise as Spirits do. Now hear what it is to thunderize it as Spirits that haunt a House are used to do: *The Franciscan Fryars of Amboise*, says *Menage*, had formerly a Custom, towards the End of Lent, to dispose a great Quantity of small Flint-stones upon several Boards over the wooden Cieling of their Church; and on Ash-wednesday, as soon as the Deacon had pronounced, in singing our Saviour's Passion, the Words at which every one uses to fall on their Faces, some of the Novices, who are ordered beforehand to hold themselves ready for that Purpose over the Cieling, turned these Boards over, one after another; so that the Stones, falling thus on all Sides of the Cieling, made a prodigious Rumbling, and this was called *le Rabast* des Cordeliers. This is the Custom which *Rabelais* calls *Mummary*. See *Men. Dict. Etym.* at the Word *Rabater*.

(118) *Gerson*

(118.) *Gerson de auferibilitate Papæ ab Ecclesia.*

(119) The Catalogue of nominated and graduated Persons.

(120.) Jo.

(118.) *Gerson de auferibilitate Papæ ab Ecclesia.*] The learned *John Gerson*, a Celestin Monk, Doctor of *Sorbonne*, and Chancellor of the University of *Paris*, had been deputed in 1414 to the Council of *Constance*. There, having taken Notice of the Obstinacy of the two Anti-Popes, *Gregory* and *Benedict*, in maintaining themselves in the Papacy against *John XXII* or *XXIII*, under Colour that this last was upon the Point of being degraded, he took Occasion to publish a Treatise with this Title: *De auferibilitate Papæ ab Ecclesia*. In order to know what the Author's Drift was, whether to maintain this Point, viz. That the Church may, or can subsist without a Pope, or only to prove that for the good of the Church, and to put a Stop to the Schism which had divided it for 40 Years, the Council, at that time lawfully assembled, had a Right to depose a Pope canonically elected; in order, I say, to know this, you must yourself read *Gerson's* Book. Mean while, 'twill not be amiss to let you know that *Pâquier* is one of those who will have it that *Gerson* wrote his Book only to prove the latter Point and no other; but take this along, that he who calls *Rabelais* a *Lucianist*, under the Name of a certain Author, who, in his Time dared to judge otherwise of the learned *Gerson*, did not know that this very Opinion, which he denies *Gerson* to have held, having been even in *Gerson's* own Time maintained in the Face of the *Sorbonne* by Master *John de Gigeucourt* did pass, and was followed by an Edict, by Virtue whereof *France*, for three Years together, made a Shift without any Pope at all, nor did she begin again to own any Pope before *Alexander V.* See *Froissart* Vol. IV. c. 58, 61 and 97. *Monstrelet* Vol. I. c. 30. 43 and 52. and *Innocent Gentillet's* Pref. to Pt. 2d. of his *Anti-Machiavil*.

(119.) The Catalogue, &c.] *La Ramasse des nommez & gradués.* *Ramasse* does by no means signify a Catalogue, but a Wheel-barrow. Hear *M. D. C.* It is not enough that an University shall have nominated one of its Members to any Benefice which appertained to the Graduates, even by the *Pragmatick Sanction*, and afterwards by the *Concordat*; neither was it sufficient for the Graduates to ask the Benefice of him who had the collating it. [See *Duaren. de Sacr. Eul. ministeriis*, l. 5. c. 13.] No, the most difficult Part of all was still to come, and that was for the Nominee to come at his Bulls, which, before the Establishing of *Bankers* by the Court of *Rome* in certain Cities, the Party was forced to travel to *Rome*, for *in propria personâ*; and it not being possible to do this, without being conveyed down the steep and slippery Places in *Piedmont* (now I use *Cotgrave's* Words) in a *Ramasse* (a kind of high Sled or Wheel-barrow) *Rabelais* coins this Title of a Book, which he calls the *Wheel-barrow of Graduates*. To confirm this, *Nicot*, the same who publish'd a Dictionary, and was likewise an Ambassador (from *France*) to the Court of *Portugal*,

(120) Jo. Dytebrodij *de terribilitate excommunicationis libellus acephalos*.

(121) *Ingeniofitas invocandi diabolos & diabolos, per M. Guingolphum*.

(122) *The Gallimaufry* of the perpetually begging Fryars.

(123) *The Morris-dance* of the Hereticks.

(124.) *The*

Portugal, from whence, during his Residence, he sent into *France* the first Tobacco that was ever seen there, from him called *Nicotiana* (*berba*) This same *Nicot*, I say, tells us, that People being obliged to gather themselves up (*se Ramasser*) upon *Rameaux*, or Branches of Trees, in descending the *Alps*, thence comes *Rabelais's Ramasse des nommez & graduez*.

(120.) Jo. Dytebrodij, &c.] *Rabelais* calls by the Name of *libellus acephalos*, i. e. a little Pamphlet without a Title; a Treatise of papal Excommunications and their terrible Consequences: And he attributes this Book to a *German*, because that Nation, which in former Times hath felt the dreadful Effects of more than one Emperor being excommunicated, had, in his Time, almost wholly separated themselves from the Communion of the *Pope*, who for that Reason had cut them off from the *Roman Church*, of which he is the Head.

(121.) *Ingeniofitas*, &c.] The Legend of *St. Gengoulf* says, this Man had so brawling a Wife, that he, conceiving it to be properly the Business of Heaven to deliver him from the continual Clamours of this Woman, begg'd of the Almighty that for the time to come every injurious (*Billingsgate*) Word she should offer at uttering, might be so many Farts issuing out of her Mouth. I don't remember whether her Prayer was heard or no; perhaps not; and so this Disappointment might put him upon trying another Method, that of imploring the Aid of the infernal Powers. The Name of *Gengoulf* shews the Man to be a *German*, and in all Times the *Germans* have wrote upon the Subject of the Black Art. *Naudæus* mentions a *German*, one *Gingolphus*, whose Philosophical Works were almost the only ones that had the Vogue in *France* before the Restoration of polite Learning.

(122.) *The Gallimaufry*, &c.] In the Original, it is *Le Hosche-pbot des Perpetuons*. The Word *Perpetuons* *Cotgrave* does indeed interpret the perpetually begging Fryars, as *Sir T. U.* has it. *M. de Cbat's* Interpretation likewise seems to restrain this to begging Fryars, but I should think the Word *Perpetuons* may be extended to all (*Poppish*) Ecclesiasticks, Secular or Regular, who perpetuate themselves, or are perpetuated like other Communities who never die: *Gens æterna, in qua nemo nascitur*, says *Pliny* (l. 5. c. 17.) of certain Hermits dwelling in the Desarts of *Palestine*. Suppose we English'd *Perpetuons* by *Church-Perpetuants*.

(123.) *The Morris-dance of the Hereticks*.] *La morisque de Heretiques*, *The Morris* (*rectius Moorish*) *Dance of the Hereticks* means neither

(124.) The *Whinings* of *Cajetan*.(125.) *Muddisnowt Doctoris cherubici de origine rough-footedarum & wryneckedorum ritibus, libri septem.*(126.) Sixty nine fat *Breviaries* (or *Breviars*)

(127.) The

neither more nor less than the Punishment of the Halter which, in *Rabelais's* Time, was particularly appropriated to the *Lutherans*, who, after two or three Jerks, were let fall into a Fire kindled at the Foot of the Gibbet. This is properly the *Moorish* Dance the Author hints at. The *Moors* intermingle their Sports and Dances with Grimaces, and dangerous Jumpings, called also *Morisques*, when introduced into the *French* Dances and publick Shows; and it is with a View to this likewise, that *Rabelais* here introduces *Morisque a Dance*, which he ascribes to the pretended Hereticks of his Time, because they had the Hue of *Moors*, and made hideous Grimaces and horrible Distortions as well as convulsive Twitchings, as they were hanging and burning according to the Custom of those Days.

(124.) *The Whinings, &c.*] *Les benilles de Gaitan*. Which means, according to *Sr. T. U.* the *Whinings*; according to *Cotgrave* (under the Word *Anilles*) *Crutches for impotent Persons*; but according to *D. Chat*, old *Wives Tales* (*Anilia*, from *Anus*) or else, still according to *D. C.* it may mean *guenilles Rags*, and *taterdemalion Fragments*; in either of which two last Senses *Rabelais* may have intended the *Opuscula* (small Pieces) publish'd by *Friar Thomas de Vio*; afterwards Cardinal *Caiton* (for *Gaieta* and *Caieta* is *Cajeta*) printed all together in 1511; and by him dedicated to *Nicholas Cardinal of Fiesque*.

(125.) *Muddisnowt, &c.*] *Mouillegroin Doctoris cherubici de origine patepelutarum, & torticollorum ritibus, lib. septem*. They were wont to call *cherubical* and *illuminated* certain ancient Scholastick Doctors, of whose Sanctity and great understanding the People had so high an Opinion, that they look'd upon them as so many Angels and *Cherubims*. Now *Cherubims* being painted with red fiery Faces, People used to call, by Way of Derision, *cherubical* and *illuminated* Doctors certain notable Good fellows among the old *Sorbonists*, who ow'd the carbuncular Richness of their Phyz to their continual Drinking. It is under Colour of these two different Kinds of *Illuminations* and *Burnishings* that our Author rubs up a certain *cherubical* Doctor whom he calls (not *Muddy-snout* but) *Wet-snout* (*Mouille-groin*) the better to express this Doctor's frequent lifting his Hand to his Head, or wetting his Wind-pipe as we say. The *Hary-pawd* (*pates-pelues* or *papelus* as *Fontain* calls them) are the *Cordeliers*, on Account of the *Jacob-like* Hypocrisy they are charg'd with, and the (*torticollis*) *Wry-neck'd* are the same *Cordeliers*; for that, in order to imitate the Agonies of our Saviour upon the Cross, they hang their Heads down on one Shoulder, as if they were just giving up the Ghost through excessive Fastings and Macerations (*Mortifications*).

(126.) *Sixty nine fat Breviaries.*] *Soixante & neuf Breviaires de haulte gresse*. *Rabelais* laughs at *St. Victor's Library*, for having in it almost

(127) The *Night-Mare* of the five Orders of Beggars.

(128) The *Skinners* of the new Start-ups extracted out of the fallow Butt, *incornifstibulated* upon in the *Summa Angelica*.

(129) The

almost as many *Breviaries* (Mass Books, Service-Books) worn out, rubb'd and thumb'd, as any other Sort of Books altogether. That there were so many old *Breviaries* is no wonder, if we consider it as the Library of a large and ancient religious Community; and as to their being so very greasy (*de haulte greffe*) the Library being founded 4 or 500 Years ago, it is impossible, among such a Multitude of Service-Books belonging to the House, but there must be some very greasy and fat, since they were used every Day in the Abbey and Church.

(127.) *The Night-Mare, &c.*] *Le godemarre des cinq ordres des mendiens.* *Godemarre* sometimes means the huge, gulchy tun-belly'd-ness of the same *Mendicant Monks* of all Orders, who do *Curios simulate*, and *Bacchanalia vivere*; in this Case, *godemarre* is quasi *gogue mare* (changing, as in the Word *godelureau* the (g) into (d,) now *gogue*, says *Cotgrave*, is a Sheep's Paunch, and *mare* comes from *major*. Thus, *Feneste*, l. 4. c. 13. *Il ya un Godemard Espagnol, qui se fait porter à la procession dans une chaire percée & va concubant tout les mysteres de ses fumées.* There is a big-belly'd Spaniard carry'd at the Procession, sitting on a Close-stool, and bewraying the whole Mystery with his Fumetts, i. e. Dung and Excrements: Again; I have seen Spaniards in a Wheel-barrow-like Coach airing their Tub of Guts (*godemarre*) &c. The Word *godemarre* signifies likewise that Period of Time, viz. the beginning of Night, when the *Monks* chaunt the Anthem *Gaude Maria Virgo*; and sometimes *godemarre* signifies the same as *la cochemare*, the *Night-Mare*, a Disease of the Spleen; and Oppression of the Stomach by Vapours in one's Sleep; call'd *Pesadilla* by the *Spaniards*, from *pesár* to be ponderous; and by the *Italians*, *Incubo* from *in* and *cubare*. Wherefore, since *godemare* and *cochemare* are oftentimes synonymous, and that in this Chapter *Rabelais* is continually levelling his Shot at the *Monks*, especially the *Mendicants*, and that in Chap. 6. of the *Pantagruelian* Prognostication, *Cochemare* manifestly comes from *Calcere mares*, to tread the males; it is highly probable, that in the Title above, he taxes the five Orders of *Mendicants* with *Boy-loving*, *Pæderasty*, *preposterous Venerry*, *Molly-ism*.

(128.) *The Skinners, &c.*] *La Palleterie des tirelupins, extraicte de la botte fauve incornifstibulée en la somme angelique.* This Title only treats of the Manner how to skin your Hereticks (*pellis*, signifying the Skin of a Beast slay'd off whence our Word *Pelt*) to skin them, I say, before they are dead, and make them (*chanter*) squeak (*fess* as our cant Word is) and this according as it is thought in the *Summa* of *Thomas Aquinas* (who, I think, should be called the *diabolical*, not angelical Doctor;) according likewise as it was practised upon the said Hereticks by covering their Legs, (before they burned them, only

- (129) *The Raver* in Cases of Conscience.
 (130) *The fat Belly* of the Presidents.
 (131) *The baffling* Flowter of the Abbots.
 (132) *Sutoris adversus eum qui vocaverat eum fripponatore, & quod fripponatores non sunt damnati ab Ecclesia.*

(133.) *Cacato-*

only by way of Torture) with a sort of Buskin or Boot of Parchment, which being brought close to a Fire, shrivels up, and this, being drawn upon the Leg as tight as possible, must cause an inexpressible Pain. We read in Chap. 24. of the Apology for *Herodotus*, that a White Friar one *John de Rome*, who stil'd himself Inquisitor of the Hereticks of *Provence*, was wont, in examining any Person suspected of Heresy, to put on him or her the Boots, and he himself would fill them with boiling Grease, which was a sure Means to make the Sufferer leave his Skin and Hair in the Boot. He continued to exercise this Cruelty on the poor *Vaudois* or *Turlupins* (see this Word explained elsewhere) of *Cabrieres* and *Merindol*, till the Year 1544, when the Fear of being so tortur'd, as was the King's Design they should be, they sought an *Asylum* in *Avignon*. See *Bez. Eccl. Hist.* in 1544.

(129.) *The Raver, &c.] Le Ravasseur des cas de Conscience.* Such as have read the voluminous Works of *Sanches*, and other *Caruists*, need not be told how idly these Authors were forced to talk; how they were forced to dream and dream again (*revasser*) to be able to coin all those frivolous, dangerous, and scandalous Questions, which those Books are full of.

(130.) *The fat Belly of the Presidents.] La bedondaine des Presidents.* From *bedon* and *bedondon* (*onomatopœia*'s signifying a Drum) are derived *bedaine* and *bedondaine* to signify the Belly (that Part of it, says *Cotgrave*, which is between the Navel and the Privities) the *Paunch*, because of its Resemblance to a Drum. Thus the *bedondaine* of Presidents is the replete, out-strutting Belly of those Gentlemen, either with regard to the double Portion they have in the *Macaroons*, (*Junkets*, See more of this elsewhere) or because they, not arriving to their Employment, but by a Gradation through other Offices of Judicature, are supposed to have doubly fatten'd themselves by their Trade.

(131.) *The baffling, &c.] Le vietdaxouer des Abbex.* Whether *vietdaxouer* comes from *viso di asino*, Face of an Ass (Ass's Countenance) or whether here as is most probable, *Rabelais* gives this Word another Original (*mentula asini*,) We may in either Case see he held the Abbots in his Time in no better Esteem than *Verwille*, since him, has done a certain Bishop whom he dares not name, but whom he calls *grand Viedaxe*, an old Scoundrel, metaphorically, though literally an Ass's Touch-tripe.

(132.) *Sutoris, Adversus quendam qui, &c.]* This is plainly meant of *Peter Sutor*, a *Carthusian*, who, to an Apology wherein he was mal-treated by *Erasmus*, opposed a Counter-Apology. Beside two

Books

- (133) *Cacatorium medicorum.*
 (134) The Chimney-sweeper of Astrology.
 (135) *Campi clysteriorum per paragraph C.*
 (136) The Bumsquibcracker of Apothecaries.
 (137) The Kifs-breech of Chirurgery.
 (138) Justinianus de white-leperotis tollendis.

(139) *Anti-*

Books which he wrote of the Way of living of the *Carthusians*, he had, before that, composed a *Treatise de translatione Bibliæ, & novarum reprobatione interpretationum*, which no doubt, having brought upon him some severe Reflections, on the Part of *Erasmus*, the Author, in the Volume ascrib'd to him by *Rabelais*, repels them by shewing that in that Work of his he only follow'd and defended the Principles of the *Roman Church*. As for *Sutor's* maintaining, in the same Work, *That the Church did not condemn Knaves and Sharpers*, it is a cutting Stroke *Rabelais* gives those who say the Church has Power to dispense with the Observation of the moral Law.

(133.) *Cacatorium medicorum.*] In Chap. 5. of this Book *Rabelais* says of Physicians, *they smell of Clysters, like so many old Devils*. Here we have him again expressing his Raillery in much the same Manner against those of his own Profession.

(134.) *The Chimney-sweeper, &c.*] *Le rammonneur d' Astrologie*. The Astrologers are generally, with their *Telescopes*, sometimes up, sometimes down, now high, now low, in their Observatories, as the Chimney-sweepers are with their long Poles in the Chimnies.

(135.) *Campi, &c.*] *Campi Clysteriorum per §. C.* This per §. C. means per *Symphorianum Champertum*, or, as he was pleased sometimes to call himself, *Campegium*. This *Symphorian Champier*, of whose writings we have divers and sundry sorry Books, has intituled, two or three of them, *Campi*. In Allusion to his Name. Of his Number is *Campi Clysteriorum*, taken Notice of by *Gesnor* in Leaf 606 of his *Bibliothèque* printed at *Zurich* 1545.

(136.) *The Bumsquibcracker of Apothecaries.*] *Le tirepet Apoticaire*. Their Squirt or Syringe : The Original means (not their Tooth-drawing Instrument, but) their *Part-drawing one* : The *Clyster-pipe*.

(137.) *The Kifs-breech of Chirurgery.*] *Le baisecul de Chirurgie*. *M. D. C.* explains this by *L'attouchement du derriere* : The feeling or touching of the Posteriors ; for, in *French*, they say of two Beams that touch, they *kiss* each other.

(138.) *Justinianus de White-leperotis tollendis.*] *Justinianus de Cagotis tollendis*, in l. 3. c. 8. This stirr'd up the valiant *Justinian*, l. 4. de *Cagotis tollendis*, to collocate his *sumum bonum* in *Braguibus & Braguetis*. This is thought to allude to the Title of *Caducis tollendis*, a Law of *Justinian's* ; but I rather take it to be an Allusion to a Law of the same Emperor de *validis mendicantibus* (of *sturdy Beggars*) among whom *Rabelais* would have it understood that *Justinian* comprised the *Medicant Monks*, This at least is *Agrippa's* Sentiment

(139) *Antidotarium animæ.*

(140) *Merlinus Coccaius de patria diabolorum.*

Of which Library some Books are already printed, and the rest are now in the Press, in this noble City of *Tubinge*.

ment in his Vanity of the Sciences, Chap. *de mendicitate*, which is the 65th.

(139.) *Antidotarium animæ.*] Blank.

(140.) *Merlinus, &c.*] *Theophilus Folengio*, who under the Name of *Merlinus Coccaius* has written Verses in the *Macaronick* Stile [Mock-Verses made up of broken *Latin*, &c. and a confused Huddle of many pleasant things like *Macaroons*] was a *Benedictine Monk*, a Native of *Mantua*, and died very old in 1544, but never published any Book intituled *de patria diabolorum*. It is true, *Merlin Coccaie*, in the Epistle which under the Name of *Magistre Aquarius Lodola* he addresses *ad illustrem Dominum Passarinum*, says he had composed five Books *de Stancijs Diabolorum*, or, as he explains himself afterwards *quinque libros de inferno*; but we must take this along with us, he declares, some Lines after, that he had join'd them to the preceding which treated of *Baldus's* Exploits, where he gives to understand that having at first made 20 *Macaronicks*, which, as appears by the *Epistolum colericum*, had been publish'd without his Privity, he had since augmented them with five more, intitul'd, *de Stancijs Diabolorum*, beginning though the Description of Hell properly begins not till the 23d Book, yet it is certain, that that Description is prepared at the 20th, where *Beldus* forms a Resolution to visit the Devils Country. In the 21st he looks for the Way thither and finds it; in the 22d he pursues it; and at length in the 23d he arrives on the spot. Some reckon five Books of *Merlin Coccaie de patria Diabolorum*; others, *Menage* for one, reckon but three: They are both in the right, though in different respects, as we have shewn. To conclude; as for *Rabelais's* saying, as he does above, that Part of the Books of this Catalogue are now actually at the Press at *Tubingue*, it must be understood of the most satirical of them, which could not be printed any where but in a stanch *Protestant* University.

CHAP. VIII.

How Pantagruel, being at Paris, received Letters from his Father Gargantua, and the Copy of them.

PANTAGRUEL studied very hard, as you may well conceive, and profited accordingly; for he had an excellent Understanding and notable Wit, together with a Capacity in Point of Memory, equal to the Measure of twelve Oil-buckets, or Butts of Olives. And as he was there abiding one Day, he received a Letter from his Father in Manner as followeth:

Most dear Son,

Amongst the Gifts, Graces, and Prerogatives, with which the Sovereign *Plasmator* God Almighty hath endowed, and adorned humane Nature from the Beginning, that seems to me most singular and excellent; by which we may in a mortal Estate attain to a Kind of Immortality, and in the Course of this transitory Life perpetuate our Name and Seed, which is done by a Progeny issued from us in the lawful Bonds of Matrimony; whereby, That, in some Measure, is restored unto us, which was taken from us by the Sin of our first Parents; to whom it was said, that because they had not obeyed the Commandment of God their Creator, they should die, and by Death should be brought to nought that so stately Frame and Plasmature, wherein the Man at first had been created. But by this means of seminal Propagation, there continueth in the Children what was lost in the Parents, and in the Grand children that which perished in their Fathers, and so successively until the Day of the last Judgment, when Jesus Christ shall have rendered up to God the Father his Kingdom in a peaceable Condition, out of all Danger and Contamination of Sin: for then shall cease all Generations and Corruptions, and the Elements leave off their continual Transmutations; seeing the so much desired peace shall be attained unto and enjoyed, and that all things

things shall be brought to their End and Period. And therefore not without just and reasonable Cause do I give thanks to God my Saviour and Preserver, for that he hath inabled me to see my bald old Age reflourished in *thy* Youth : for when at his good Pleasure, who rules and governs all Things, my Soul shall leave this mortal Habitation, I shall not account my self wholly to die, but to pass from one place unto another : considering that in and by that, I continue in my visible Image living in the World, visiting and conversing with People of Honour, and other my good Friends, as I was wont to do. Which Conversation of mine, although it was not without Sin (because we are all of us Trespassers, and therefore do continually (1) beseech his Divine Majesty, to blot our Transgressions out of his Memory) yet was it by the Help and Grace of God, without all Manner of Reproach before Men. Wherefore if those Qualities of the Mind but shine in thee, wherewith I am endowed, as in thee remaineth the perfect Image of my Body, thou wilt be esteemed by all Men to be the perfect Guardian and Treasure of the Immortality of our Name : but if otherwise, I shall truly take but small pleasure to see it, considering that the lesser part of me, which is the Body, would abide in thee : and the best, to wit, that which is the Soul, and by which our Name continues blessed amongst Men, would be degenerate and bastardized. This I do not speak out of any Distrust that I have of thy Virtue, which I have heretofore already tried ; but to encourage thee yet more earnestly to proceed from good to better. And that, which I now write unto thee, is not so much that thou should'st live in this virtuous Course, as that thou should'st rejoice in so living, and, having lived, cheer up thy self with the like Resolution in time to come. To the Prosecution and Accomplishment of which Enterprize and generous Undertaking, thou may'st easily remember how that I have spared nothing, but have so helped thee, as if I had had no other Treasure in this World, but to see thee once in my Life compleatly well bred and accomplished, as well in Virtue, Honesty, and

(1.) He means the Lord's Prayer.

Valour,

Valour, as in all liberal Knowledge and Civility : and so to leave thee after my Death, as a Mirror, representing the Person of me thy Father ; and if not so excellent, and such *indeed* as I do wish thee, yet such in *Desire*.

But although my deceased Father, of happy Memory, *Grangousier*, had bent his best Endeavours to make me profit in all Perfection and political Knowledge, and that my Labour and Study was fully correspondent to, yea, went beyond his Desire ; nevertheless, as thou may'st well understand, the Time then was not so proper and fit for Learning as it is at present, neither had I plenty of such good Masters as thou hast had : for that time was darksome, obscured with Clouds of Ignorance, and favouring a little of the Infelicity and Calamity of the *Goths*, who had, wherever they set footing, destroyed all good Literature, which in my Age hath by the divine Goodness been restored unto its former Light and Dignity, and that with such Amendment and Increase of Knowledge, that now hardly should I be admitted, unto the first Form of the little Grammar School boys : I say, I, who in my youthful Days was (and that justly) reputed the most learned of that Age. Which I do not speak in Vain-boasting, although I might lawfully do it in writing unto thee, by the Authority of *Marcus Tullius*, in his Book of *Old Age*, and the Sentence of *Plutarch*, in the Book, intituled, *How a Man may praise himself without Envy* : but to give thee an emulous Encouragement to strive yet farther.

Now is it that the Minds of Men are qualified with all Manner of Discipline, and the old Sciences revived, which for many Ages were extinct : Now it is, that the learned Languages are to their pristine Purity restored, *viz.* *Greek* (without which a Man may be ashamed to account himself a Scholar) *Hebrew*, *Arabic*, *Chaldean*, and *Latin*. *Printing* likewise is now in use, so elegant, and so correct, that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out in my time but by *divine Inspiration* ; as by a *Diabolical Suggestion*, on the other side, was the Invention of *Ordnance*. All
the

‘ the World is full of knowing Men, of most learned School-masters, and vast Libraries : and it appears to me as a Truth, that neither in *Plato’s* time, nor *Cicero’s*, nor *Papinian’s*, there was ever such Convenience for studying, as we see at this Day there is. Nor must any adventure henceforward to come in publick, or represent himself in Company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the Shop of *Minerva*. I see Robbers, Hangmen, Free-booters, Tapsters, Ostlers, and such like, of the very Rubbish of the People, more *learned* now, than the *Doctors* and Preachers were in my Time.

‘ What shall I say ? The very Women and Children have aspired to this Praise and Celestial *Manna* of good Learning : Yet so it is, that, at the Age I am now of, I have been constrained to learn the *Greek* Tongue, which I (2) contemned not like *Cato*, but had not the Leisure in my younger Years to attend the Study of it. And I take much delight in the reading of *Plutarch’s* Morals, the pleasant Dialogues of *Plato*, the Monuments of *Pausanias*, and the Antiquities of *Athenæus*, whilst I wait the Hour wherein God my Creator shall call me, and command me to depart from this Earth and transitory Pilgrimage. Wherefore (my Son) I admonish thee, to imploy thy Youth to profit as well as thou canst, both in thy Studies and in Virtue. Thou art at *Paris*, where the laudable Examples of many brave Men may stir up thy Mind to gallant Actions ; and hast likewise for thy Tutor the learned *Epistemon*, who by his lively and vocal Documents may instruct thee in the Arts and Sciences.

‘ I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the Languages perfectly. First of all, the *Greek*, as *Quintilian* will have it. Secondly, the *Latin* ; and then the *Hebrew*, for the holy Scripture-sake. And then the *Chaldee* and *Arabick* likewise. And that thou frame thy stile in *Greek*, in Imitation of *Plato* ; and for the *Latin*, after *Cicero*. Let there be no History, which thou shalt not have ready in thy Memory ; and to help thee therein, the Books of *Cosmography* will

{2.} Contemn’d, &c.] See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Cato* the Cen’sor.
‘ be

be very conducive. Of the liberal Arts of *Geometry*, *Arithmetick*, and *Musick*, I gave thee some Taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six Years old; proceed further in them, and learn the Remainder if thou canst. As for *Astronomy*, study all the Rules thereof; let pass nevertheless the divining and judicial *Astrology*, and the Art of *Lullius*, as being nothing else but plain Cheat and Vanities. As for the *Civil Law*, of that I would have thee to know the *Texts* by heart, and then to confer them with *Philosophy*.

Now in matter of the Knowledge of the Works of *Nature*, I would have thee to study that exactly; so that there be no Sea, River, or Fountain, of which thou dost not know the Fishes; all the Fowls of the Air, all the several Kinds of Shrubs and Trees, whether in Forests or Orchards: All the Sorts of Herbs and Flowers that grow upon the Ground: all the various Metals that are hid within the Bowels of the Earth: together with all the Diversity of precious Stones, that are to be seen in the *Orient* and South-parts of the World; let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. Then fail not most carefully to peruse the Books of the *Greek*, *Arabian*, and *Latin* Physicians; not despising the *Talmudists* and *Cabalists*; and by frequent Anatomies get thee the perfect Knowledge of the *Microcosm*, which is Man. And at some Hours of the Day, apply thy Mind to the Study of the Holy Scriptures: first in *Greek*, the New Testament with the Epistles of the Apostles; and then the Old Testament in *Hebrew*. In brief, let me see thee an *Abyss*, and Bottomless-pit of Knowledge: for from henceforward, as thou growest great and becomest a Man, thou must part from this Tranquility and Rest of Study: thou must learn *Chivalry*, *Warfare*, and the Exercises of the Field, the better thereby to defend my House and our Friends, and to succour and protect them at all their Needs against the Invasion and Assaults of Evil-doers.

Furthermore, I will that very shortly thou try how much thou hast profited, which thou canst not better do than by maintaining publicly *Theses* and *Conclusions*.

‘ fions in all Arts, againſt all Perſons whatſoever, and
 ‘ by haunting the Company of learned Men, both at
 ‘ *Paris* and otherwhere. But becauſe, as the wiſe Man
 ‘ *Solomon* ſaith, *Wiſdom entereth not into a malicious*
 ‘ *Mind*; and that *Science* without *Conſcience* is but the
 ‘ *Ruin of the Soul*, it behoveth thee to ſerve, to love, to
 ‘ fear God, and on him to caſt all thy Thoughts and
 ‘ all thy Hope, and, by Faith formed in Charity, to
 ‘ cleave unto him, ſo that thou may’ſt never be ſepara-
 ‘ ted from him by thy Sins. Suſpect the Abuſes of the
 ‘ World: ſet not thy Heart upon Vanity; for this Life
 ‘ is tranſitory, but the Word of the Lord endureth for
 ‘ ever. Be ſerviceable to all thy Neighbours, and love
 ‘ them as thyſelf: reverence thy *Præceptors*; ſhun the
 ‘ Converſation of thoſe whom thou deſireſt not to re-
 ‘ ſemble, and receive not in vain the Graces which God
 ‘ hath beſtowed upon thee. And when thou ſhalt ſee
 ‘ that thou haſt attained to all the Knowledge that is to
 ‘ be acquired in that part, return unto me, that I may
 ‘ ſee thee, and give thee my Bleſſing before I die.
 ‘ *My Son*, the Peace and Grace of our Lord be with
 ‘ thee. *Amen.*

From *Utopia* the 17th Day
 of the Month of *March*.

Thy Father *Gargantua*.

Theſe Letters being received and read, *Pantagruel*
 pluck’d up his Heart, took a freſh Courage to him, and
 was inflamed with a Deſire to profit in his Studies more
 than ever: ſo that if you had ſeen him, how he took
 Pains, and how he advanced in Learning, you would
 have ſaid that the Vivacity of his Spirit, amidſt the
 Books, was like a great Fire amongſt dry Wood, ſo
 active it was, vigorous, and indefatigable.

CHAP. IX.

How Pantagruel found Panurge, whom he loved all his life-time.

ONE Day as *Pantagruel* was taking a Walk without the City, towards St. *Anthony's* Abby, discoursing and philosophating with his own Servants and some other Scholars, he met with a young Man of a very comely Stature, and surpassing handsome in all the Lineaments of his Body, but in several Parts thereof most pitifully wounded; in such bad Equipage in matter of his Apparel, which was but Tatters and Rags, and every way so far out of order, that he seemed to have been fighting with Mastiff-dogs, from whose Fury he had made an Escape; or, to say better, he looked, in the Condition wherein he then was, like an *Apple-gatherer* of the Country of *Perche*.

As far off as *Pantagruel* saw him, he said to those that stood by, do you see that Man there, who is coming hither upon the Road from *Charantan-Bridge*? By my Faith, he is only poor in Fortune; for I may assure you, that by his *Physiognomy* it appeareth, that Nature hath extracted him from some rich and noble Race, and that too much Curiosity hath thrown him upon Adventures, which possibly have reduced him to this Indigence, Want, and Penury. Now as he was just among them, *Pantagruel* said unto him, let me intreat you (*Friend*) to stop here a little, and answer me to that which I shall ask you, and I am confident you will not think your Time ill bestowed: for I have an extreme Desire (according to my Ability) to give you some Supply in this Distress wherein I see you are; because I do very much commiserate your Case, which truly moves me to great Pity: therefore (my *Friend*) tell me, Who you are? Whence you come? Whither you go? What you desire? And what your Name is? The *Companion* answered him in the *German* Tongue, thus:

Inker, gott geb euch gluck undheil zuvor. Lieber junker, ich las euch wissen das daibr mich won fragt, ist ein
arm

arm und erbarmlich ding, und wer viel darvon Zu sagen, welches euch verdrussig Zu horen und mir zu erzelen, wer, wiewol die Poeten und Oratorn wortzeiten haben gesagt in ihren spruchen und sentenzen das die gedecktnus des elendz und armuts vorlangst erlitten ist ein grosse lust. My Friend (said Pantagruel) I have no Skill in that Gibberish of yours ; therefore, if you would have us to understand you, speak to us in some other Language : then did the Drole answer him thus :

(1) *Albarildim gotfano dechmin brin alabo dordio falbroth ringuam albaras. Nin portbzadikin almucatin milko prin alelmin en thoth dalbeben ensouim : kuthim al dum alkatin nim broth dechboth porth min michais im endoth, pruch dalmaifulum hol moth danfrihim lupaldas im wolde-moth. Nin hur diavosth mnarbotim dalgousch pulfrapin duch im scoth pruch galeth dal chinon, min foulchrich al conin butathen doth dal prim.* Do you understand none of this, said Pantagruel to the Company ? I believe (said Epistemon) that this is the Language of the *Antipodes*, and such a hard one, that the Devil himself knows not what to make of it. Then, said Pantagruel, Gossip, I know not if the Walls do comprehend the Meaning of your words ; but none of us here doth so much as understand one Syllable of them : Then said my Blade again,

(2) *Signor mio, voi vedete per essemplio che la cornemusa non suona mai, se non ha il ventre pieno : cosi io parimente non vi saprei contare le mie fortune, se prima il tribulato ventre non ha la solita refectione. Alquale d'adviso che le mani e li denti abbiano perso il loro ordine naturale e del tutto annichilati.* To which Epistemon answered as much of the one as of the other, and nothing of either. Then said Panurge.

(3) My Lord, if the Generosity of your Mind be suitable to your Body, you would naturally have pity of me. For Nature made us equal : But Fortune has exalted some, and other-some has depressed. Ne-
verthe-

(1.) Arabick.

(2.) Italian.

(3.) Sir T. U. has mended Rabelais's *English* ; but if the Reader wou'd know how he wrote it himself, it was as follows, as Mr. D. C. reports it : Lord, if you be so virtuous of Intelligence, as you be natu-

‘vertheless, though Virtue is despised, and worthy Men depressed; yet till the end, none can be pronounced happy.’ Yet less do I understand of this, said *Pantagruel*: Then said *Panurge*;

(4) *Jona andie gausse goussy etan bebarda er remedie beharde de versela ysser landa. Anbat es otoy es naufu ey nessassut gourray propposian ordine den. Non yssena bayte facheria egabe gen herassy badea sadassu noura assia: Aran bondavan gaulde cydassu nydassuna. Estou oussye ecwinau soury kin er darstura eguy harm: Genicoa plasar vadu.* Are you there (said *Eudemone*) *Genicoa*? To this said *Carpalim* (5) *St. Trinian's* Rammer unstitch your Bum, for I had almost understood it. Then answered *Panurge*;

Prugfrest frinst sorgdmand strochdi dyhds pag breleland ravot chavygni pomardiere rusth pkalldracg devinier pres Nays; Couille Kalmuch monach drupp del meupplist rincque drind dodelp up drent loch mine stzincq jald de vins ders cordelis bur jocst stzampenards *. Do you speak *Christian* (said *Epistemon*) or the *Gypsy* Language? Nay, it is (6) *Lantern Language*, said another. Then said *Panurge*.

(7.) *Heere, ik en spreck anders gheen taele dan kersten taele; my dunkt nogtans, al en seg ik u niet een Wordt, mynen noot verklaert genoegh wat ik begeere: geeft my uyt bermbertigheyt yets waar van ik gevoet magh syn.* To which answered *Pantagruel*, as much of that. Then said *Panurge*.

naturally releav'd to the Body, you shou'd have pity of me; for Nature hath made us equal, but Fortune hath some exalted, and others deprived; nevertheless is Virtue often depriv'd, and the virtuous Men despised; for before the last End none is good.

(4.) *Jona, &c.] Biscayan.* We have already had a couple of Words in this Dialect, in ch. 5. of lib. 1. but in all likelihood *Panurge*, who here is *Rabelais* himself, had not well learn'd this Language till after, 1542. for, before that, viz. in *Bolet's* Edition, there's none of this Speech.

(5.) *St. Trinian.]* The Scotch Apostle *Ninias* or *Ninianus* to whom, according to *Hector Boethius*, l. 7. of his History of Scotland, are ascrib'd many Miracles, which will make his Name venerable for ever throughout Great-Britain.

* *Stzampenards* Bas-breton.

(6.) *Lantern Language.]* Language of *Catholicks*, since it mentions Monks, particularly the *Cordeliers*.

(7.) *Low-Dutch.*

(8.) *Senner*

(8.) Sennor, de tanto hablar yo soy cansado, porque supplico à vuestra excellencia que mire a los precettos Evangelicos, para que ellos muevan vuestra excellencia a lo que es de consciencia, y si ellos no bastaren para mover vuesa excellencia a piedad, supplico que mire a la piedad natural, laqual yo creo que le movera, como es de raxon, y con esso, no digo mas. Truly (my Friend) I doubt not but you can speak divers Languages ; but tell us that which you would have us to do for you in some Tongue, which you conceive we may understand. Then said the Companion ;

(9) Myn berr, eendog ieg met ingen tunge talede, lygesom boern, oeg us kellig creatuer : mine cleedebon och mit legioms magerhed udviser alligevel klarlig huad ting mig best behof gioris, som er sandelig mad ock dricke : Huorfor forbarne dig ofvermig, oc befal at gifve mig noget, af huilket jeg kand styre min giocendis mage, ligerviis som mand Cerbero en suppe forsetter : Saa skalt du lefve længe oc lykسالig. I think really (said Eusthenes) that the Goths spoke thus of old : and that, if it pleased God, we should all of us speak so with our Tails. Then again said Panurge ;

Adon, sealom lechai im ischar harob hal hebdeca bimeherob thithen likikar lehem : chanchat ub laah al Adonai cho nen ral. To which answered Epistemon, at this time have I understood him very well ; for it is the Hebrew Tongue most rhetorically pronounced. Then again said the merry Fellow ;

Despota tinyn panagathe, diati si mi ouk artodotis. Horas gar limo analiscomenon eme athlion, ke en to metaxi me ouk eleis oudamos, zetis de par emou ha ou chre. Ke homas philologi pantes homologousi tote logous te ke remata peritta hyparchin opote pragma asto pasi delon esti. Entha gar anankei monon logi isin, hina pragmata (hon peri amphisbetoumen) me prosphoros epiphinete. What (said Carpalim) Pantagruel's Footman, it is Greek, I have understood him : and how ? hast thou dwelt any while in Greece ? Then said the Drole again ;

(8.) Spanish.

(9.) This is Danish. Every one knows that in ancient Times the Goths penetrated as far as Sweden and Denmark. It is this that Epistemon's Pleasantry afterwards is grounded upon.

*Agonou dont ouffys vous desdaignez algarou : nou den-
faron zamist vous mariston ulbrou fousqueu voubrol tam-
bredaguez maupreton den goulhoust, daguez daguez non-
croupys foust bardonnoffist nougrou : agou paston tol nalpris-
fys hourtou los echatonous, prou debouguys, brol pany gou-
den bascrou noudous caguons goufren goul oustarouppassou ?*
Methinks I understand him (said Pantagruel ;) for ei-
ther it is the Language of my Country of (10) *Utopia*,
or sounds very like it. And as he was about to have be-
gun some Argument, the Companion said ;

*Fam toties vos per sacra, perque deos deasque omnes
obtestatus sum, ut si qua vos pietas permovet, egestatem
meam solaremini, nec hilum proficio clamans & ejulans :
finite, quæso, finite, viri impii, quo me fata vocant a-
bire : nec ultra vanis vestris interpellationibus obtunda-
tis, memoras veteris illius adagii, quo venter famelicus
auriculis carere dicitur.* Well my Friend (said Panta-
gruel) but cannot you speak *French* ? (11.) That I can
do (Sir) very well, (said the Companion) God be thank-
ed : it is my natural Language and Mother-tongue ; for
I was born and bred in my younger Years in the Garden
of *France*, to wit, *Touraine*. Then (said Pantagruel)
tell us what is your Name, and from whence you are
come ; for, by my Faith, I have already stamped in
my Mind such a deep Impression of Love towards you,
that, if you will condescend unto my Will, you shall
not depart out of my Company, and you and I shall
make up another couple of Friends, such as *Aeneas* and
Achates were. Sir, (said the Companion) my true and
proper *Christian* Name is *Panurge* ; and I am just come
out of *Turky*, to which Country I was carried away Pri-
soner at that time, (12.) when they went to *Metelin* with
a Mis-

(10.) *This is the Language of my Country of Utopia.*] Upon this
footing, if we may acquiesce in what is advanced by the Author of
the preface of the English *Rabelais*, this must be downright *Gascon* ;
nay, pure *Bearnois* Language.

(11.) *That I can, &c.*] *Si fais tres-bien Seigneur, &c.* Now they
go on in *French* to the end of the Chapter.

(12.) *When they went to Metelin with a Mischief.*] It means
when we (the *French*) went to *Metelin*. In 1502, in virtue of a
Jubilee kept that Year, by the Bull whereof a *Croisade* was ordered
against the *Turks*, whose Naval Army had, a little before appear'd
off

a Mischief : And willingly would I relate unto you my Fortunes, which are more wonderful (13) than those of *Ulysses* were ; but seeing that it pleaseth you to retain me with you, I most heartily accept of the Offer, protesting never to leave you, should you go to all the Devils in Hell. We shall have therefore more Leisure at another time, and a fitter Opportunity wherein to report them ; for at this present I am in a very urgent Necessity to feed, my Teeth are sharp, my Belly empty, my Throat dry, and my Stomach fierce and craving : all is ready, if you will but set me to work : It will be as good as a *Balsam* for sore Eyes, to see me gulch and raven it ; for God's sake give order for it. Then *Pantagruel* commanded that they should carry him home, and provide him good store of Victuals ; which being done, he eat very well that Evening, and (Capon-like) went early to Bed, then slept until Dinner-time the next Day ; so that he made but three Steps and one Leap from the Bed to the Board.

C H A P. X..

How Pantagruel equitably decided a Cause which was wonderfully intricate and obscure : whereby he was reputed to have a most admirable Judgment.

P*antagruel*, very well remembering his Father's Letter and Admonitions, would one Day make trial of his Knowledge. Thereupon, in all the *Carrefours* (Cross-ways) Streets and Corners of the City, he set up

off of *Venice*, the *French* laid Siege to *Metelin* ; but being betray'd, 'tis said, by the *Venetians*, who gave the *Turks* Passage, these last obliged them to raise the Siege, after they had defeated the *French* and taken thirty-two of 'em Prisoners, of which Number *Panurge* here alledges himself to be one. See *Monstrelet's Chronicle*, Ann. 1502.

(13.) *Than those of Ulysses.*] this mentioning of *Ulysses* is a very suitable Answer to *Pantagruel*, who had taken from *Homer* the Comparison of their future Friendship, with that of *Aeneas* and *Achates*.

(1) *Conclusions*, to the Number of nine thousand seven hundred sixty and four, in all manner of Learning, touching in them the hardest Doubts that are in any Science. And first of all, in the (2) *Fodder-street* he held Dispute against all the *Regents, Professors of Arts, and Orators*, and did so gallantly, that he overthrew them, and set them all upon their Tails. He went afterwards to the *Sorbonne*, where he maintained Arguments against all the *Theologians*, for the space of six Weeks, from four o'Clock in the Morning until six in the Evening, except an Interval of two Hours to refresh themselves, and take their Repast. And at this were present the greatest Part of the *Lords of the Court*, the *Masters of Requests, Presidents, Counsellors*, those of the *Accompts, Secretaries, Advocates* and others: As also the *Sheriffs* of the said Town, with the *Physicians and Professors of the Canon-Law*. Amongst which it is to be remarked, that the greatest Part were resty and head-strong, and in their Opinions obstinate; but he took such course with them, that, for all their *Ergoes*, and Fallacies, he put their Backs to the Wall, gravelled them in the deepest Questions, and made it visibly appear to the World, that compared to him, they were but *Monkies*, and a Knot of *muffled Calves*. Whereupon every Body began

(1.) *Conclusions to the Number of Nine thousand, &c.*] *John Picus de la Miranda*, had set up the like to the Tune of Nine Hundred; but it is not those *Rabelais* animadverts upon in this Place: but rather a certain Book intituled: *One Thousand, One Hundred, Fourscore and Four Questions upon all Subjects, with Solutions to the said Questions, according to the Sage Sydrach*. Printed in 8vo at Paris. By *Galliot du Pré*, in the beginning of the XVIth Century. See *Draudius, Bibliothecque*, l. 2. p. 172.

(2.) *The Fodder-street.*] Mention is made of the *Fodder-street*, and the *Fodder-Schools* (Schools in the *Fodder-street*) in ch. 17 of this Book, and elsewhere. It is still call'd *ruë du Fouarre*, from *foderum forage*: and it is highly probable *Menage's* Opinion is right, as to the Reason of this Street's being call'd the *Fodder* or *Straw-Street*. He assigns it to Straw being us'd to be sold there for the Use of the Philosophy-Schools which were in that Street, and the Physick-Schools just by: on which Straw the Scholars us'd to sit in the Poet *Dante's* Time, when publick Acts were held. *Ramus* in his Preface for the Reformation of the University of *Paris*, taking notice of the Expenses of the Physick-Schools: *pro tapetis & stramine Quodlibetaria triginta Solidi. In Cardinali pro tapetis & stramine triginta Solidi.*

to keep a bustling Noise, and talk of his so marvellous Knowledge, through all Degrees of Persons in both Sexes, even to the very Laundresses, Brokers, Roastmeat-sellers, Penknife-makers and others ; who, when he past along in the Street, would say, *This is he*, in which he took delight, as *Demosthenes* the Prince of *Greek* Orators did, when a mumping old Hag, pointing at him with her Fingers, said, (3) *This is the Man*.

Now at this same very time there was a Suit in Law, depending in Court between two great Lords, of which one was called my Lord *Kissbreech*, Plaintiff, of one side ; and the other my Lord (4) *Suckfist*, Defendant, of the other, whose Controversy was so high and difficult in Law, that the Court of Parliament could make nothing of it. And therefore, by the Commandment of the King, there were assembled four of the greatest and most learned of all the Parliaments of *France*, together with the great Council, and all the principal Regents of the Universities, not only of *France*, but of *England* also and *Italy*, such as *Jason*, *Philippus-Decius*, *Petrus de Petronibus*, and a Rabble of other old *Rabbinists*. Who being thus met together, after they had thereupon consulted for the Space of six and forty Weeks, finding that they could not *fasten their Teeth* in it, nor with such clearness understand the Case, as that they might in any Manner of Way be able to right it, or take up the Difference betwixt the two aforesaid Parties, it did so grievously vex them, that they most villainously consit themselves for Shame. In this great Extremity, one amongst them named (5) *Du Doubait*,

(3.) *This is the Man.*] *At pulchrum est digito monstrari, & dicier, Hic est.* Pers. Sat. 1. I know not whence *Rabelais* fetches what he says ; for, in *Diogenes* the Cynick's Life, written by *Diogenes Laertius*, it appears indeed that *Diogenes* did one Day point at that Orator, with his Finger, to shew him some Strangers who express'd a great Desire to see him ; but it was only in mockery of him, and it is no where said, that *Demosthenes* was pleased with this Curiosity of the Strangers.

(4.) *Suck-fist.*] *Hume-vesne.* *Cotgrave* says it signifies, *One that lays his Nose on his next Fellow's Bum.* In which Case, it should be, *Suck-fizzle*, not *Suck-fist*. *Vesner*, is to *fizzle*, according to *Rabelais* in other places.

(5.) *Du Douhet.*] *Briand Vollee*, Lord of *Douet* near *Saintes*, Counsellor of the Parliament of *Bordeaux*.

the learnedst of all, and more expert and prudent than any of the rest, whilst one Day they were thus at their Wits-end, all-to-be-dunced and *philogrobolized* in their Brains, said unto them : We have been here (my Masters) a good long Space without doing any thing else, than trifle away both Time and Money, and can find neither Brim nor Bottom in this Matter : for the more we study about it, the less we understand therein, which is a great Shame and Disgrace to us, and a heavy Burthen to our Consciences ; yea such, that in my Opinion we should not rid ourselves of it without Dishonour, unless we take some other course ; for we do nothing but dote in our Consultations.

See therefore what I have thought upon : You have heard much talking of that worthy Personage named Master *Pantagrue*, who hath been found to be learned above the Capacity of this present Age, by the Proofs he gave in those great Disputations, which he held publicly against all Men. My Opinion is, that we send for him, to confer with him about this Business ; for never any Man will compass the bringing of it to an end, if he do it not.

Hereunto all the Counsellors and Doctors willingly agreed, and according to that their Result, having instantly sent for him, they intreated him to be pleased to canvas the *Process*, and *sift* it thoroughly ; that, after a deep Search and narrow Examination of all the Points thereof, he might forthwith make the *Report* unto them, such as he shall think good in true and legal Knowledge. To this effect they delivered into his Hands the *Bags* wherein were the *Writs* and *Pancarts* concerning that Suit, which for Bulk and Weight were almost enough to lade four great stoned Asses. But *Pantagrue* said unto them, Are the two Lords, between whom this Debate and Process is, yet living ? It was answered him, yes : To what a Devil then (said he) serve so many paultry Heaps, and Bundles of Papers and Copies which you give me ? Is it no better to hear their Controversy from their own Mouths, whilst they are Face to Face before us, than to read these vile Fopperies, which

which are nothing but Chicaneries, Deceits, (6.) diabolical Cozenages of *Cepola*, pernicious Sleights, and Subversions of Equity? For I am sure, that you, and all those through whose Hands this *Process* hath past, have by your Devices added what you could to it *pro & contra*; in such sort, that, although their Difference perhaps was clear and easy enough to determine at first, you have perplexed and *puzzl'd the Cause*, by the frivolous, sottish, unreasonable, and foolish Reasons and Opinions of *Accursus*, *Baldus*, *Bartolus*, *de Castro*, *de Imola*, *Hippolytus*, *Panormitanus*, *Bertachin*, *Alexander*, *Curtius*, and those other old *Mastiffs*, who never understood the least Law of the *Pandects*, they being but meer Blockheads and great *Tithe-calves*, ignorant of all that which was needful for the understanding of the Laws. For (as it is most certain) they had not the Knowledge either of the Greek or Latin Tongue, but only of the *Gothick* and *Barbarian*. The Laws nevertheless were first taken from the *Greeks*, according to the Testimony of *Ulpian*. (7.) *l. poster. de origine juris*, which we likewise may perceive, by that all the Laws are full of *Greek* Words and Sentences. And then we find that they are reduced into a *Latin* Stile, the most elegant and ornate that whole Language is able to afford, without excepting that of any that ever wrote therein; nay, not of *Salust*, *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Titus Livius*, nor *Quintilian*. How then could these old *Dottards* be able to understand aright the Text of the Laws, who never in their time had looked upon a good *Latin*

(6.) *Diabolical Cozenages of Cepola.*] *Cepola* is right, and not *Scævola*, as *Menage* wou'd have it, under colour that *Mutius Scævola* invented the Wile or Quirk call'd by his Name *Mutiana Cautio*. These Law-Quirks of *Bartholomew Cepola* have been very much cry'd out against, because of their teaching how to elude the most express Laws, and to perpetuate Law-suits *ad infinitum*: but, for all that [ay, and the rather for that] they have been frequently reprinted, and once in 8vo in *Gothick Characters*, by *John Petit*, 1508.

(7.) *L. Poster. de origine juris.*] *Lege Posteriori de origine juris*. It is *posteriori* in *Dolet's* Edition, and not *postrema*, as *V. H's* Manuscript had corrected the abridg'd Word *posteri* in the new Editions. This Law, however, is none of *Ulpian's* but *Pomponius's*, whatever *Rabelais* says; a Particular which has been long since observ'd by the said *V. H.* in the Margin of his Manuscript *Rabelais*.

Book,

Book, as doth evidently enough appear by the Rudeness of their (8.) Stile ; which is fitter for a Chimney-sweeper, a Cook or a Scullion, than for a *Jurisconsult* and Doctor in the Laws ?

Furthermore, seeing the Laws are (9.) *excerpted* out of the middle of *Moral* and *Natural* Philosophy, how should these Fools have understood it, that have by G— studied less in Philosophy than my *Mule* ? In respect of human Learning, and the Knowledge of *Antiquities* and *Histories*, they were truly laden with those Faculties *as a Toad is with Feathers* : and yet of all this the Laws are so full, that without it they cannot be understood ; as I intend more fully to shew unto you in a peculiar Treatise, which on that purpose I am about to publish. Therefore if you will that I meddle in this *Process* ; First, cause all these Papers to be burnt : Secondly, make the two Gentlemen come personally before me ; and afterwards, when I shall have heard them, I will tell you my Opinion freely without any Fiction or Dissimulation whatsoever.

Some amongst them did contradict this Motion, as you know that in all Companies there are *more Fools than wise Men*, and that the greater Part always surmounts the better ; as saith *Titus Livius*, in speaking of the (10.) *Carthaginians*. But the foresaid *Du Dou-*

(8.) *Stile*———of a *Chimney-sweeper*.] Slovenly and ridiculous, like a Chimney-sweeper all over Smut. A Stile sometimes soaring, sometimes creeping ; now high, now low, just as a Chimney-sweeper *ups and downs* it in a Chimney, with his long Broom, or else in *propriâ personâ*.

Ramoner-ci, ramoner-là
La cheminée de haut en bas,

Is the Chimney-sweeper's Poetical Cry in the Streets of *Paris*.

(9.) *Excerpted*.] It is in the Original, *Extirpated extirpées du milieu*, &c. I suppose it is a typographical Error. Unless the Author plays the Rogue.

(10.) *Carthaginians*.] Not *Carthagians*, as in *Dolet's* Edition. It was a great Question among the Grammarians of the 15th and 16th Century, whether to say *Carthaginiensis* from *Carthago*, *inis* ; or *Carthagienfis* ; but *Politian* rejects this last Word, which indeed can come from nothing but *Carthagus*, thou'd any one be guilty of such a Barbarism, as to use it for *Carbargo*.

huit

bait held the contrary Opinion, maintaining that *Pantagruel* had said well, and what was right, in affirming that these Records, Bills of Inquest, Replies, Rejoinders, Exceptions, Depositions, and other such *Diableries* of Truth-intangling Writs, were but Engines wherewith to overthrow Justice, and necessarily to prolong such Suits as did depend before them; and that therefore the *Devil* would carry them all away to Hell, if they did not take another Course, and proceeded not in times coming according to the Prescripts of *Evangelical* and *Philosophical Equity*. In fine, all the Papers were burnt, and the two Gentlemen summoned and personally convented. At whose Appearance before the Court, *Pantagruel* said unto them, Are you they that have this great Difference betwixt you? Yes, (my Lord) said they. Which of you (said *Pantagruel*) is the Plaintiff? It is I, said my Lord *Kissebreech*. Go too then, my Friend, (said he) and relate your Matter unto me from Point to Point, according to the real Truth, or else (by Cock's Body) if I find you to lie so much as in one Word, I will make you shorter by the Head, and take it from off your Shoulders, to shew others by your Example, that in Justice and Judgment Men ought to speak nothing but the Truth; therefore take heed you do not add nor impair any thing in the Narration of your Case. *Begin.*

C H A P. XI.

How the Lords of Kissebreech and Suckfist did plead before Pantagruel, without Advocates.

THEN began *Kissebreech* in manner as followeth :
My Lord, it is true, that a good Woman of my House carried Eggs to the Market to sell. Be covered *Kissebreech*, said *Pantagruel*. Thanks to you, *my Lord*, said the Lord *Kissebreech* : But to the Purpose, There passed, betwixt the two *Tropicks*, the Sum of
Three-pence

Three-pence towards the *Zenith*, and a Half-penny ; forasmuch as the *Riphaean* Mountains had been that Year oppress'd with a great Sterility of counterfeit Gudgeons, and shews without Substance, by Means of the babling Tattle, and fond Fibs, seditiously raised between the Gobble-gabblers and *Accursian* Gibberish-mongers, for the Rebellion of the *Swissers*, who had assembled themselves to the full Number of the Bum-bees, and Myrmidons, to go a handsel-getting on the first Day of the new Year, at that very time when they give Brewis to the Oxen, and deliver the Key of the Coals to the Country-girls, for serving in of the Oats to the Dogs. All the Night long they did nothing else (keeping their Hands still upon the Pot) but (1.) dispatch Bulls a-foot, and Bulls a horse-back, to stop the Boats : for the (2.) Taylors and Salesmen would have made of the stolen Shreds a goodly Sagbut to cover the Face of the Ocean, which then was great with Child of a Potful of Cabbage, according to the Opinion of the Hay-bundle-makers : but (3.) the Physicians said, that by the Urine they

(1.) *Dispatch Bulls a-foot, and Bulls a-horse-back.*] In the Original it is *depescher bulles de postes à pié, & lacquays à cheval*, i. e. dispatch Bulls by *Foot-posts*, and Bulls by *Horse-lackies*. This blundering way of speaking is used by *Rabelais*, on purpose to make this and the next Speech of the *Litigants* still more ridiculous. For it is not a Sort of Bull to say, *dispatch Posts a-foot* (for People go Post a horse-back) and *dispatch Lackies a-horse-back*, for Lackies are supposed to go only a-foot : 'tis essential to the Idea of a Lackey to go a-foot and no otherwise.

(2.) *Taylors.*] *Cousuriers* in French, i. e. *Sewers*, *Stitchers*, from *Coudre* to *Sew*, or *Stitch*. They did not begin to be call'd *Taylors* till about the Year 1578. *H. Stephens, Dial. du Nouv. lang. Fr. Ital.* pag. 183. [*Tailleur* is a Word of a better import, as it comes from *Tailler* to cut out, which shews a Sort of Genius ; the *stitching* Part is only manual, or rather digital.]

(3.) *Physicians.*] Physicians (*Les Medecins*) who in quality of Ecclesiasticks, or Churchmen (which in old times they us'd to be almost throughout *Europe*) generally confin'd their Functions to teaching under the Name of *Physick* [i. e. Natural Philosophy] the Theory of *Medicine*, leaving to Laymen the practical Part (*Medicaments*) (See *Mezzeray* 13th Century.) The *English* still call *Physicians* those whom the *French* call *Les Medecins* ; and the *Germans* *Physicus* un *Medecin stipendié*. [Which I suppose means a *Fee taking Leech*, as if we shou'd say *Medicus stipendiatus*, or rather *stipendiarius*, unless

they could discern no manifest Sign of the Bustard's Pace, nor how to eat double-tongu'd Mattocks with Mustard, unless the Lords and Gentlemen of the Court should be pleased to give by *B. mol* express Command to the Pox, not to run about any longer, in gleaning up of Copper-smiths and Tinkers; for the Jobber-nolls had already a pretty good Beginning in their Dance of the *British* Jig, called the (4.) *Esrindore*, to a perfect *Diapason*, with one Foot in the Fire, and their Heads in the middle, as good Man *Ragot* was wont to say.

Ha, my Masters, God moderates all Things, and disposeth of them at his Pleasure; so that against unlucky Fortune a Carter broke his frisking Whip, which was all the Wind-instrument he had: this was done at his return from the little poultry Town, even then when Master (5.) *Antitus* of *Cresseplots* was licentiated, and had past his Degrees in all Dullery and Blockishness,

unless it means, such a Physician as is paid out of the publick Treasury, and is to take no Fee of the Poorer Sort; which I am told is the Polity of the *Dutch* Government in all their Towns quite throughout the Seven Provinces.

(4.) *Esrindore*.] From the *Latin* *fridor*, belike; in which Case it may be a Dance of Beggarly, Boobily, *Teeth-chatterers* (*fridentes*) to get them a Heat in Frosty Weather. *Cotgrave* says it is a Kind of *British* Dance, and we all know the Boors of *Brétagne* are boorish enough.

(5.) *Antitus*.] A burlesque Name for some old Doctor whom *Rabelais* here ridicules, as no less an *Ass* (*ane*) in Sense, than in a headstrong Obstinacy (*tetu & enteté*) which three *French* Words *ane*, *tetu*, *enteté*, make up the Word *Antitus*. It is also significative with *Maitre Aliboron*, a Name by which the *French* mean (not, as *Boyer* says, a cunning old Fox, but) as *Cotgrave* says, *one that pretends Skill in all Things*, but indeed knows nothing. This Signification is confirm'd, by an Epitaph on *John Fritb* an *Englishman*, burnt at *London* in 1533, for writing against Purgatory:

*Iti gist maître Jean Fritus,
Qui faisoit bien de l' Antitus,
Et du docteur scientifique, &c.*

It was made by Father *Garaſſe*, and is to be seen in his *Rabelais Reformé*, a Satyre against *Peter du Moulin*, wherein the Jesuit is very angry at that Minister's having read *Rabelais*, and yet had him by heart, himself, from one End to the other.

according

according to this Sentence of the Canonists, (6.) *Beati Dunces, quoniam ipsi stumblaverunt*. But that which makes *Lent* to be so high, by St. *Fiacre* of *Bry*, is for nothing else, but that the *Pentecost* never comes but to my cost: yet *an afore thore, ho*: a little Rain stills a great Wind: and we must think so, seeing that the Serjeant hath propounded the Matter so far above my Reach, that the Clerks and Secondaries could not with

(6.) *Beati Dunces, &c.* In the Original, *Beati lourdes, quoniam ipsi trebuchaverunt*. *Lourdis* is a Nick-name for a heavy-headed, dull, silly, ignorant, idiotical *Sorbonist*, witness the following Epigram of *Marot*, printed in the *Gothick* Edition of his Works; but suppress'd in *Holland* not long ago.

*De la Sorbone un Docteur amoureux
Disoit ung jour à sa Dame rebelle,
Ainsi que font tous aultres langoureux.
Je ne puis rien meriter de vous, Belle.
Puis nous preschaque la vie eternelle
Nous meritions par œuvres & par di&tz.
Arguo sic. Si Magister Lourdis
De sa Catin meriter ne peut rien
Ergo ne peut meriter Paradis,
Car, pour le moins, Paradis la vaut bien.*

In English.

One Day an amorous Doctor of *Sorbone*
Told his fair Tyrant in a languid Tone,
That he cou'd merit nothing at her Hands.
Next Day he preaches, as the Church commands,
That, by our Works and Words we so can merit
As everlasting Glory to inherit.
Now, if, *Magister Lourdis*, from his *Kate*
Can merit nothing, let him cease to prate
That he can merit Heav'n; for surely *Kattern*
Compar'd to *Paradise* is but a Slattern.

That *Catin* means *Kate*: See *Richelet's* Dict. *Catin* subst. sect. *Nom de fille. Petite Catherine*. *Boyer* says nothing of it. Now I'm upon this Name of *Catharine*, it may not be amiss to quote an Article from the Notes on the famous *Italian Mock-Heroick* call'd *Scechia Rapita* (Rape of the Bucket) translated by myself some Years ago. The Country-women throughout the *Modense* in *Italy*, are almost universally named *Catharine*, *Caterina*: but they pronounce it *Catalina* like the *Spaniards*, for which they are banter'd by the *Bolonians*. Infinite Numbers of Females, in and about *Modena*, bear this Name of *Katharine*.

the

the Benefit thereof lick their Fingers feather'd with Ganders, so orbicularly, as they were wont in other Things to do. And we do manifestly see, that every one acknowledgeth himself to be in the Error, where-with another hath been charged, reserving only those Cases whereby we are obliged to take an ocular Inspection in a prospective Glass of these Things, towards the Place in the Chimney, where hangeth the Sign of the (7.) Wine of forty Girths, which have been always accounted very necessary for the Number of twenty Panels and Pack-saddles of the bankrupt Protectionaries of five Years respite: howsoever, at least he, that would not let fly the Fowl before the Cheesecakes, ought in Law to have discovered his Reason why not; for the *Memory* is often lost *with a wayward Shooing*. Well, God keep *Theobald Mitain* from all Danger. Then said *Pantagruel*, hold there: Ho, *my Friend*, soft and fair, speak at leisure, and soberly, without putting your self in choler: I understand the Case, go on. Now then, (*my Lord*) said *Kissebreech*, the foresaid good Woman, saying her (8.) *gaudez and audinos*, could not cover herself with a treacherous Back-blow ascending by the Wounds and Passions of the Privileges of the University; unless by the vertue of a Warming-pan she had (9.) angelically fomented every Part of her Body, in covering them with a Hedge of Garden-Beds: then giving in a swift unavoidable Thrust very near to the Place where they sell the old Rags, whereof the Painters of *Flanders* make great use, when they are about neatly to clap on Shoes on Grasshoppers, Locusts, Cigals, and such like Fly-fowls; so strange to us, that I am wonderfully astonished why the World doth not *lay*, seeing it is so good to *hatch*.

(7.) *Wine of forty Girths,*] Exceeding good Wine, and of so great Strength, as to require forty Hoops to keep the Tun from bursting.

(8.) *Gaudez & audinos,*] *Gaudez*, says a *Cotgrave*, Prayers (whereof the Papists have divers) beginning with a *Gaudete, M. du C.* says, *Gaudez & Audi Nos* (not *audinos* as in *Sir T. U.* by Mr. Typograph's Fault) certain Prayers, most commonly, said in great haste, without the least Attention. So says *Oudin*, *Gaudées, preg-biere senz' attentione.* Dict. Fr. Ital.

(9.) *Angelically,*] Anglically in some Editions.

Here

Here the Lord of *Suckfist* would have interrupted him and spoken somewhat; whereupon *Pantagruel* said unto him, Hush! by St. *Anthony's* Belly, doth it become thee to speak without Command? I sweat, here, and crack my Brain to understand the Proceeding of your mutual Difference, and yet thou comest to trouble and disquiet me. Peace, in the Devil's Name, Peace; thou shalt be permitted to speak thy Belly-full when this Man hath done, and no sooner. Go on, (said he to *Kissebreech*) speak calmly, and do not over-heat yourself with too much haste.

I perceiving then, said *Kissebreech*, that the *Pragmatick Sanction* did make no mention of it, and that the holy *Pope* to every one gave liberty to *fart* at his own ease, provided the Blankets had no Streaks (10.) wherein the Liars were to be crossed with a *Russian-like* Crew; and the Rainbow, being newly sharpened at *Milan* to bring forth Larks, gave his full consent, that the good Woman should tread down the Heel of the Hipgut-pangs, by virtue of a solemn Protestation put in by the little *testiculated* or *codfied* Fishes; which, to tell the Truth, were at that time very necessary for understanding the *Syntax* and Construction of old Boats. Therefore *John Calfe*, her Cousin-gervais once removed, with a Log from the Woodstack, very seriously advised her not to put herself into the Hazard of quagwagging in the Lee, to be scowred with a buck of Linnen Cloths, till first she had kindled the Paper: this Counsel she laid hold on, because he desired her to take nothing, and

(10.) *Wherein the Liars were to be cross'd with a Russian-like Crew:]* This is so multilated and mis-translated, it wou'd distract a Man to reach the Sense of it. It shou'd be provided, however poor the People were, they did not cross themselves with a *Russianly* Crew (*Ribauldaille*): that is, provided People did not laugh at the Mystery of Transubstantiation, like that *Russianly* Priest of *Lorraine*, of whom, in ch. 39, of the Apology for *Herodotus*, it is said, that holding in his Hand a Box of common (unhallow'd) Wafers (*Hostias*) and being puzzled which to take out first, in order to consecrate it at his Mass, *Ye Russianly Crew* (*Ribauldaille*) said he, shaking the Box very hard, *Ye Russianly Crew, which of ye shall be a God to-day?* To conclude; the Word *Ribaudaille* is tantamount here to *ribon ribaine*, which *Cotgr.* renders, *by hook or crook, will ye nill ye, whether you will or no.*

throw

throw out, for *Non de ponte vadit, qui cum sapientia cadit.* Matters thus standing, seeing the Members of that Committee did not fully agree amongst themselves in casting up the Number of the *Almany Whistles*, whereof were framed those (11.) *Spectacles for Princes*, which have been lately printed at *Antwerp*, I must needs think that it makes a bad *Return* of the *Writ*, and that the adverse Party is not to be believed, (12.) *in sacer verbo dotis.* For that having a great Desire to obey the Pleasure of the King, I armed myself from Toe to Top with Belly-furniture, of the Soles of good Venison-pasties, to go see how my Grape-gatherers and Vintagers had pinked and cut full of small holes their high Coped-caps, to lecher it the better, and play at *in and in* (13.) And indeed the time was very dangerous in coming from (14.) the Fair, insofar that many *trained Bow-men* were cast at the Muster, and quite rejected, although the Chimney-tops were high enough, according to the Proportion of the *Windgalls*, and the *Malaunders* (15.) *Lamibaudichon.* And by this means there was that Year great abundance throughout all the Country of *Artois*, of tawny buzzing Beetles, to the no small Profit of the Gentlemen-great-stick-faggot-carriers, when they did eat without disdaining the *Cocklicranes*, till their Belly was like to crack with it again. As for my

(11.) *Spectacles for Princes*, lately printed at *Antwerp*,] This Book *Les Lunettes des Princes*, which has been quoted by *Borel*, is in *French Verse*, and was printed, but not for the first time, at *Paris* in 1534. The Author was *John Meschinot*, a Gentleman of Note in the Court of *Francis Duke of Bretagne*, &c. He flourish'd in 1500. As for the Book's being said to be printed at *Antwerp* (à *Anvers*) 'tis probably, because it was in *Verse* (a Pun upon *Anvers* and *En Vers*).

(12.) *In sacer verbo dotis.*] *In verbo sacerdotis*, *Rabelais* would say, but he plays the Rogue, as if one of us should say, instead of upon a Priest's Honour, upon a Hon Priests Our.

(13.) *And*] Read *For*, according to *Dolet*; not *And* and as in the Edition 1553.

(14.) *The Fair*,] *Foire* in *French* means a Fair, and likewise a *Looseness behind*.

(15.) *Lamibaudichon.*] Friend *Baudichon*. It means, belike, some bowzing Companion. *Baudichon* is however a true Name of a Family of Plough-jobbers, still subsisting in the Neighbourhood of *Sbauwigny* in *Poitou*.

part, such is my *Christian* Charity towards my Neighbours, that I could wish from my Heart every one had as good a Voice; it would make us play the better at the Tennis and the Balloon. And truly (*my Lord*) to express the real Truth without Dissimulation, I cannot but say, that those petty subtil Devices, which are found out in the etymologizing of Patins, would descend more easily into the River of *Seine*, to serve for ever at the Miller's-bridge, as it was heretofore decreed by the King of the *Canarians*, which is to be seen in the Registry and Records within the Clerks Office of this House.

And therefore (*my Lord*) I do most humbly require, that by your Lordship there may be said and declared upon the Case what is reasonable, with *Costs*, *Damages*, and *Interest*. Then said *Pantagruel*, my Friend, is this all you have to say? *Kissebreech* answered, Yes, my Lord; for I have told (16.) all the *tu-autem*, and have not varied at all upon mine Honour in so much as one single Word. You then (said *Pantagruel*) my Lord of *Suckfist*, say what you will, and be brief, without omitting nevertheless any thing that may serve to the Purpose.

CHAP. XII.

How the Lord of Suckfist pleaded before Pantagruel.

THE N began the Lord *Suckfist* in manner as followeth: *My Lord*, and you *my Masters*, if the Iniquity of Men were as easily seen in categorical Judgment, as we can discern Flies in a Milk-pot, the World's four Oxen had not been so eaten up with (1.) Rats, nor

(16.) *All the tu autem, and have not varied.*] I have not either omitted or disguised any thing, any more than does a good Priest, who conscientiously recites the whole Lesson of his Breviary, even to these Words *tu autem, Domine, &c.* which are the Conclusion, and, as it were, *the Burden of the Ballad.*

(1.) *Rats,*] See this explained in the Notes on the Catalogue of St. Victor's Library.

had

had so many Ears upon the Earth been nibbed away so scurvily. For although all that my Adversary hath spoken be of (2.) *Down*, insomuch as concerns the Letter and History of the *Factum*; yet nevertheless, the Subtilties, the *Fineness*, the little sly Intanglements are hid under the Rose-pot.

Should I endure, that, when I am eating my Pottage, equal with the best, and that without either thinking or speaking any manner of ill, they rudely come to vex, trouble, and perplex my Brains, ringing in my Ears that old Jingle.

(3.) *He that will in his Pottage drink,
When he is dead, shall not see one wink.*

And, good Lady! how many great Captains have we seen in the Day of Battle, when in open Field the *Sacrament* was distributed in Luncheons of the *sanctified Bread* of the Confraternity, the more honestly to nod their Heads, play on the Lute, crack with their Tails, and make pretty little platform Leaps. But now the World is unshackled from the Corners of the Packs of (4.) *Leicester*, one flies out lewdly and becomes debauch'd; another likewise five, four and two, and that at such random, that if the Court take not some course therein, it will make as bad a Season in Matter of Gleaning this Year, as ever it made, or it will make Goblets. If any poor Creature go to the Stoves to illuminate his Muzzle with a Cow-turd, or to buy Winter-boots, and that the Serjeants passing by, or those of the Watch happen to receive the Decoction of a Clyster, or the fecal Matter of a Close-stool, upon their Rustling-wrangling-

(2.) *Down*,] *Tho' Dumet*, or *Duvet*, as 'tis call'd in some Provinces, mean *Down* (or soft Feathers) and therefore would make one think at first, that it alludes to the smooth-tonguedness of the Adversary, yet it means *exactly* to a *Farthing* as it were, as you would nip off with Pincers the *Down* from Woollen Stuffs.

(3.) *He that, &c.*] *Qui boit, &c.* This they say to Children to keep 'em from drinking in their Broth, which thus being cool'd would do their Stomachs no good.

(4.) *Leicester*.] *Lucastre* in the Original, perhaps corruptly for *Leicester*. *Packs* means *Wool-Packs*. *Leicestershire* Wool in *Rabelais's* Time, was much valu'd in *France*, especially by the People about *Rouen*. See more in *M. du C.*

clutterkeeping

clutterkeeping Masterships, should any because of that makebold to clip the Shillings and Testers, and fry the wooden Dishes? Sometimes when we think one Thing, God does another; and *when the Sun is set, all Beasts are in the Shade*. Let me never be believed again, if I do not gallantly prove it by several People, that have seen the Light of the Day.

In the Year thirty and six, buying a *Dutch* Curtail, which was a middle siz'd Horse, both high and short, of a Wool good enough, and dyed in Grain, as the Goldsmiths assured me, although the *Notary* put an *Esc.* in it: I told really, that I was not a *Clerk* of so much Learning as to snatch at the Moon with my Teeth; but as for the Butter-firkin, where *Vulcanian's* Deeds and Evidences were sealed, the Rumour was, and the Report thereof went current, that *Salt-beef will make one find the Way to the Wine* (5.) *without a Candle*, though it were hid in the Bottom of a Collier's Sack, and that with his Drawers on he were mounted on a barbed Horse furnished with a Frontal, and such Arms, Thighs, and Leg-pieces as are requisite for the well frying and broiling of a swaggering Sawciness. Here is a Sheeps-head, and it is well they make a Proverb of this, that it is good to see (6.) *black Cows in burnt Wood*, when one attains to the Enjoyment of his Love. I had a Consultation upon this Point with my Masters the Clerks, who for Resolution concluded in *Frisefomorum*, that there is nothing like to mowing in the Summer, and sweeping clean away in Water, well garnished with Paper, Ink, Pens, and Penknives of *Lyons* upon the River of *Rhosne*; (7.) *dolopym dolop of, tarabin tarabas, tut prut pish*: for incontinently after that Armour begins to smell of Garlick, the Rust will go near to eat the Liver, not of him that wears it; and then do they nothing else but with-

(5.) *Without a Candle,*] Add at *Midnight*.

(6.) *Black Cows, &c.*] That is, to feed one's self up with Fancies, as nothing else but a strong Fancy can persuade one, that in the Obscurity of the Night he can see black Cows in Wood burnt in the Chimney of the Chamber he lies in.

(7.) *Dolopym dolop of*] This is not in *D. Chat*. *Tarabintarabas* is, according to *Corg.* an Interjection of Interruption, like our *Pish, Pish, Tut, Tut, &c.*

stand others Courfes, and wry-neckedly fet up their Bristles againſt one another, in lightly paſſing over their Afternoon's Sleep : and this is that which maketh Salt ſo dear. My Lords, believe not, when the ſaid good Woman had, with Birdlime, caught the ſhovelar Fowl, the better before a Serjeant's Witneſs, to deliver the younger Son's Portion to him, that the Sheep's Pluck, or Hog's-haſlet, did dodge and ſhrink back in the Uſurers Purſes, or that there could be any thing better to preſerve one from the *Cannibals*, than to take a Rope of Onions, knit with three Hundred Turnips, and a little of a Calf's Chaldern of the beſt Allay that the Alchymiſts have : and that they *lute* and *calcine* theſe Pantoffles, *muſ* in *nuf* out, *Mouſlin mouſlard*, with the fine Sauce of the (8.) Juice of the Rabble-rout, whiſt they hide themſelves in ſome petty Moldwarp-hole, ſavouring always the Bacon. Now if the Dice will not favour you with any other Throw but *Ambeface*, and the Chance of Three at the great End, mark well the *Ace* ; then take me your Dame, ſettle her in a Corner of the Bed, and whiſk me her up *drille trille, there, there* ; then a hearty Draught of the beſt *depifcando grenovillibus*, in *deſpite of the Frogs* ; whoſe fair coarſe bebuskined Stockings ſhall be ſet apart for the little mued Goſlings, which, fattened in a Coop, take delight to ſport themſelves at the Wagtail Game, waiting for the beating of the Metal, and heating of the Wax by the *flawering Drivellers of Conſolation*.

Very true it is, that the four Oxen which are indubate, and whereof mention was made, were ſomewhat ſhort in Memory : nevertheleſs, to underſtand the Game aright, they feared neither the Cormorant nor (9.) Mallard

(8.) *Juice of the Rabble-rout.*] *Sauce de Raballe.* Cotgrave ſays *Raballe* is a certain Root, the Juice of which makes pretty Sauce. Whence Sir T. U. ſhou'd fetch his *Rable-rout* I can't gueſs. Mr. du C. ſays *Sauce de Raballe* means the *Juice of a good Crabtree Cudgel* or *Oaken-plant*. A good Threſhing. *Raballe* quaſi *Rebats-le* ; *beat him and beat him again*.

(9.) *Mallard of Savoy.*] By *Canard de Savoye*, i. e. The Mallard or Drake of Savoy, *Rabelais* hints at the *Vaudois* ſubject to the Duke of Savoy, and he calls them *Canards*, as being thought to be imbued in the ſame Opinions with the *Cagots* (i. e. Hypocrites ; alſo white

Mallard of *Savoy*, which put the good People of my Country in great hope, that their Children sometime should become very skilful in *Algorism*; therefore is it, that by a Law *Rubrick* and special Sentence thereof, that we cannot fail to take the Wolf, if we make our Hedges higher than the Windmill, whereof somewhat was spoken by the Plaintiff. But the great Devil did envy it, and put the *High-dutch* far behind, who played the Devils in swilling down and tipping at the good Liquor, *trink meen beer, trink, trink*, by two of my Tablemen, in the Corner-point I have gained the Lurch; for it is not probable, nor is there any Appearance of Truth in this Saying, (10.) at *Paris*, upon a little Bridge,

white Lepers) or *Canards* of *Bearn*, who were in old time obliged to wear on their Clothes the Mark of a Goose or Duck's Foot, because they were look'd upon to be equally infected with Leprosy and Herefy; for which Reason, by this Mark they were tacitly exhorted to have recourse to the Waters of Grace, there to wash themselves again and again incessantly, as Ducks do. The Scaligerana, letter C. *Les Chaignards*, i. e. the Caignards, are a Remnant of the Albigenſes, call'd thus in Dauphiné and in the Mountains. These People are very strong in Disputation, or understood the Gammut (as I take *la Game* to mean) aright; so that the surest way to conquer 'em has always been to disperse them.

(10.) *At Paris, upon a little Bridge, the Hen is proportionable:]* Here the Translator is so very unintelligible, that I won't say as did a *Punſter*, on such an Occasion, *there's no apprehending him without a Constable*; but I will defy any Body to apprehend him with a Constable, or with all the Constables in Europe. Rabelais's Words are *A Paris sus petit pont geline de feurre*, i. e. *At Paris on the petit pont* (a Bridge there, call'd the Little Bridge) *Barn-door Fowls to be sold*. Now *Geline* (from *Gallina* no doubt) is a *Hen*: *Feurre* (from the Latin barbarous *Fodrum*, *Fodder*, *Pabulum*) is *Straw*: so that *geline de feurre* is the same as *geline de paillier* (*palea*) a *Straw-heap* or *Chaff-heap-fowl*; or, as *Cotgrave* explains it, a *Dunghill-ben*, a *Hen that's fed at the Barn-door*. Having thus pav'd the Way for the right understanding of *Barn-door Fowls to be sold on the little Bridge at Paris*, let us hear what *M. du Chat* says upon it. This is one of the most ancient *Cries* at *Paris*, which in *Rabelais's* time being set to Musick by the famous *Janequin*, together with many more the like *Cries*, made a Song which was printed with three others of the same Musician at *Venice*, by *Jerom Scott*, 1550. And this Cry signify'd, that then were sold at *Paris*, on the *Petit-pont*, *Barn-door Fowls*, not so fat indeed as cramm'd ones, but more delicious to eat in some People's Opinions. To conclude, these *Barn-door Fowls*, which were suffer'd to run about and were not coop'd up and fed with Corn, &c. (Pollard, I think

Bridge, the Hen is proportionable : and were they as copped and high-crested as marish Whoops, if veritably they did not sacrifice the Printers *Pumpet-balls* at *Morreb*, with a new Edge set upon them by *Text* Letters, or those of a swift-writing Hand, it is all one to me ; so that the Headband of the Book breed not Moths or Worms in it. And put the Case, that at the coupling together of the Buck-hounds, the little Puppies should have waxed proud before the *Notary* could have given an Account of the serving of his *Writ* by the Cabalistical Art, it will necessarily follow (under Correction of the better Judgment of the Court) that six Acres of Meadow-ground of the greatest Breadth will make three Butts of fine Ink, without paying ready Money. Considering that at the Funeral of King *Charles*, we might have had the Fathom in open Market for *Dence-ace* ; this I may affirm with a safe Conscience upon my Oath of Wool.

And I see ordinarily in all good Bagpipes, that when they go to the counterfeiting of the chirping of small Birds, by swinging a Broom three times about a Chimney, and putting his Name upon Record, they do nothing but bend a Cross-bow backward, and wind a Horn, if perhaps it be too hot, and that by making it fast to a Rope he was to draw, immediately after the Sight of the Letters, the Cows were restored to him. Such another Sentence (11.) after the homeliest Manner was pronounced in the seventeenth Year, because of the bad Government of *Louzesfougrouse* ; whereunto it may please the Court to have regard. I desire to be rightly understood ; for truly I say not, but that in all Equity, and with an upright Conscience, those may very well be dispossess'd, who drink *Holy-water*, as one would

I think we call it, from *Poularde* a fat Hen) was the only Poultry permitted by the *Lex Fannia*, to be serv'd up at great Mens Tables ; perhaps it was Frugality which brought it in vogue in the Reign of *Francis I.* who had even prohibited the eating of Roastmeat for Dinner.

(11.) *After the homeliest Manner.*] So *Cotgrave*. indeed renders *à la Martingale* ; but gives no Reason for it. *M. du Chat* says it may mean at *Martinmas*, or in the Parliament of *Provence*, the Country of the ancient *Martegaux*.

do a Weaver's Shuttle, whereof Suppositories are made to those that will not resign; but on the Terms of *ell* and *tell*, and giving of one Thing for another. *Tunc* (my Lords) *quid juris pro minoribus*? For the common Custom of the *Salick* Law is such, that the first Incendiary or Fire-brand of Sedition, that slays the Cow, and wipes his Nose in (12.) a full Concert of Musick, without blowing in the Cobler's Stitches, should in the time of the Night-mare sublimate the Penury of his Member by Moss gathered when People are like to *founder* themselves at the *Mass* at Midnight, (13.) to give the *Estrapade* to these White-wines of *Anjou*, (14.) that do *Gambetta*, Neck to Neck, (15.) after the Fashion of *Britany*. Concluding as before with *Costs*, *Damages*, and *Interests*.

After that the Lord of *Suckfist* had ended, *Pantagruel* said to the Lord of *Kissebreech*, My Friend, have you a mind to make any Reply to what is said? No, (my Lord) answered *Kissebreech*; for I have spoke all I intended, and nothing but the Truth, therefore put an End for God's-sake to our Difference; for we are here at great Charge.

(12.) *Full Concert.*] *Plain-chant* (in the *French*) i. e. plain Song. Sir T. U. mistook *planus* for *plenus*.

(13.) *To give the Estrapade.*] To throw Wine down the Throat till it stops in the Stomach, in like manner as an unhappy Wretch under the Punishment of the Strappade is stopp'd, within a Foot or two of the Pavement.

(14.) *That do Gambetta.*] This is hardly to be understood; *qui font la jambette*, means, to give a Man a Trip or Foil.

(15.) *After the Fashion of Britany.*] Wines which makes those that drink them stumble, as the *Bretons* throw each other on their Backs by a certain Trip in Wrestling call'd *Jambette* in *French*; *Gambetta* in *Italian*.

C H A P. XIII.

How Pantagruel gave Judgment upon the Difference of the two Lords.

THEN *Pantagruel*, rising up, assembled all the Presidents, Counsellors, and Doctors that were there, and said unto them; Come now, my Masters, you have heard (*vivæ vocis oraculo*) the Controversy that is in Question, what do you think of it? They answered him. We have indeed heard it; but have not understood (the Devil) so much as one Circumstance of the Case; and therefore we beseech you *unâ voce*, and in Courtesy request you, that you would give Sentence as you think good; and *ex nunc prout ex tunc*, we are satisfied with it, and do ratify it with our full Consents. Well, my Masters, said *Pantagruel*, seeing you are so pleased, I will do it: but I do not truly find the Case so difficult as you make it: Your Paragraph *Caton* (1) the Law *Frater*, the Law *Gallus*, the Law *Quinque pedum*, the Law *Vinum*, the Law *Si Dominus*, the Law *Mater*, the Law *Mulier bona*, the Law *Si quis*, the Law *Pomponius*, the Law *Fundi*, the Law *Emptor*, the Law *Prætor*, the Law *Venditor*; and a great many others are far more intricate in my Opinion. After he had spoke this, he walked a Turn or two about the Hall, plodding very profoundly as one may think; for he did groan like

(1.) *The Law Frater, &c.*] We have a Commentary by *Francis Hotman* on some of these Laws and on others likewise, printed in 4to at Lyons, 1564. under the Title of *Fr. Hotomanus in sex* (tho' I can count but five) *leges obscurissimas*, L. *Gallus*, L. *Vinum*, L. *Frater à Fratre*, L. *Eam, quam*, L. *Precibus*. And altho' the Obscurity of many of these Laws, specified by *Pantagruel*, is naturally enough express'd in these two Verses.

*Damnetur Frater, damnetur leſſaque Mater,
Damnetur Gallus, damnetur Filius ejus.*

Yet have several of the most celebrated Lawyers of *Germany*, *France*, and *Italy*, commented, since *Hotman*, on the Law *Frater à Fratre*, and on the Law *Gallus*.

an Afs, whilst they girth him too hard, with the very Intensiveness of considering how he was bound in Conscience to do Right to both Parties, without varying or accepting of Persons. Then he returned, sat down, and began to pronounce Sentence as followeth :

Having seen, heard, calculated, and well considered of the Difference between the Lords of *Kissebreech* and *Suckfist* ; the Court saith unto them, that in regard of the sudden Shivering of the Flickermouse, bravely declining from the *Estival Solstice*, to attempt by private Means the Surprizal of toyish Trifles in those, who are a little unwell for having taken a Draught too much, through the lewd Demeanour and Vexation of the (2) Beetles, that inhabit the (3) *Diarodal* Climate of an hypocritical Ape on Horseback, bending a Cross-bow backwards. The Plaintiff truly had just Cause to *causet*, [caulk] and stop the Chinks of the Gallion, which the good Woman blew up with Wind, having one Foot shod and the other bare, re-imburfing and restoring to him, low and stiff in his Conscience, as many Bladder-nuts and wild *Pisfaches* as there is of Hair in eighteen Cows, with as much for the Embroiderer, and so much for that. He is likewise declared innocent of the Case privileged from the *Knapdardies*, into the Danger whereof it was thought he had incurred ; because he could not jocundly and with fullness of Freedom untruss and dung, by the Decision of a pair of Gloves perfumed with the Scent of Bum-gun-shot, at (4) the Walnut-tree Taper, as is usual in his Country of *Mirobalois*. Slacking therefore the Top-sail, and letting go the Boulin with the Brazen-bullets, wherewith the Mariners did by way of Protestation bake in Paste-meat (5) great Store of Pulse interquilted with the

(2.) Beetles,] Read, lucifugous *Nycticoraces*.

(3.) *Diarodal*] The Author's Word in *Diarhemal*. That is, says the Dutch Scholiast, the Climate which passes thro' Rome : Seven according to the Ancients, nine according to the Moderns.

(4.) *Walnut-tree Taper*,] *Gbandelle de Noix*. Nut-lights. In *Mirebalais*, where Tallow is scarcer than Nuts, they burn great Quantities of Nut-oil in Lamps made like a Candlestick.

(5.) *Great Store of Pulse interquilted with the Dormouse*,] Here the Translator mistakes the River Loire for *Loir a Dormouse*. *Rabelais's* Words are *legumaiges du Laire*, Pulse of the Loire. There are

the Dormouse, whose Hawks Bells were made with a *Puntinaria*, after the Manner of *Hungary* or *Flanders* Lace, and which his Brother-in-law carried in a Painer, lying near to *three Chevrons Or bordered Gueules*, whilst he was clean out of Heart, drooping and crest-fallen by the too narrow sifting, canvassing, and curious examining of the Matter, in the angular Dog-hole of nasty Scoundrels, from whence we shoot at the *vermiformal* Popingay, with the Flap made of a Fox-tail.

But in that he chargeth the Defendant, that he was a Botcher, (6) Cheese-eater, and Trimmer of (7) Man's Flesh imbalm'd; which in the arsilvery swagfal Tumble was not found true, as by the Defendant was very well discussed.

The Court therefore doth condemn and amerce him in three Porringers of Curds, well cemented and closed together, shining like Pearls, and cod-pieced after the Fashion of the Country, to be paid unto the said Defendant about the Middle of *August* in *May*: but on the other Part, the Defendant shall be bound to furnish him with Hay and Stubble, for stopping the Caltraps of his Throat, troubled and *impulregafixed*, with Gabardines garbeled shufflingly, and Friends as before, *without Costs* and for Cause.

Which Sentence being pronounced, the two Parties departed both contented with the Decree; which was a

two Rivers of that Name in *France*, or I'm much out in my Geography, one *le Loire* and t'other *la Loire*: the latter running thro' the Heart of *France* some Hundreds of Miles together, the other branching from it, but of no great Note or Extent.

(6.) Cheese-eater,] *Tyrosageux*. From the *Greek* *Τυροφάγος*.

(7.) Man's Flesh imbalm'd;] *Mommie* in *French*. *Belon*, speaking of the *Cedria*, or black Pitch, which the *French* call *Goudron*, says it is the Thing which anciently the *Ægyptians* made use of to preserve dead Bodies, of which is made that Drug we call Mummy. [See *Belon's Singularitez*, &c. l. 2. c. 3.] I like the *Dutch* Definition of a Mummy, much better, *zeker stoffe gelyk pik, komende van gebalsemde ligbaamen uyt Arabia, of zynde uyt Foodenlym gemaakt*. That is, a certain Stuff like Pitch, being the Substance of embalm'd Bodies from *Arabia*: or else made of *Jews Lime*, a *Bitumen* so call'd; a fat clammy Substance.

Thing almost incredible : (8) for it never came to pass *since the great Rain* ; nor shall the like occur in thirteen Jubilees hereafter, that *two Parties*, contradictorily contending in Judgment, be equally satisfied and well pleased with the *definitive Sentence*. As for the Counsellors, and other Doctors in the Law that were there present, they were all so ravished with Admiration at the more than human Wisdom of *Pantagruel*, which

(8.) *For it never came to pass——definitive Sentence.*] The Edition of *Dolet* has not these four Lines. They were added in that of 1553. The Reader will not, I dare say, think it tedious to peruse *M. du Cbar's* Recapitulation of the Contents of this and the two preceding Chapters. *Rabelais*, says he, has imitated in Prose *Marot's* two wild Discourses of a Cock and a Bull in Verse, a Sort of Poetry which has been justly found fault with by *Joachim du Bellay*. Here the Subject-matter is a great Law-suit which had lasted several Years between two noble Personages of the Kingdom of *France*. There had been for a long Time a Paper-war carried on between them, numberless Law-Pieces had been drawn up on both sides, all the Courts had been gone thro', and a Legion of Citations foreign to the Point, as the Mode then was, had only serv'd to puzzle and darken the Affair, instead of unravelling and clearing it up. Both Plaintiff and Defendant being quite tired out with this Way of Proceeding, and having heard much Talk of *Pantagruel* and his profound and universal Knowledge, they intreated him to examine into the Points in dispute between them, and finally decide their Suit according to his own Opinion without conferring with any other Judge whatsoever. He readily undertook this Task, on condition that, all the Papers that had been drawn up between them being first burnt, the Parties themselves would plead their own Cause personally before him, since each being certainly best acquainted with his own Business, and both of them Persons of Veracity and Integrity, as he suppos'd them to be, they would relate their Matter to him naturally without any thing that was either untrue or not pertinent to the Case. Accordingly they appear, and each pleads his own Cause ; the Plaintiff under the Name of *Kifs-broeck*, and the Defendant under that of *Suck-fizzle* (for that's the Meaning of *Rabelais's* *Humevesne*) to intimate the mean unworthy Part that Suitors are oftentimes forced to act. But, as in those Days [but not since to be sure] the *Pleadings* at the Bar were no less obscure, nor less full of Trumpery than the Writings of the Advocates, which is signified by that Heap of incoherent Stuff and Torrent of Nonsense on the Part both of Plaintiff and Defendant, who knew nothing of their Affair, except from those Writings which they had indeed but too much and too often pored over ; hence it comes, that *Pantagruel's* Degree is not a whit more intelligible than either of the Pleader's Discourses. Both Parties, however, are satisfied with the Sentence which he passed, because neither of them saw any thing in it that cou'd tend to make him think he had lost his Cause.

they

they did most clearly perceive to be in him, by his so accurate Decision of this so difficult and thorny Cause, that their Spirits, with the Extremity of the Rapture, being elevated above the Pitch of actuating the Organs of the Body, they fell into a Trance and sudden Extasy, wherein they stayed for the Space of three long Hours; and had been so as yet in that Condition, had not some good People fetched Store of Vinegar and Rose-water to bring them again unto their former Sense and Understanding. For the which God be praised every where; And so be it.

C H A P. XIV.

How Panurge related the Manner how he escaped out of the Hands of the Turks.

THE great Wit and Judgment of *Pantagrue* was immediately after this made known to all the World, by setting forth his Praises in print, and putting upon Record this late wonderful Proof he hath given thereof amongst the Rolls of the Crown, and Registers of the Palace, in such sort, that every body began to say, that *Solomon*, who by a probable Guess only, without any further Certainty, caused the Child to be delivered to its own Mother, shewed never in his Time such a Master-piece of Wisdom, as the good *Pantagrue* had done; happy are we therefore that have him in our Country: And indeed they would have made him thereupon Master of the Requests, and President in the Court: but he refused all, very graciously thanking them for their Offer; for (said he) there is too much *Slavery* in these Offices, and very hardly can they be saved that do exercise them, considering the great Corruption that is amongst Men. Which makes me believe, if the empty Seats of Angels be not fill'd with other kind of People than those, we shall not have the final Judgment these (1) Seven thousand sixty and seven Jubilees yet to come:

(1.) Seven thousand sixty and seven Jubilees] It is in the Original only Thirty seven Jubilees.

and so (2) *Cusanus* will be deceived in his Conjecture. Remember that I have told you of it, and given you fair Advertisement in Time and Place convenient. But if you have any Hogsheads of good Wine, I willingly will accept of a Present of that ; which they very heartily did do, in sending him of the best that was in the City, and he drank reasonably well. But poor *Panurge* bibbed and bows'd of it most villainously ; for he was as dry as a *Red-herring*, as lean as a Rake, and like a poor, lank, slender Cat, walk'd gingerly as if he had trod upon Eggs ; so that by some one being admonished, in the midst of his Draught of a large deep Bowl, full of excellent Claret, with these Words, *fair and softly Gossip*, you suck up as if you were mad : I give thee to the Devil (said he) thou hast not found here thy little tippling Sippers of *Paris*, that drink no more than the *Chaf-finch*, and never take in their Beak full of Liquor, till they be bobbed on the Tails after the Manner of the Sparrows. O Companion, if I could *mount up* as well as I can *get down*, I had been long 'ere this above the Sphere of the Moon (3) with *Empedocles*. But I cannot tell what a Devil this means. This Wine is so good and delicious, that the more I drink thereof, the more I am a thirst. I believe the Shadow of my Master *Pantagrue* maketh Men a-thirsty, as the Moon makes the Catarrhs and Defluxions : at which Word the Company began to laugh ; which *Pantagrue* perceiving said, *Panurge*, what is that which moves you to laugh so ? Sir, said he, I was telling them that these devilish *Turks* are very unhappy, in that they never drink one Drop of Wine ; and that tho' there were no other Harm in all *Mahomet's Alcoran*, yet for this one base Point of Abstinence from Wine, which therein is commanded, I would

(2.) *Cusanus*] *Nicholas de Cusa*, Cardinal, who wrote his Conjectures in 1452. He therein supposes, that as the first World perish'd by a Deluge in the 34th Jubilee of fifty Years, the End of the World would happen in the like 34th Jubilee of the Christian *Æra*, that is, before the Year 1734. I can't dismiss this Article without taking notice that the Words beginning *Which makes me believe*, &c. to *Remember I have told you of it*, &c. are not in *Dolet's* Edition, but added in that of 1553.

(3.) *With Empedocles.*] See *Lucian's Icaromenippus*.

not submit myself unto their Law. But now tell me (said *Pantagruel*) how you escaped out of their Hands. By G—, Sir (said *Panurge*) I will not lie to you in one Word.

The rascally *Turks* had broached me upon a Spit all larded like a Rabbit (for I was so dry and meagre, that otherwise of my Flesh they would have made but very bad Meat) and in this Manner began to roast me alive. As they were thus roasting me, I recommended myself unto the *Divine Grace*, having in my Mind the good *St. Lawrence*, and always hoped in God that he would deliver me out of this Torment, which came to pass, and that very strangely; for as I did commit myself with all my Heart to God, crying, *Lord God help me, Lord God save me, Lord God take me out of this Pain and hellish Torture*, wherein these traiterous Dogs detain me for my Sincerity in the Maintenance of thy Law; the *Turnspit* fell asleep by the Divine Will, or else by the Vertue of some good *Mercury*, who cunningly brought *Argus* into a Sleep for all his hundred Eyes. When I saw that he did no longer turn me in roasting, I looked upon him, and perceived that he was fast asleep; then took I up in my Teeth a Fire-brand by the End where it was not burnt, and cast it into the Lap of my *Roaster*; and another did I throw as well as I could under a Field-bed, that was placed near to the Chimney, wherein was the Straw-bed of my Master *Turnspit*: presently the Fire took hold in the Straw, and from the Straw to the Bed, and from the Bed to the Loft, which was planked and cieled with Firr, after the Fashion of the Foot of a Lamp. But the best was, that the Fire, which I had cast into the Lap of my poultry *Roaster*, burnt all his Groin, and was beginning to seize upon his *Cullions*, when he became sensible of the Danger; for his Smelling was not so bad, but that he felt it sooner than he could have seen Day-light. Then suddenly getting up, and in a great Amazement running to the Window, he cried out to the Streets as high as he could, *Dal-baroth, Dal-baroth, Dal-baroth*; which is as much to say, *Fire, Fire, Fire*: incontinently turning about, he came streight towards me, to throw me quite into the Fire; and to that Effect, had already cut the Ropes

wherewith my Hands were tied, and was undoing the Cords from off my Feet, when the Master of the House hearing him cry *Fire*, and smelling the Smoak from the very Street where he was walking with some other *Bashaws* and (4) *Mustapha's*, ran with all the speed he had to save what he could, and to carry away his (5) Jewels; yet such was his Rage (before he could well resolve how to go about it) that he caught the Broach whereon I was spitted, and therewith killed my *Roaster* stark dead, of which Wound he died there (6) for want of *Government*, or otherwise; for he ran him in with the Spit a little above the Navel, towards the right Flank, till he pierced the third Lappet of his Liver, and the Blow slanting upwards from the *Diaphragm*, through which it had made *Penetration*, the Spit past athwart the *Pericardium*, and came out above at his Shoulders, betwixt the *Spondyls* and the left *Homoplat*.

True it is (for I will not lie) that in drawing the Spit out of my Body, I fell to the Ground near unto the An-irons, and so by the Fall took some Hurt; which indeed had been greater, but that the *Lardons*, or little Slices of Bacon wherewith I was stuck, kept off the Blow. My *Bashaw* then seeing the Case to be desperate, his House burnt without Remission, and all his Goods lost, gave himself over unto all the Devils in Hell, calling upon some of them by their Names, (7) *Grilgoth*, *Astarot*,
Rap-

(4.) *Mustapha's*.] *Musaffis* in the *French*, which does not mean a Man's Name, but is a common Appellative both in the *Turkish* and *Sclavonian* Tongue for a *Mahometan* Doctor and Prophet.

(5.) *Jewels*.] Read *bis Effects*, not *Jewels*. It is indeed *Bagues* in *French*, but that Word in the Plural means one's whole Substance. *Bague*, in the Singular, means indeed a *Jewel*; but *Bagues* is *le Baggage*, Bag and Baggage. [See *Coig.*] *moy*, *mes gens*, & *mes bagues*. My self, my People, and Goods.

(6.) *For want of Government*.] For want of being well look'd after. *Gouverner* the same as *Penfer*, to dress a Wound. *Mat. Cordier* [*Corderius*] *de corr. serm. emend.* p. 119. of the Edition of 1552. *Quis pensat eum?* Who's his Surgeon? Who governs him?

(7.) *Grilgoth*, *Astarot*, *Rappalus*.] Names of Devils which seem to preside in Conflagrations, ride in the Burnings, and direct the Flames, where every thing is *Broil'd* (*Grill'd*) *Roasted* (*Assus* and *Roti*) *Rapareed* and *Raven'd*, *Rifled*, *Gribouillis* which follows is not in *Dolce's* Edition, but in that of 1553. It is, says *M. du Chat* a
Cor-

Rappalus, and *Gribouillis*, nine several Times ; which when I saw, I had above five Pennyworth of Fear, dreading that the Devils would come even then to carry away this Fool, and seeing me so near him would perhaps snatch me up too. I am ready (thought I) half roasted, and my *Lardons* will be the Cause of my Mischiefs ; for these Devils are very lickorous of *Lardons*, according to the Authority which you have of the Philosopher *Jamblicus* and *Murmault*, in () the Apology of *Bossutis*, adulterated *pro Magistris nostros* : But for my better Security I made the Sign of the Cross ; crying, *Hageos, athanatos hotheos* [*Ho Theos*] and none came. At which, my Rogue *Bashaw*, being very much aggrieved, would in transpiercing his Heart with my Spit have killed himself ; and to that Purpose had set it against his Breast, but it could not enter, because it was not sharp enough. Whereupon I perceiving that he was not like to work upon his Body the Effect which he intended, although he did not spare all the Force he had to thrust it forward, came up to him and said, Master *Bugrino*, thou dost here but trifle away thy Time, for thou wilt never kill thyself thus as thou doest. Well, (o) thou may'st hurt or bruise somewhat within thee, so as to make thee languish all thy Life-time most pitifully a-

Corruption of *Griboury*, which *Oudin* renders *il bau, folletto, sarfadello, demonio*. [*Bau, bau*, in Italian is our *boe-peep*. *Folletto* our *Robin Goodfellow* : innocent merry Devils. *Gribouillis* means something truculent, and alludes both to *Grilling* and *Boiling*. But enough of these diabolical Cook-Ruffians. Pray God send me Bread ; *French* Bread, if Beggars may be Chusers ; and the Devil may keep his Cooks to himself.

(8.) *The Apology, &c.*] Read *de Bossutis & contrefaitus* (not adulterated) *pro Magistris nostros*. *John Murmault* or *Murmellius* of *Ruremonde*, whose Name was up in 1513. This Man who was perhaps *bessu* (hulch back'd) or otherwise *contrefait*, as the *French* say (deform'd) had belike written some Apology for himself and Brethren, in answer to some Satyr, which charg'd them with being *Bacon-nimmers*, *Neck-twisters*, and Men, for the most Part, of as ill-contriv'd Minds as Bodies.

(9.) *Thou may'st hurt or bruise somewhat, &c.*] In the *French* it is *Biente blefferas quelque hurte*, i.e. *Thou may'st wound thyself in some Place*. *Quelque hurte* is the same as *Quelque part*. *Hurte* does not mean our English *Hurt* but a *Place* : from the German *Ort*, in *Latin-Locus*, from whence the *Latin-barbarous* *ortare*. See more of this in *Du Chat*, *Cotgrave*, and others.

mongst

mongst the Hands of the Chirurgeons ; but if thou wilt be counsell'd by me, I will kill thee clear outright, so that thou shalt not so much as feel it ; and trust me, for I have killed a great many others, who never have complain'd afterwards. Ha, my Friend, said he, I prithee do so, and for thy Pains I will give thee my (10) *Codpiece* ; take, here it is, there are six hundred *Seraphs* in it, and some fine Diamonds, and most excellent Rubies. And where are they, said *Epistemon* ? By St. *John*, said *Panurge*, they are a good way hence, if they always keep going : but where is the last Year's Snow ? This was the greatest Care that *Villon* the *Parisian* Poet took. Make an End, said *Pantagruel*, that we may know how thou didst dress thy *Bashaw* : by the Faith of an honest Man, said *Panurge*, I do not lie in one Word ; I swaddled him in a scurvy Swathel-binding, which I found lying there half burnt, and with my Cords tied him Royster-like both Hand and Foot, in such sort that he was not able to winse ; then pass my Spit through his Throat, and hang'd him thereon, fastening the End thereof at two great Hooks or Cramp-irons, upon which they did hang their Halberds ; and then, kindling a Fire under him, did flame you up my *Milourt*, as they use to dry Herrings in a Chimney : with this, taking his Budget, and a little Javelin that was upon the foresaid Hooks, I ran away a fair Gallop-rake, and God he knows how I did smell my Shoulder of Mutton.

When I was come down into the Street, I found every body come to put out the Fire with Store of Water, and seeing me so half-roasted, they did naturally pity my Case, and threw all their Water upon me, which, by a most joyful refreshing of me, did me very much good. Then did they present me with some Victuals, but I could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink but *Water* after their Fashion. Other Hurt they did me none, only one (11.) little villainous *Turky* knob-breasted

(10.) *Codpiece* ;] *Budget* it should be : *Bougette*, not *Brayette*, as it is in the erroneous Editions.

(11.) *Little villainous*, &c.] *Turks* love Bacon, the more because it is prohibited Meat. Under this drolling Tale, *Rabelais* rubs up a certain

breasted Rogue came to snatch away some of my *Lardons*; but I gave him such a sturdy Thump, and (12) found Rap on the Fingers, with all the Weight of my Javelin, that he came no more the second time. Shortly after this, there came towards me a pretty young (13) *Corinthian Wench*, who brought me a Box full of Conserve, of round *Myrabolan* Plums, called *Emblicks*; and looked upon my poor *Roger* with an Eye of great Compassion, as it was flea-bitten and pinked with the Sparkles of the Fire from whence it came; for it reached no further in length (believe me) than my Knees. But note, that this roasting cured me entirely of a *Sciatica*, whereunto I had been subject above seven Years before, upon that Side which my *Roaster*, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

Now whilst they were thus busy about me, the Fire triumphed, never ask, how? For it took hold on above two thousand Houses; which one of them espying cried out, saying, by *Mahoom's* Belly all the City is on fire, and we do nevertheless stand gazing here, without offering to bring any Relief. Upon this, every one ran to save his own. For my Part, I took my way towards the Gate. When I was got upon the Knap of a little Hillock, not far off, I turned me about as did *Lot's* Wife, and, looking back, saw all the City burning in a fair Fire: whereat I was so glad, that I had almost beshit myself for Joy: but God punished me well for it. How? said *Pantagruel*. Thus, said *Panurge*; for when with Pleasure I beheld this jolly Fire, jesting with myself, and saying, *Ha poor Fleas, ha poor Mice*, you will have a bad Winter of it this Year; the Fire is in your Reeks,

certain *Sorbonist*, who wanted to have our Author burnt for a Heretic. As for the Fellows that snatch'd at the Bacon, being Hump-breasted, not Hump-back'd, *Rabelais* says that of him, because such a one, resembling a lean Fowl, wanted some Bacon to lard and repair that Leanness, as the Breasts of lean Capons and Chickens are serv'd.

(12.) *Gave a sound Rap, &c.*] *Donnor Dronos*. A *Toulouse* Phrase. See it prettily descanted upon by *D. C.*

(13.) *Corinthian Wench*,] Of the same Disposition with those *Corinthian* Females of Antiquity, who in the Prol. to l. 3. are said to be so stout-hearted, that, tho' they were ever so prudish or old, yet would they furbush up the Harness, &c. See *Erasmus's* Adages in the Word *Corinthiari*.

it is in your *Bed-straw* : Out came more than six, yea (14) more than thirteen hundred and eleven Dogs great and small, altogether out of the Town, flying away from the Fire. At the first Approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the Scent of my leacherous half-roasted Flesh, and had even then devoured me in a Trice, if my good Angel had not well inspired me with the Instruction of a Remedy, very sovereign against the *Pain of the Teeth*. And wherefore, said *Pantagrue*, wert thou afraid of the *Pain of the Teeth*? wert thou not cured of thy Rheums? By *Palm-Sunday*, said *Panurge*, is there any greater *pain of the Teeth* than when the Dogs have you by the Legs? But on a sudden (as my good Angel directed me) I thought upon my *Lardons*, and threw them into the midst of the Field among them : then did the Dogs run, and fight with one another at fair Teeth, which should have the *Lardons* : by this means they left me, and I left them also bustling with, and haring one another. Thus did I escape frolick and lively, *Grammercy Roast-meat, and Cookery*.

CHAP. XV.

How Panurge shewed a very new way to build the Walls of Paris.

P*antagrue*, one Day to refresh himself of his Study, went a walking towards St. *Marcel's* Suburbs, to see the Extravaganey of the *Gobeline* Building, and to taste of the spiced Bread. *Panurge* was with him, having always a Flagon under his Gown, and a good Slice of a Gammon of Bacon ; for without this he never went, saying, That it was his *Life-guard* ; other Sword carried he none. And when *Pantagrue* would have given him

(14.) *More than thirteen hundred and eleven Dogs, &c.*] Among the *Turks*, except some very small and exceeding pretty Dogs of *Malta* or *Poland*, belonging to Women of the first Rank, all the other Dogs have no particular Owners, but run about the Streets : but the other Dogs abovementioned have as much Care taken of them, and are dress'd as fine as the Master or Mistress that owns them.

one,

one, he answered, that he needed none, for that it would but *beat his Feiis* (Milt). Yea, but, said *Epistemon*, if thou should'st be set upon, how would'st thou defend thyself? (1.) With great *Brodkin* Blows, answered he, provided *Thrusts* were forbidden. At their Return, *Panurge* considered the Walls of the City of *Paris*, and in Derision said to *Pantagruel*, (2.) See what fair *Walls* here are! O how strong they are, and well fitted to keep Geese in a Coop to fatten them! By my Beard they are very sorry *Walls* for such a City as this is; for a Cow with one Fart would go near to overthrow above six Fathoms of them. O my Friend, said *Pantagruel*, dost thou know what *Agessilaus* said, when he was asked, Why the great City of *Lacedemon* was not inclosed with *Walls*? shewing them the Inhabitants and Citizens, so strong, so well armed, and so expert in military Discipline; *Lo here*, said he, *the Walls of the City*: signifying thereby, that (3.) there is no *Wall* but of *Bones*, and that Towns and Cities cannot have a surer *Wall*, nor better Fortification, than the Prowess and Virtue of the Citizens and Inhabitants. So is this City so strong, by the great Number of warlike People that are in it, that they care not for making any other *Walls*.

(1.) *With great Brodkin Blows, provided Thrusts were forbidden.*] It means, *he would defend himself with kicking* (for Brodequin is a Buskin or Boot) *provided Raipers, i. e. long small Swords (Esfocs, Tucks) were forbidden.* For, against such a Weapon, which could reach him at a Distance, his kicking would have done him no Service.

(2.) *See what fair Walls here are!*] The Emperor *Charles Vth*, with his Army threatening *Paris* in 1544; then and not before, the *French* began to fortify it, and repair the Walls thereof, which, it seems, by what *Panurge* says, were become so ruinous, a young Goose might easily have got over them, if it had not *mev'd*, i. e. cast its Feathers, for that's the meaning of the *French* Word *mue* (from whence we have it, or rather both of us from the *Latin muto*.) *Mue* likewise signifies a Coop, as *Sir T. U.* interprets it here: *O how strong these Walls are, and well fitted to keep Geese in a Coop to fatten 'em.* Which of these two Constructions is rightest, I must leave to the Reader's own Judgment: Our Author's Words are, *O que fortes sont (ces murailles) & bien en point pour garder les oisons en mue!*

(3.) *There is no Wall but of Bones,*] It is literally so indeed; but 'tis a Gallicism and means, *there's no Wall like that of Bones, if n' est muraille que de os, i. e. the Inhabitants of a Town are themselves the best Walls.*

Besides,

Besides, whosoever would go about to wall it, as *Strafbourg*, (4.) *Orleans*, or *Ferrara*, would find it almost impossible; the Cost and Charges would be so excessive. Yea, but, said *Panurge*, it is good nevertheless to have an *Outside of Stone*, when we are invaded by our Enemies, were it but to ask, Who is below there? As for the enormous Expence, which you say would be needful for undertaking the great Work of walling this City about, if the Gentlemen of the Town will be pleased to give me a good round Cup of Wine, I will shew them a pretty, strange, and new Way how they may build them cheap enough. How, said *Pantagruel*? Do not speak of it then, answered *Panurge*, and I will tell it you. I see that (5.) the *what d'ye Call-ums* of the Women of this Country are cheaper than Stones: of them

(4.) *Orleans*,] The strong Walls of *Orleans* were razed by Order of the Court, soon after the Peace of 1562. The Walls of *Ferrara* were not only high and strong, but flank'd with Towers and good Bastions, which, after it came into the Pope's Hands, were greatly augmented and enlarg'd instead of being suffer'd to go to decay.

(5.) *The what d'ye Call-ums of the Women, &c.*] In the Original it is, *Callibistris des femmes*. Why *Callibistri* (for that is the Singular of *Callibistris*) should signify a Woman's *tufted Hangars*, I know not, unless it comes from the Greek *Καλλιβοτρυς* *pulchros racemos habens*. *M. du Chat* says nothing to it, thinking it a ticklish Point perhaps. *M. le Roux*, in his Dictionary of *Proph* Words, says it means *le centre de l'amour, ou la nature d'une femme, le Temple de Venus*. *Oudin* likewise confines the Word to a Woman's secret Parts, *natura della donna*; but *Rabelais* uses the same for a Monk's *Pudenda* likewise in the next Chapter. To return to *M. du Chat*: he tells us, he has read of a Woman who having by her last Will and Testament left the *Franciscans* of *Amiens* a Piece of Land call'd *Callibistry*, those good Fathers put the following Epitaph under their Great Church Porch.

*Cy git Louison la conturiree
Qui par devotion singuliere
Laisa aux Cordeliers d'icy
Son si jolly Callibistry.*

In English.

Here lies the Seamstress *Louison*,
Who so well lov'd the Mystry;
She left the Friars of this Town
Her pretty *Callibistry*.

should

should the *Walls* be built, ranging them in good Symmetry by the Rules of *Architecture*, and placing the largest in the first Rank, then sloping downwards Ridgeways, like the Back of an *Ass*; the middle sized ones must be ranked next, and last of all the least and smallest. This done, there must be a fine little interlacing of them, like Points of *Diamonds*, as is to be seen in the great Tower of *Bourges*, with a like Number of the lusty *Catfoes* that dwell in the *claustral* Codpieces. What *Devil* were able to overthrow such *Walls*? There is no Metal like it to resist Blows, insofar that if (6.) Culverin-shot should come to graze upon it, you would incontinently see distil from thence the blessed Fruit of the great Pox, as small as Rain. Beware in the Name of the Devils, and hold off. Furthermore, no Thunderbolt or Lightning would fall upon it; for why? They are all either *blest* or *consecrated*. I see but one Inconveniency in it. Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha, said *Pantagruel*, and what is that? It is that the Flies would be so lickorish of them, to a Wonder, and would quickly gather there together, and there leave their Ordure and Excretions, and so all the Work would be spoiled. But see how that might be remedied: they must be wiped and made rid of the Flies with fair Fox-tails, or good great *Ass-pizzles* of *Provence*. And to this purpose I will tell you, as we go to Supper, a brave Example set down by *Frater Lubinus, libro de computationibus mendicantium*.

In the Time that the *Beasts* did speak (which is not yet three Days ago) a poor Lion walking through the Forest of *Bieure*, and saying his own little private Devotions, past under a Tree where there was a roguish Collier gotten up to cut down Wood: who, seeing the Lion, cast his Hatchet at him, and wounded him enormously in one of his Legs: whereupon the Lion halting, so long toiled and turmoiled himself in roaming up and down the Forest to find Help, till at last he met with

(6.) *Culverin-shot.*] Here *Rabelais* is too licentious for me to explain his quibbling upon the Words *Gouille-vrines* & *Coule-vrine* & *le couillon d'un levrier*, &c. *M. du Chat* makes the Application thereof to the Incest, as 'tis call'd, of the Monks and Nuns, in their Amours. See therefore *du Chat* himself, for I must hasten to other Matters.

a Car-

a Carpenter, who willingly look'd upon his Wound, cleansed it as well as he could, and filled it with Moss, telling him that he must wipe his Wound well, that the Flies might not do their Excrements in it, whilst he should go search for some *Millefoil*, commonly called the *Carpenter's Herb*. The Lion, being thus healed, walked along in the Forest; at what time, a *sempiternous* old Hag was picking up, and gathering some Sticks in the said Forest, who, seeing the Lion coming towards her, for Fear fell down backwards, in such sort, that the Wind blew up her Gown, Coats, and Smock, even as far as above her Shoulders, which the Lion perceiving, for Pity ran to see whether she had taken any Hurt by the Fall; and thereupon, considering her *what you call it*, said, O poor Woman, who hath thus wounded thee? Which Words when he had spoken, he espied a Fox, whom he called to come to him, saying, *Gossip Renard*, hau, hither, hither, and for Cause.

When the Fox was come, he said unto him, My *Gossip* and Friend, they have hurt this good Woman here between the Legs most villainously, and there is a manifest *Solution of Continuity*; see how great a Wound it is, even from to the Tail up to the Navel, in measure four, nay full five Handfuls and a half; this is the Blow of an Hatchet, I doubt me it is an old Wound, and therefore, that the Flies may not get into it, wipe it lustily, well and hard, I prithee, both within and without; thou hast a good Tail and long; wipe, my Friend, wipe, I beseech thee, and in the mean while I will go get some Moss to put into it. For thus ought we to succour and help one another. Wipe it hard, thus, my Friend, wipe it well, for this Wound must be often wiped, otherwise the Party cannot be at Ease. Go to, wipe well, my little *Gossip*, wipe: God hath furnished thee with a Tail; thou hast a long one, and of a Bigness proportionable, wipe hard and be not weary. A good *Wiper*, who, in *wiping* continually, *wipeth* with his *Wipard*, by *Wasps* shall never be wounded. Wipe, my pretty *Minion*, wipe, my little *Bully*, I will not stay long. Then went he to get Store of Moss; and, when he was a little Way off, he cried out in speaking to the Fox thus, Wipe well still, *Gossip*, wipe, and let it never grieve thee to wipe well,
my

my *little Gossip*, I will put thee into Service to be Wiper to *Don Pedro de Castille*: wipe, only wipe, and no more. The poor Fox wiped as hard as he could, here and there, within and without: but the false *old Trot* did so fizzle and foist, that she stunk like a hundred Devils. Which put the poor Fox to a great deal of ill Ease; for he knew not to what Side to turn himself, to escape the unfavoury Perfume of this old Woman's postern Blasts. And whilst to that effect he was shifting hither and thither, without knowing how to shun the Annoyance of those unwholesome Gusts, he saw that behind there was yet another Hole, not so great as that which he did wipe, out of which came this filthy and infectious Air. The Lion at last returned, bringing with him of Moss more than eighteen Packs would hold, and began to put it into the Wound, with a Staff which he had provided for that purpose; and had already put in full sixteen Packs and a half, at which he was amazed: What a Devil, said he, this Wound is very deep, it would hold above two Cart-loads of Moss. The Fox, perceiving this, said unto the Lion, O *Gossip* Lion, my Friend, I pray thee do not put in all thy Moss there, keep some of it: for there is yet here another little Hole, that stinks like five hundred Devils. I am almost choaked with the Smell thereof, it is so pestiferous and im poisoning.

In this Manner, said *Panurge*, must these *Walls* be kept from the Flies; and Wages allowed to some for wiping of them. Then said *Pantagruel*, How dost thou know that the privy Parts of Women are at such a cheap Rate? for in this City there are many virtuous, honest, and chaste Women, besides the Maids. *Et ubi prenus*, said *Panurge*? I will give you my Opinion of it, and that upon certain and assured Knowledge. I do not brag that I have bum-basted four hundred and seventeen, since I came into this City, though it be but nine Days ago. But this very Morning I met with a good Fellow, who in a Wallet, such as *Æsop's* was, carried two little Girls of two or three Years old at the most, one before, and the other behind. He demanded Alms of me, but I made him Answer, that I had more Cods than Pence. Afterwards I asked him, *Good Man*, these two Girls are they Maids? *Brother*, said he, I have carried them thus, these

these two Years, and in regard of her that is before, whom I see continually, in my Opinion she is a Virgin, nevertheless I will not put my Finger in the Fire for it; as for her that is behind, doubtless I can say nothing. Indeed, said *Pantagruel*, thou art a merry Companion, I will have thee to be apparrelled in my Livery: and therefore caused him to be cloathed most gallantly, according to the Fashion that then was; only that *Panurge* would have the Codpiece of his Breeches three Foot long, and in Shape square, not round, which was done, and was well worth the seeing. Oftentimes he was wont to say, that the World had not yet known the Emolument and Utility that is in wearing *great Codpieces*; but Time would one Day teach it them, *as all Things have been invented in Time.*

God keep from Hurt, said he, the good Fellow whose great Codpiece hath saved his Life. God keep from Hurt him, whose great Codpiece hath been worth to him, in one Day, one hundred threescore thousand and nine Crowns. God keep from Hurt him, who by his great Codpiece hath saved a whole City from dying by Famine. And by G— I will make a Book of the Commodity of *great Codpieces*, when I shall have more Leisure. And indeed he composed a fair great Book with Figures, but it is not printed as yet that I know of.

C H A P. XVI.

Of the Qualities and Conditions of Panurge.

P*Anurge* was of a middle Stature, not too high nor too low, and had somewhat an *Aquiline* Nose, made like the Handle of a Razor. He was at that time five and thirty Years old or thereabouts, fine to gild like a leaden Dagger; for he was a very gallant Man of his Person, only that he was a little lewd, and naturally subject to a Kind of Disease, which at that time they called *Lack of Money*; a Malady *Nompareil*: yet notwithstanding he had threescore and three Tricks to help himself at his Need. Of which the most honourable and most ordinary was by the Way of Filching; for he

was

was a quarrelsome Fellow, a Sharper, Drinker, Royster, Scowerer, and a very dissolute and debauch'd Fellow, if there were any in *Paris*; otherwise, and in all Matters else, the best Man in the World. And he was still contriving some Plot, and devising Mischief against the Serjeants and the Watch.

At one time he assembled three or four especial good Hacksters and roaring Boys; made them in the Evening drink like *Templars*, afterwards led them till they came above St. *Genewieve*, or about the College of *Nawarre*; and at the Hour that the Watch was coming up that way, which he knew by putting his Sword upon the Pavement, and his Ear by it (and when he heard his Sword shake, it was an infallible Sign that the Watch was near) at that Instant he and his Companions took a Tumbrel or Dung-cart, and gave it the Brangle, hurling it with all their Force down the Hill, and so overthrew all the poor Watchmen like Pigs, and then ran away upon the other Side; for, in less than two Days, he knew all the Streets, Lanes, and Turnings in *Paris*, as well as his (7.) *Deus det.*

At another time he laid in some fair Place, where the said Watch was to pass, a Train of Gun-powder, and, at the very Instant that they went along, sent Fire to it, and then made himself Sport to see what good Grace they had in running away, thinking that St. *Anthony's* Fire had caught them by the Legs. As for the poor *Masters of Arts and Theologues*, he did persecute them above all others. When he met with any of them upon the Street, he would never fail to put some Trick or other upon them; sometimes putting a fry'd Turd in their graduate Hoods; at other times pinning on little Fox-tails, or Hares-ears behind them, or some such other roguish Prank. One Day that the *Theologians* were appointed all to meet in the *Sorbonne*, he made a *Barbonnesa* Tart, made of Store of Garlick, *Galbanum*, *Assa foetida*, *Castoreum*. Dogs Turds very warm; which he steep'd, temper'd, and liquify'd in the corrupt Matter of pocky Biles and pestiferous Botches; and, very early in the Morning, therewith anointed all the Lattices and

(7.) *Deus det.*] *Latin* Grace after Meat.

Grates

Grates of the *Sorbonne* in such sort, that the Devil could not have endured it. Which made all these good People, there to give up their Gorges, and vomit what was upon their Stomachs before all the World, as if they had slayed the Fox. And ten or twelve of them died of the Plague; fourteen became Lepers, eighteen grew lousy, and above seven and twenty had the Pox, but he did not care a Button for it. He commonly carried a Whip under his Gown, wherewith he whipp'd without Remission the Pages, whom he found carrying Wine to their Masters, to make them mend their Pace. In his Coat he had above six and twenty little Fobs and Pockets always full, one with some Lead-water, and a little Knife as sharp as a Glover's Needle, wherewith he used to cut Purfes: another with some kind of bitter Stuff, which he threw into the Eyes of those he met: another with Clotburs, penned with little Geese or Capons Feathers, which he cast upon the Gowns and Caps of honest People; and often made them fair Horns which they wore about all the City, sometimes all their Life. Very often also upon the Women's Hoods would he stick, in the hind-part, Somewhat made in the Shape of a Man's Member. In another he had a great many little Horns full of Fleas and Lice, which he borrowed from the Beggars of *St. Innocent*, and cast them with small Canes or Quills to write with, into the Necks of the daintiest Gentiewomen that he could find, yea even in the Church; for he never seated himself above in the Choir, but always sat in the Body of the Church amongst the Women, both at *Mass*, at *Vespers*, and at *Sermon*. In another, he used to have good Store of Hooks and Buckles, wherewithal he would couple Men and Women together, that sat in Company close to one another; but especially those that wore Gowns of Crimson Taffaties, that, when they were about to go away, they might rend all their Gowns. In another, he had a Squib furnished with Tinder Matches, Stones to strike Fire, and all other Tackling necessary for it. In another, two or three burning Glasses, wherewith he made both Men and Women sometimes mad, and in the Church put them quite out of Countenance; for he said that

that there was but an *Antistrophe* between a Woman, *solle a la messe*, and *molle a la fesse*.

In another, he had a good deal of Needles and Thread, wherewith he did a thousand little devilish Pranks. One time at the Entry of the Palace unto the great Hall, where a *Cordelier* was to say *Mass* to the Counsellors; he did help to apparel him, and put on his Vestments; but in the accoutring of him, he sewed on his *Alb*, Surplice, or Stole, to his Gown and Shirt, and then withdrew himself, when the said Lords of the Court, or Counsellors, came to hear the said *Mass*: but (8.) when it came to the *Ite, missa est*, that the poor *Frater* would have laid by his *Stole*, or Surplice, he plucked off withal both his Frock and Shirt, which were well sewed together, and, thereby stripping himself up to the very Shoulders, shewed his (9.) *what d'ye Call-um* to all the World, which was no small one, as you may imagine: and the Friar still kept haling, but so much the more did he discover himself, and lay open his Back-parts, till one of the Lords of the Court said, How now, what's the Matter? Will this good *Father* make us here an Offering of his Tail to kiss it? nay, St. *Anthony's Fire* kiss it for us. From thenceforth was made an *Ordinance*, that the poor *Fathers* should never disrobe themselves any more before the World, but in their Vestry-room, especially in the Presence of Women, lest it should tempt them to the Sin of *Longing*, and disordinate Desire. The People then asked, Why it was the *Friars* had so long and large Genitories? The said *Panurge* resolved the *Problem* very neatly, saying, That which makes Asses to have such great Ears is, that their Dams did put no Biggins on their Heads, as (10.) *D'Alliaco* mentioneth in his *Suppositions*; by the like reason, that,

(8.) *When it came to the Ite, missa est,*] The *Mass* never ends with *Ite, missa est*, but during the Octaves, or at Festivals that have nine Lessons. At other times, it concludes with *Benedicamus Domino*, or *Requiescant in Pace*.

(9.) *His what d'ye call-um;*] *Son Callibistry*, in French. See this Word explained in the preceding Chapter.

(10.) *D'Alliaco in his Suppositions;*] He rubs up the *Sorbonists*, in the Person of *Peter d'Alli* a Doctor of *Paris*, Archbishop of *Cambray*, and Cardinal, who dy'd in 1425.

which.

which makes the Generation-tools of those fair *Fraters* so long, is, for that they wear no (11.) bottom'd Breeches, and therefore their jolly Member, having no Impediment, hangeth dangling at Liberty, as far as it can reach, with a wiggle-waggle down to their Knees, as Women carry their *Patinotre* Beads. And the Cause, wherefore they have it so correspondently great, is, that in this constant wig-wagging the Humours of the Body descend into the said Member: for, according to the *Legists*, Agitation and continual Motion is Cause of Attraction.

Item, He had another Pocket full of itching Powder, called *Stone-allum*; whereof he would cast some into the Backs of those Women, whom he judged to be most beautiful and stately, which did so ticklishly gall them, that some would strip themselves in the open View of the World, and others dance like a Cock upon hot Embers, or a Drum-stick on a Taber: others again ran about the Streets, and he would run after them: to such as were in the stripping Vein, he would very civilly come to offer his Attendance, and cover them with his Cloak, like a courteous and very gracious Man.

Item, In another he had a little Leather-bottle full of old Oil; wherewith, when he saw any Man or Woman in a rich new handsome Sute, he would grease, smutch, and spoil all the best Parts of it under Colour and Pretence of touching them, saying, This is good Cloth, this is good Sattin, good Taffaties; *Madam*, God give you all that your noble Heart desireth: you have a new Sute, *pretty Sir*; and you a new Gown, *sweet Mistress*, God give you Joy of it, and maintain you in all Prosperity; and with this would lay his Hand upon their Shoulders; at which Touch such a villainous Spot was left behind, so enormously engraven to Perpetuity in the very Soul, Body, and Reputation, that the Devil him-

(11.) *Bottom'd Breeches*,] The Rule of St. Francis forbids 'em wearing any. And therefore in the Book *de Cagotis tollendis*, which a little lower, l. 3. ch. 8. *Rabelais* ascribes to *Justinian*, the same *Rabelais*, who hated all *Mendicant* Friars, makes that Emperor say, That the *Summum bonum* of States consisted in *bragibus* & *braguetis*, that is, in not maintaining or feeding such People as wear no Breeches or Drawers, and consequently have no Codpieces.

self

self could never have taken it away. Then upon his departing, he would say, *Madam*, take heed you do not fall, for there is a filthy great Hole before you.

Another he had all full of *Euphorbium*, very finely pulverized: in that Powder did he lay a fair Handkerchief curiously wrought, which he had stolen from a pretty Seamstrefs of the Palace, in taking away a Louse from off her Bosom, which he had put there himself. And when he came into the Company of some good Ladies, he would trifle them into a Discourse of some fine Workmanship of Bonelace; then immediately put his Hand into their Bosom asking them, And this Work; is it of *Flanders*, or of *Hainault*? And then drew out his Handkerchief, and said, Hold, hold, look what Work here is, it is of *Foutiman*, or of *Foutarabia*: and, shaking it hard at their Nose, made them sneeze for four Hours without ceasing. In the mean while he would fart like a Horse, and the Women would laugh, and say, How now, do you fart *Panurge*? No, no, *Madam* said he, I do but tune my Tail to the plain Song of the Musick, which you make with your Nose. In another he had a Picklock, a Pelican, a Cramp-iron, a Crook, and some other Iron Tools, wherewith there was no Door nor Coffer which he would not pick open. He had another full of little Cups, wherewith he played very artificially; for he had his Fingers made to his Hand, like those of *Minerva* or *Arachne*, and had heretofore cried *Treacle*. And when he changed a *Teston*, *Cardecu*, or any other Piece of Money, the Changer had been more subtle than a Fox, if *Panurge* had not at every time made five or six *Sols* vanish away visibly, openly, and manifestly, without making any Hurt or Lesion, whereof the Changer should have felt nothing but the Wind.

C H A P. XVII.

How Panurge gained the Pardons, and married the old Women; and of the Suit in Law which he had at Paris.

ONE Day I found *Panurge* very much out of Countenance, melancholick, and silent, which made me suspect that he had no Money; whereupon I said unto him, *Panurge* you are sick, as I do very well perceive by your Physiognomy; and I know the Disease, you have a Flux in your Purse; but take no Care, I have yet Seven Pence Half-penny, that never saw Father nor Mother, which shall not be wanting no more than the Pox in your Necessity. Whereunto he answered me, Well, well, for Money, one Day I shall have but too much; for I have a *Philosopher's Stone*, which attracts Money out of Mens Purfes, as the Loadstone doth Iron. But will you go with me to gain the *Pardons*, said he? By my Faith, said I, I am no great *Pardon-taker* in this World; if I shall be any such in the other, I cannot tell. Yet let us go in God's Name, it is but one Farthing more or less. But, said he, lend me then a Farthing upon Interest. No, no, said I, I will give it you freely, and from my Heart. *Grates vobis dominos*, said he.

So we went along, beginning at *St. Gervase*, and I got the *Pardons* at the first *Box* only; for in those Matters very little contenteth me. Then did I say my *small Suffrages*, and the Prayers of *St. Brigid*; but he gained them at all the *Boxes*, and always gave Money to every one of the *Pardoners*. From thence we went to our *Lady's Church*, to *St. John's*, to *St. Anthony's*, and so to the other Churches, where there was a (1.) *Banquet* of *Pardons*; for my part, I gained no more of them. But he at all the *Boxes* kissed the *Relicks*, and gave at every one. To be brief, when we were returned, he brought me to drink at the *Castle-Tavern*, and

(1.) *Banquet*,] Read *Bank*.

there shewed me ten or twelve of his little Bags full of Money; at which I bless'd myself, and made the *Sign of the Cross*, saying, Where have you recover'd so much Money in so little Time? Unto which he answered me, that he had taken it out of the *Basons* of the Pardons. For in giving them the first Farthing, said he, I put it in with such Sleight of Hand, and so dextrously, that it appeared to be a Three-pence, thus (2.) with one Hand I took Three-pence, Nine-pence, or Six-pence at the least, and with the other as much, and so through all the Churches where we have been.

Yea, but, said I, you damn yourself (3.) like a *Snake*, and are withal a *Thief* and *sacrilegious Person*. True, said he, in your Opinion, but I am not of that Mind; for the *Pardoners* do give me it, when they say unto me in presenting the *Relicks* to kiss, *Centuplum accipies*; that is, that for one Penny I should take a hundred. For *Accipies* is spoken according to the Manner of the *Hebrews*, who use the future Tense instead of the Imperative, as you have in the Law, *Diliges Dominum*; that is, *dilige*: Even so when the *Pardon-bearer* says to me, *Centuplum accipies*; his Meaning is, *Centuplum accipe*: and so doth *Rabbi Kimi*, and *Rabbi Eben Ezra* expound it, and all the *Masorets*, & *ibi Bartholus*. Moreover, (4.) Pope *Sixtus* gave me fifteen hundred Francks of yearly

(2.) *With one Hand I took, &c.*] *Erasmus's* Colloquies in the Chapter intituled, *Peregrinatio religionis ergo*. OGYGIUS. *Imo vero sunt quidam adeo dediti Sanctissimæ Virgini, ut dum simulant sese munus imponere altari, mira dexteritate suffurentur quod alius posuerat.*

(3.) *Like a Snake,*] Wrong. It is in the Original, *Vous vous damnez comme une serpe. Une serpe* does not mean a *Snake* (tho' un serpent does) but a Wood-cleaver's Bill used in lopping or cutting small Wood: or a Vine-dresser's *Pruning-knife*; so to damn one's self like a *Pruning-knife* is, to go as surely to the Devil as a *Pruning-knife* to the lopping of a Vine-branch, or, as *M. du Chat* explains it, to plunge one's self into the Jaws of Hell, head-foremost, as a Wood-seller, when he'll work no longer, throws his Bill into the Bottom of his Basket: *Hotte*; wide at Top and narrow at Bottom. See this explanation confirm'd, l. 8. c. 22.

(4.) *Pope Sixtus, &c.*] *Sixtus IV.* the same whom, in ch. 30. *Epistemon* says he saw in Hell an Anointer of those that have the Pox. *Sed & recentioribus temporibus Sixtus Pontifex maximus, Romæ nobile admodum lupanar extruxit*, says *Agrippa* of the same Pope, in his

yearly Pension upon his Ecclesiastical Revenues and Treasure, for having cured him of a *canckrous Botch*, which did so torment him, that he thought to have been a Cripple by it all his Life. Thus I do pay myself at my own Hand (for otherwise I get nothing) upon the said Ecclesiastical Treasure.

Ho, my Friend! said he, if thou didst know how well I feathered my Nest, by the Pope's Bull of the *Croisade*, thou would'st wonder exceedingly. It was worth to me above six thousand *Florins*. And what a Devil is become of them? said I; for of that Money thou hast not one Half-penny. They returned from whence they came, said he, they did no more but change their Master.

But I employed at least three thousand of them in marrying (not young Virgins, for they find but too many Husbands) but great old *sempiternous Trots*, which had not so much as one Tooth in their Heads. And that out of the Consideration I had, that these good old Women had very well spent the Time of their Youth in playing at the Close-buttock-game to all Comers, serving the foremost first, till no Man would have any more dealing with them. And by G— I will have their Skin-coat shaken once yet before they die. By this means, to one I gave a hundred *Florins*, to another six Score, to another three hundred, according as they were infamous, detestable, and abominable. For by how much the more horrible and execrable they were, so much the more must I needs have given them. Otherwise the Devil would not have jum'm'd them. Presently I went to some great and fat Wood-porters, or such like, and did myself make the Match; but before I did shew him the *old Hags*, I made a fair Muster to him of the Crowns, saying, *Good Fellow*, see what I will give thee, if thou wilt but condescend to duffe, dinfredaille, or leacher it one good Bout. Then began the poor Rogues to gape like old Mules, and I caused to be provided for them a Banquet, with Drink of the best, and Store of Spiceries, to put the old Women in Rut and Heat of Lust. To be short, they oc-

Vanit. Scient. cap. de Lenonia: which is nothing less than sufficient to authorize what *Panurge* says; but *Sixtus* had been a *Franciscan Friar*: and that was enough to set *Rabelais* against him.

cupied

cupied all like good Souls ; only to those that were horribly ugly and ill-favoured, I caused their Heads to be put within a Bag, to hide their Face.

Besides all this, I have lost a great deal in *Suits of Law*. And what *Law-suits* could'st thou have, said I? Thou hast neither House nor Lands. My Friend, said he, the *Gentlewomen* of this City had found out, by the Instigation of the Devil of Hell, a Manner of high-mounted *Gorgetts*, and *Neckerchiefs* for Women, which did so closely cover their Bosoms, that Men could no more put their Hands under ; for they had put the Slit behind, and those Neckcloths were wholly shut before ; whereat the poor sad contemplative Lovers were much discontented. Upon a fair *Tuesday*, I presented a Petition to the *Court*, making myself a Party against the said *Gentlewomen* ; and shewing the great Interest that I pretended therein, protesting that, by the same Reason, I would cause the *Codpiece* of my Breeches to be sewed behind, if the Court would not take Order for it. In sum, the *Gentlewomen* put in their Defences, shewed the Grounds they went upon, and constituted their *Attorney* for the prosecuting of the Cause ; but I pursued them so vigorously, that by a Sentence of the *Court* it was decreed, those *high Neckcloths* should be no longer worn, if they were not a little cleft and open before : but it cost me a good Sum of Money. I had another very filthy and beastly Process against Master *Fobfob* and his Deputies, that they should no more read privily by Night the Pipe, Punccheon, nor Quart of (5.) Sentences ; but in fair full-day, and that in the *Sorbonne*, in the Face of the (6.) *Arrian Sophisters*, where I was ordained to pay the Charges, by Reason of some *Clause* mistaken in the Relation of the *Serjeant*. Another Time I framed a Complaint to the

(5.) Sentences] He alludes to the different Books of the famous *Peter Lombard's Sentences* : which were grown so common by the numberless Editions thereof, and withal so little esteem'd by many, that the Night-men (Gold-finders) had it in their Power, for some time past, to read the Book from one End to t' other, by means of the Bumfodder Fragments of it which they found in the Houses of Office.

(6.) *Arrian Sophisters*,] Read *Artitian*, i. e. Masters of Arts. A vast Difference.

Court, against the *Mules* of the Presidents, Counsellors, and others, tending to this Purpose; that when in the lower Court of the Palace, they left them to champ on their Bridles (7.) some Bibs might be made for them, that with their Driveling they might not spoil the Pavement, to the end that the Pages of the Palace might play upon it at Dice, or Coxbody at their own Ease, without spoiling their Breeches at the Knees. And for this I had a fair *Decree*, but it cost me dear. Now reckon up what Expençe I was at in little Banquets, which from Day to Day I made to the Pages of the Palace. And to what end, said I? My Friend, said he, thou hast no Pastime at all in this World. I have more than the King; and if thou wilt join thyself with me, we will do the Devil together.

No, no, said I, (8) by St. *Adauras* that will I not, for thou wilt be hanged one time or another. And thou, said he, wilt be *interred* some time or other. Now which is most honourable, the Air or the Earth? Ho, *grosse Pecore*. (Dull Beast.)

Whilst the Pages are at their Banqueting, I keep their Mules, and to some one I cut the Stirrup-leather of the mounting Side, till it hang but by a thin Strap or Thread, that, when the great Puff-guts of the Counsellor or some other had taken his Swing to get up, he may fall flat on his Side like a Porker and so furnish the Spectators with more than a hundred Francks Worth of Laughter. But I laugh yet further, to think how at his home coming the Master-page is to be whipp'd like green Rie, which makes me not to repent what I have bestow'd in feasting them. In brief, he had (as I said before) threescore and three Ways to acquire Money,

(7.) *Some Bibs might be made for them,*] Add, by the Counsellors Wives.

(8) By St. *Adauras*] I fancy that as *Aura* signifies the Air, and particularly the Air we breathe, *Rabelais* invented this Saint, as a Patron to preserve one from being suspended in the Air, and from having the Vitals stop'd there. And indeed the Quibble is not amiss, when, in speaking to a Man that will one Day come to be hang'd, the Person speaking affects to swear by St. *Adauras*, as much as to say *vacuas pendebis ad Auras*. In short, what *Panurge* says here, is taken from *Plutarch's* Discourse proving, *That nothing but Vice can render a Man unhappy.*

but

but he had two hundred and fourteen to spend it, besides his Drinking.

C H A P. XVIII.

How a great Scholar of England would have argued against Pantagruel, and was overcome by Panurge.

IN that same time a certain learned Man, named *Thaumaſt*, hearing the Fame and Renown of *Pantagruel's* incomparable Knowledge, came out of his own Country of *England*, with an Intent only to ſee him, to try thereby, and prove, whether his Knowledge in Effect was ſo great as it was reported to be. In this Reſolution, being arrived at *Paris*, he went forthwith unto the Houſe of *Pantagruel*, who was lodged in the Palace of *St. Denys*, and was then walking in the Garden with *Panurge*, philoſophizing after the Faſhion of the *Peripateticks*. At his firſt Entrance he ſtartled, and was almoſt out of his Wits for Fear, ſeeing him ſo great and ſo tall ; then did he ſalute him courteouſly, as the Manner is, and ſaid unto him (1) very true it is, ſaith *Plato* the Prince of Philoſophers, that if the Image of Knowledge and Wiſdom were corporeal and viſible to the Eyes of Mortals, it would ſtir up all the World to admire her. Which we may the rather believe, that the very bare Report thereof, ſcattered in the Air, if it happen to be received into the Ears of Men, who for being ſtudious, and Lovers of virtuous Things, are called Philoſophers, doth not ſuffer them to ſleep nor reſt in Quiet, but ſo pricketh them up, and ſets them on Fire, to run unto the Place where the Perſon is, in whom the ſaid Knowledge is ſaid to have built her Temple, and uttered her Oracles ; as it was manifeſtly ſhewn unto us in the Queen of *Sheba*, who came from the utmoſt Borders of the *East* and *Persian* Sea, to behold the Order of *Solomon's* Houſe,

(1.) *Very true it is, ſaid Plato, &c.*] *Thaumaſt* ſpeaks after *Erasmus* in his Colloquy intituled *diluculum*.

and to hear his Wisdom. In *Anacharsis*, who came out of *Scythia*, even (2) unto *Athens*, to see *Solon*. In *Pythagoras*, who travelled far to visit the (3) *Memphitical* Vaticinators. In *Plato*, who went a great Way off to see the Magicians of *Egypt*, and *Architas* of *Tarentum*. In *Apollonius Tyaneus*, who went as far unto Mount *Caucasus*, passed along the *Scythians*, the *Massagetes*, the *Indians*, and sailed over the great River *Phison*, even to the *Brachmans* (4) to see *Hiarchas* : As likewise unto *Babylon*, *Chaldea*, *Media*, *Affyria*, *Parthia*, *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Arabia*, *Palestina*, and *Alexandria*, even unto *Æthiopia*, to see the *Gymnosophists*. The like Example have we of (5) *Titus Livius*, who, to see and hear divers studious Persons, came to *Rome*, from the Confines of *France* and *Spain*. I dare not reckon myself in the Number of those so excellent Persons, but well would be called studious, and a Lover, not only of Learning, but of learned Men also. And indeed, having heard the Report of your so inestimable Knowledge, I have left my Country, my Friends, my Kindred and my House, and am come thus far, valuing as nothing the Length of the Way, the Tedioufness of the Sea, nor Strangeness of the Land, and that only to see you, and to confer with you about some Passages in *Philosophy*, of *Geomancy*, and of the *Cabalistical* Art ; whereof I am doubtful, and cannot satisfy my Mind ; which if you can resolve, I yield myself unto you for a Slave henceforward, together with all my Posterity : for other Gift have I none, that I can esteem a Recompence sufficient for so great a Favour. I will reduce them into Writing, and To-morrow publish them to all the learned Men in the City, that we may dispute publickly before them.

(2.) To Athens, to see Solon.] *Ælian*, l. 5. de varia historia.

(3.) Memphitical Vaticinators.] See *Pythagoras's* Life by *Porphyry*, n. 9. *Kuster's* Edition.

(4.) To see Hiarchas :] This is taken from *Philostratus*, l. 2. last ch. of *Apollonius's* Life.

(5) Titus Livius,] See *Pliny* the younger, l. 2. Ep. 3. All this has been very faithfully copy'd by *Theodosius Valentinian-a Frenchman*, page 4. of his *Amant Ressuscite de la mort d'amour* printed in 1548.

But see in what Manner, I mean that we shall dispute. I will not argue *pro & contra*, as do the sottish *Sophisters* of this Town, and other Places. Likewise I will not dispute after the Manner of the *Academicks*, by Declamation. Nor yet by Numbers, as *Pythagoras* was wont to do, and as *Picus de la Mirandula* did of late at *Rome*. But I will dispute by Signs, only, without speaking; for the Matters are so abstruse, hard, and arduous, that Words, proceeding from the Mouth of Man, will never be sufficient for unfolding of them to my Liking. May it therefore please your Magnificence to be there, it shall be at the great Hall of *Navarre*, at Seven o'Clock in the Morning. When he had spoke these Words, *Pantagruel* very honourably said unto him, Sir, of the Graces that God hath bestowed upon me, I would not deny to communicate unto any Man to my Power; for whatever comes from him is good, and his Pleasure is, that it should be increased when we come amongst Men worthy and fit to receive this celestial *Manna* of honest *Literature*. In which Number, because that in this Time (as I do already very plainly perceive) thou holdest the first Rank, I give thee Notice that at all Hours thou shalt find me ready to condescend to every one of thy Requests, according to my poor Ability: although I ought rather to learn of thee, than thou of me; but as thou hast protested, we will confer of thy Doubts together, and will seek out the Resolution, even unto the Bottom of that *undrainable* Well, where (6) *Heraclitus* says the Truth lies hidden. And I do highly commend the Manner of arguing which thou hast proposed, to wit, by Signs without speaking; for by this Means thou and I shall understand one another well enough, and yet shall be free from (7) that clapping of Hands, which these blockish

(6) *Heraclitus*, &c., J. *Rabelais* talks after the same Manner, l. 3. ch. 35, contrary to the received Opinion that this was *Democritus's* Saying.

(7) *That clapping of Hands which the blockish Sophisters make.* In the *Sorbonne*, during the Continuance of the solemn Act call'd *Sorbonica*. *Ramus* in his Discourse of the Reformation of the University of Paris in 1452. *Franciscanus quidam, abhinc annos centum post Cardinalis Totavillæi reformationem clamores quæstionares amplificavit, totumque diem unum discipulis contra altercantibus respondit nullo fu-*

blockish *Sophisters* make, when any of the Arguers hath gotten the better of the Argument. Now To-morrow I will not fail to meet thee at the Place and Hour thou hast appointed ; but let me intreat thee, that there be not any Strife or Uproar between us, and that we seek not the Honour and Applause of Men, but the Truth only. To which *Thaumaſt* answered, The Lord God maintain you in his Favour and Grace ; and, instead of my Thankfulness to you, pour down his Blessings upon you, for that your Highness and magnificent Greatness hath not disdained to descend to the Grant of the Request of my poor Baseness ; so farewell till To-morrow. Farewel, said *Pantagruel*. Gentlemen, you that read this present Discourse, think not that ever Men were more elevated and transported in their Thoughts, than all this Night were both *Thaumaſt* and *Pantagruel* : for *Thaumaſt* said to the Keeper of the Inn of *Cluny*, where he was lodged, that in all his Life he had never known himself so dry as he was that Night : I think, said he, that *Pantagruel* held me *by the Throat* : Give Order, I pray you, that we may have some Drink, and see that some fresh Water be brought unto us to gargle my Palate.

On the other side *Pantagruel* stretched his Wits as high as he could, entering into very deep and serious Meditations, and did nothing all that Night but plod upon, and turn over the Book of *Beda, de Numeris & Signis*. *Plotius's* Book, *de Inenarrabilibus*. The Book of *Proclus, de Magia*. The Book of *Artemidorus, περι ονειροκριτικῶν*. Of *Anaxagoras, περι σημείων*. *Dinarius, περι ἀφάτων*. The Books of *Pbilistion*. *Hipponax, περι ἀνεκφωνητῶν* ; and a Rabble of others so long, that *Panturge* said unto him,

My Lord, leave all these Thoughts, and go to Bed ; for I perceive your Spirits to be so troubled by a too intensive bending of them, that you may easily fall into some *Quotidian Fever* with this so excessive thinking and

dice adhibito, præter strepitum pedum & manuum plausum, quo quæſiones altercantium disceptarentur. Hic Actus Sorbonica dicta est, atque in memoriam gloriamque robusti & valentis altercatoris Franciscani adhuc prima Sorbonica concessa est. See Men. Dict. Etym. at the Word Sorbonique.

plodding :

plodding : but having first drank twenty-five, or thirty good Draughts, retire yourself and sleep your fill ; for in the Morning I will argue against, and answer your *Monseur the Englishman* ; and if I drive him not *ad metam non loqui*, then call me Knave. Yea, but, said *Pantagruel*, my Friend *Panurge*, he is marvellously learned, how wilt thou be able to answer him ? Very well answered *Panurge*, I pray you talk no more of it, but let me alone ; is any Man so learned as the Devils are ? No, indeed, said *Pantagruel*, without God's especial Grace. Yet for all that, said *Panurge*, I have many a time and often argued against them, gravelled and blanked them in Disputation, and laid them so squat upon their Tails, that I have made them look like Monxies : therefore be assured, that To-morrow I will make this vain-glorious *Englishman* to (8.) skite Vinegar before all the World. So *Panurge* spent the Night with tippling amongst the Pages, and played away all the Points of his Breeches at *primus* & *secundus*, and at Peckpoint. Yet when the appointed Time was come, he failed not to conduct his Master *Pantagruel* to the Place, unto which (believe me) there was neither great nor small in *Paris* but came, thinking with themselves that this devilish *Pantagruel*, who had overthrown and vanquished in Dispute all these doting and *Freshwater* Sophisters, would now get full Payment, and be tickled to some Purpose ; for this *Englishman* is another Devil of a Disputant ; we shall see who will be Conqueror.

Thus, all being assembled, *Thauma* stayed for them ; and then, when *Pantagruel* and *Panurge* came into the Hall, all the School-boys, Professors of Arts, Senior-

(8) *Skite, or skite Vinegar.*] In the next succeeding Chapter : *Thauma* with great Toil and Vexation of Spirit rose up, but in rising let a great Baker's Fart, for the Bran came after [We say a Brewer's Fart, Grains and all] and, pissing withal very strong Vinegar, *stunk like all the Devils in Hell.* To skite Vinegar, piss Vinegar, is to be forced to do all in one's Breeches. These two fecal Substances, i. e. the Solids and Fluids being mix'd together are called *Vinegar*, because they bear some Similitude to Vinegar, when jumbled with that thick muddy Sediment which is as it were the Mother of it. A covetous Hunk is also called a *Vinegar-pisser*, either because his Urine does as it were serve him for Vinegar, or because it is as hard for him to part with his Money, as to piss Vinegar.

sophisters,

sophisters, and Batchelors began to clap their Hands, as their scurvy Custom is: but *Pantagrue* cried out with a loud Voice, as if it had been the Sound of a double Cannon, saying, Peace, with a Devil to you, Peace; by G— you Rogues, if you trouble me here, I will cut off the Heads of every one of you. At which Words they remained all daunted and astonished, like so many Ducks, and durst not do so much as cough, although they had swallowed fifteen Pounds of Feathers: withal they grew so dry with this only Voice, that they laid out their Tongues a full half Foot beyond their Mouths, as if *Pantagrue* had *salted all their Throats*. Then began *Panurge* to speak, saying to the *Englishman*, Sir, are you come hither to dispute contentiously in those Propositions you have set down, or otherwise but to learn and know the Truth? To which answered *Thaumaft*, Sir, no other thing brought me hither, but the great Desire I had to learn and to know that of which I have doubted all my Life long, and have neither found Book nor Man able to content me in the Resolution of those Doubts which I have proposed. And as for disputing contentiously, I will not do it, for it is too base a Thing, and therefore leave it to those sottish *Sophisters*, who in their Disputes do not search for the Truth, but for Contradiction only and Debate. Then said *Panurge*, If I, who am but a mean and inconsiderable Disciple of my Master, my Lord *Pantagrue*, content and satisfy you in all and every Thing, it were a Thing below my said Master, wherewith to trouble him: therefore it is fitter that he be Chairman, and sit as Judge and Moderator of our Discourse and Purpose, and give you Satisfaction in many Things, wherein, perhaps, I shall be wanting to your Expectation. Truly, said *Thaumaft*, it is very well said: begin then. Now you must note that *Panurge* had set at the End of his long *Codpiece* a pretty Tuft of red Silk, as also of white, green, and blue, (9.) and, within it, had put a fair Orange.

C H A P.

(9.) *And, within it, had put a fair Orange.*] Design'd for some Lady. Such was the Gallantry of the *French* at that Time, and so continued almost to the End of the XVIth Century. *Louis Guyon*, l. 2. c. 6. of his various Readings; where he speaks of the Manner
who

C H A P. XIX.

How Panurge put to a Non-plus the Englishman that argued by Signs.

EVERY Body then taking heed, and hearkening with great Silence, the *Englishman* lifted up. on high into the Air his two Hands severally, clinching in all the Tops of his Fingers together, after the Manner they call *en Chinonnois*, the Hen's Arse, and struck the one Hand on the other by the Nails four several times : then he, opening them, struck the one with the Flat of the other, till it yielded a clashing Noise, and that only once : again, in joining them as before he struck twice, and afterwards four times in opening them ; then did he lay them joined, and extended the one towards the other, as if he had been devoutly to send up his Prayers unto God. *Panurge* suddenly lifted up in the Air his right Hand, and put the Thumb thereof into the Nostril of the same Side, holding his four Fingers streight out, and closed orderly in a parallel Line to the Point of his Nose, shutting the left Eye wholly, and making the other wink with a profound Depression of the Eyebrows and Eye-lids. Then lifted he up his left Hand, with hard wringing and stretching forth his four Fingers, and elevating his Thumb, which he held in a Line directly correspondent to the Situation of his right Hand, with the Distance of a Cubit and a half between them. This done, in the same Form he abased towards the Ground both the one and the other Hand. Lastly, he held them in the midst, as aiming right at the *English-*

how the *French* dress'd in those Days : their Breeches were so close, there could be no Pockets made in them : but instead thereof they had a swindging Codpiece, with two Wings on each Side, which they fastened with Points, on either Side one : and within this large Space, which was between the said two Points, Shirt and Codpiece, they put their Handkerchiefs, an Apple, an Orange, or other Fruit, as also their Purse, &c. and it was not at all uncivil, when they were at Table, to make a Present of the Fruit, which they had for some Time kept in their Codpiece, any more than it is now-a-days to offer Fruit out of one's Pockets.

man's

man's Nose. And if *Mercury*, said the *Englishman*—: there *Panurge* interrupted him, and said (1.) You have spoken, *Mask*.

Then made the *Englishman* this Sign, his left Hand all open he lifted up into the Air, then instantly shut into his Fist the four Fingers thereof, and his Thumb extended at length he placed upon the Gristle of his Nose. Presently after he lifted up his Right-hand all open and abased, and bent it downwards, putting the Thumb thereof in the very Place where the little Finger of the Left-hand did close in the Fist, and the four Right-hand Fingers he softly moved in the Air. Then contrarily he did with the Right-hand what he had done with the left, and with the left what he had done with the right.

Panurge, being not a whit amazed at this, drew out into the Air his *Trismigest* Codpiece with the left Hand, and with his right drew forth a Truncheon of a white Ox rib, and two Pieces of Wood of a like Form, one of black Ebony, and the other of Incarnation Brasil, and put them betwixt the Fingers of that Hand in good Symmetry: then, knocking them together, made such a Noise as the *Lepers* of *Britany* use to do with their clapping Clickets, yet better resounding, and far more harmonious, and with his Tongue contracted in his Mouth, did very merrily warble it, always looking fixedly upon the *Englishman*. The Divines, Physicians, and Chirurgeons, that were there, thought that by this Sign he would have inferred that the *Englishman* was a *Leper*. The Counsellors, Lawyers, and Decretalists conceived that, by doing this, he would have concluded some Kind of human Felicity to consist in *Leprosy*, as the Lord maintained heretofore.

The *Englishman* for all this was nothing daunted, but, holding up his two Hands in the Air, kept them in such Form, that he closed the three Master-fingers in his Fist; and passing his Thumbs through his indical and middle Fingers, his auricular Fingers remained extended and

(1.) *You have spoken, Mask.*] To speak, when before-hand it was agreed to argue only by Signs, is to be guilty of the same Fault as one in a Masking Habit, who, after he had been at a great deal of Pains to be disguised, makes himself known by his Speech.

retched

stretched out, and so presented he them to *Panurge*: then joined he them so, that the Right-thumb touched the left, and the left Little-finger touched the right. Hereat *Panurge*, without speaking one Word, lifted up his Hands and made this *Sign*.

He put the Nail of the Fore-finger of his Left-hand, to the Nail of the Thumb of the same, making in the Middle of the Distance as it were a Buckle, and of his Right-hand shut up all the Fingers into his Fist, except the Fore-finger, which he often thrust in and out through the said two others of the Left-hand: then stretched he out the Fore-finger and Middle-finger, or medical of his Right-hand, holding them afunder as much as he could, and thrusting them towards *Thaumaft*. Then did he put the Thumb of his Left-hand upon the Corner of his Left-eye, stretching out all his Hand like the Wing of a Bird, or the Fin of a Fish, and moving it very daintily this way and that way; he did as much with his Right-hand upon the Corner of his Right-eye. *Thaumaft* began then to wax somewhat pale and to tremble, and made him this *Sign*.

With the Middle-finger of his Right-hand he struck against the Muscle of the Palm or Pulp, which is under the Thumb: then put he the Fore-finger of the Right-hand in the like Buckle of the left, but he put it under and not over, as *Panurge* did. Then *Panurge* knocked one Hand against another, and blowed in his Palm, and put again the Fore-finger of his Right-hand into the Operture or Mouth of the left, pulling it often in and out: then held he out his Chin, most intensively looking upon *Thaumaft*. The People there, which understood nothing in the other *Signs*, knew very well what therein he demanded, without speaking a Word to *Thaumaft*: What do you mean by that? In effect, *Thaumaft* then began to sweat great Drops, and seemed to all the Spectators a Man Strangely ravished in high Contemplation. Then he bethought himself, and put all the Nails of his Left-hand against those of his right, opening his Fingers as if they had been Semicircles; and, with this *Sign*, lifted up his Hands as high as he could. Whereupon *Panurge* presently put the Thumb of his Right-hand under his Jaws, and the Little-finger thereof in the Mouth

Mouth of the Left-hand ; and, in this Posture, made his Teeth to found very melodiously, the upper against the lower. With this, *Thaumast* with great Toil and Vexation of Spirit rose up, but in rising let a great Baker's Fart, for the Bran came after ; and, pissing withal very strong Vinegar, stunk like all the Devils in Hell. The Company began to stop their Nose ; for he had conskitted himself with meer Anguish and Perplexity. Then lifted he up his Right-hand, clincing it in such sort, that he brought the Ends of all his Fingers to meet together, and his Left-hand he laid flat upon his Breast. Whereat *Panurge* drew out his long Codpiece with his Tuft, and stretched it forth a Cubit and a half, holding it in the Air with his Right-hand, and with his left took out his Orange, and casting it up into the Air seven times, at the eighth he hid it in the Fist of his Right-hand, holding it steadily up on high, and than began to shake his fair Codpiece, shewing it to *Thaumast*.

After that, *Thaumast* began to puff up his two Cheeks like a Player on a Bagpipe, and blew as if he had been to puff up a Pig's Bladder. Whereupon *Panurge* put one Finger of his Left-hand in his Nockandrow, and with his Mouth suck'd in the Air, in such a Manner as when one eats Oysters in the Shell, or when we sup up our Broth : this done, he opened his Mouth somewhat, and struck his right Hand flat upon it, making therewith a great and a deep Sound, as if it came from the Superficies of the *Diaphragma* through the *Trachiartere* : and this he did for sixteen Times ; but *Thaumast* did always keep blowing like a Goose. Then *Panurge* put the Fore-finger of his Right-hand into his Mouth, pressing it very hard to the Muscles thereof : then he drew it out, and withal made a great Noise, as when little Boys shoot Pellets out of the Pot-cannons made of the hollow Sticks of the Branch of an Elder-tree ; and he did it nine Times.

Then *Thaumast* cried out, Ha, my Masters, a great Secret : With this he put in his Hand up to the Elbow ; then drew out a Dagger that he had, holding it by the Point downwards. Whereat *Panurge* took his long Codpiece, and shook it as hard as he could against his Thighs ; then put his two Hands intwined in manner of a Comb upon his Head, laying out his Tongue as far as he

he was able; and turning his Eyes in his Head, like a Goat that is ready to die. Ha, I understand, said *Thaumaſt*, but what? making ſuch a *Sign*, that he put the Haſt of his Dagger againſt his Breſt, and upon the Point thereof the Flat of his Hand, turning in a little the Ends of his Fingers; whereat *Panurge* held down his Head on the Left-side, and put his Middle-finger into his Right-ear, holding up his Thumb bolt upright; then he croſs'd his two Arms upon his Breſt, and coughed five Times, and, at the fifth Time, he ſtruck his right Foot againſt the Ground: then he lifted up his left Arm, and, cloſing all his Fingers into his Fiſt, held his Thumb againſt his Forehead, ſtriking with his Right-hand ſix Times againſt his Breſt. But *Thaumaſt*, as not content therewith, put the Thumb of his Left-hand upon the Top of his Noſe, ſhutting the reſt of his ſaid Hand. Whereupon *Panurge* ſet his two Maſter fingers upon each Side of his Mouth, drawing it as much as he was able, and widening it ſo, that he ſhewed all his Teeth: and with his two Thumbs pluck'd down his two Eyelids very low, making therewith a very ill-favour'd Countenance, as it ſeemed to the Company.

C H A P. XX.

How Thaumaſt relateth the Virtues and Knowledge of Panurge.

THEN *Thaumaſt* roſe up, and, putting off his Cap, did very kindly thank the ſaid *Panurge*, and with a loud Voice ſaid unto all the People that were there, *My Lords, Gentlemen, and others*, at this Time may I to ſome good Purpoſe ſpeak that evangelical Word, *Et ecce plus quàm Salomon hic*. You have here in your Preſence an incomparable Treafure, that is, my Lord *Pantagruel*, whoſe great Renown hath brought me hither, out of the very Heart of *England*, to confer with him about the inſoluble Problems, both in *Magick, Alchymy, the Caballe, Geomancy, Aſtrology, and Philoſophy*, which I had in my Mind. But at preſent I am angry,
even

even with Fame itself, which I think was envious to him, for that it did not declare the thousandth Part of the Worth that indeed is in him. You have seen how (1.) his Disciple only hath satisfied me, and hath told me more than I asked of him: besides, he hath opened unto me and resolved other inestimable Doubts, wherein I can assure you he hath to me discovered the very true Well, Fountain, and Abyss of the *Encyclopedeia* of Learning; yea, in such fort, that I did not think I should ever have found a Man that could have made his Skill appear, insomuch as the first Elements of that concerning which we disputed by *Signs*, without speaking either Word or half Word. But in fine, I will reduce into Writing that which we have said and concluded, that the World may not take them to be Fooleries, and will hereafter cause them to be printed, that every one may learn as I have done. Judge then what the Master had been able to say, seeing the Disciple hath done so valiantly; for, *Non est Discipulus super Magistrum*. Howsoever God be praised, and I do very humbly thank you for the Honour that you have done us at this Act: God reward you for it eternally. The like Thanks gave *Pantagruel* to all the Company; and, going from thence, he carried *Thaumaft* to Dinner with him, and believe that they drank as much as their Skins could hold; or, as the Phrase is, with unbuttoned Bellies; (for in that

(1.) *His Disciple only hath satisfy'd me,*] We are not to look for any Mysteries in these odd Signs and Gestures, wherein the Dispute between *Thaumaft* and *Panurge* is made to consist. Our Author's sole Aim was to turn into Ridicule the pretended Science of Signs and Numbers taught by the venerable *Bede*, and too much esteemed of by *Thaumaft* an *Englishman*, as well as *Bede* himself. *Rabelais* allots this Task to the waggish *Panurge*, who, for one Sign which the other makes him, gives him two in Return, and those the most out-of-the-way ones that could be. *Accursius* has enliven'd his *Gloss de Orig. Juris* with such another Monkey-like Scene, which he says did actually pass, in ancient *Rome*, between a certain *Greek* Philosopher and a Fool, who was set up against him by the *Romans*. To all the *Grecian's* mysterious Signs, the Fool return'd very whimsical ones, which, in like Manner as here by *Thaumaft*, were taken by the Philosopher for so many learned Answers to all his Doubts and Objections.

Age (2.) they made fast their Bellies with Buttons, as we do now the Collars of our Doublets) even till they neither knew where they were, nor whence they came. *Blessed Lady*, how they did carouze it, and (3.) pluck (as we say) at the Kid's Leather; and Flagons to trot, and they to toot, Draw, give, Page, some Wine; here, reach hither, fill with a Devil, so? There was not one but did drink five and twenty or thirty Pipes, can you tell how? even *sicut terra sine aqua*; for the Weather was hot; and beside, that, they were very dry. In Matter of the Exposition of the Propositions set down by *Thaumaft*; and the Signification of the *Signs* which they used in their Disputation, I would have set them down for you according to their own Relation; but I have been told that *Thaumaft* made a great Book of it, imprinted at *London*, wherein he hath set down all without omitting any thing, and therefore at this Time I do pass by it.

C H A P. XXI.

How Panurge was in Love with a Lady of Paris.

Panurge began to be in great Reputation in the City of *Paris*, by means of this Disputation, wherein he prevailed against the *Englishman*, and from thence-

(2.) *They made fast their Bellies with Buttons, &c.] Rabelais* means your fair, round, out-strutting, Bellies, anciently cased in Doublets long enough to reach to their Groin.

(3.) *Pluck—at the Kid's Leather;]* Quaff'd it. This Expression is used in *Dauphiné* and other Provinces where they put their Wine in Kid-skins. *Cotgrave* says *tirer au Cherrotin*, to eat or drink exceeding much, also to vomit thro' that Excess: *vomitare il pasto*, as *Oudin* says in his *Fr. Ital. Dict.* *Corderius* uses it likewise for disburfing of Money. There's another Signification in *Du Chat* which would please such as delight in Falconry, as it shews how to make their Hawks discharge their Phlegm which otherwise might choke them. Which I have not time to translate. You may see something like it, and full as good, in our *English Books* of Country Gentlemen's Recreations.

forth

forth made his *Codpiece* to be very useful to him, to which Effect he had it pinked with pretty little Embroideries, after the *Romanesca* Fashion: and the World did praise him publickly, in so far that there was a Song made of him, which little Children did use to sing when they went to fetch Mustard. He was withal made welcome in all Companies of Ladies and Gentlewomen; so that at last he became presumptuous, and went about to bring to his Lure one of the greatest Ladies in the City: and indeed leaving a Rabble of long Prologues and Protestations, which ordinarily these dolent contemplative *Lent-lovers* make, who never meddle with the Flesh; one Day he said unto her, *Madam*, it would be a very great Benefit to the Commonwealth, delightful to you, honourable to your Progeny, and necessary for me, that I cover you for the propagating of my Race; and believe it, for Experience will teach it you. The Lady at this Word thrust him back above a hundred Leagues, saying, You mischievous Fool, is it for you to talk thus unto me? Whom do you think you have in hand? Be gone, never come in my Sight again; for, if one Thing were not, I would have your Legs and Arms cut off.

Well, said he, that were all one to me, to want both Legs and Arms, provided you and I had but one merry Bout together at the brangle Buttock game; for here within is (in shewing her his long *Codpiece*) Master (1.) *John Thursday*, who will play you such an *Antique*, that you shall feel the Sweetness thereof even to the very Marrow of your Bones: he is a Gallant, and doth so well know how to find out all the Corners, Creeks, and ingrained Inmates in your carnal Trap, that after him there needs no Broom, he'll sweep so well before, and leave nothing to his Followers to work upon. Whereunto the Lady answered, Go Villain, go, if you speak to me one such Word more, I will cry out, and make you to be knocked down with Blows. Ha, said he, you are not so bad as you say, no, or else I am deceived in your Physiognomy; for sooner shall the Earth mount up unto the Heavens, and the highest Heavens descend

(1.) *John Thursday*,] A Musician and Dancing-master, suppos'd to be the Inventer of an Antique-dance call'd the *Hussarde*.

unto the Hells, and all the Course of Nature be quite perverted, than that, in so great Beauty and Neatness as in you is, there should be one Drop of Gall or Malice: they say indeed, that hardly shall a Man ever see a fair Woman that is not also stubborn; yet that is spoke only of those vulgar Beauties; but yours is so excellent, so singular, and so heavenly, that I believe Nature hath given it you as a Paragon and Master-piece of her Art, to make us know what she can do, when she will employ all her Skill, and all her Power. There is nothing in you but Honey, but Sugar, but a sweet and celestial Manna. To you it was to whom *Paris* ought to have adjudged the golden Apple, not to *Venus*, no, nor to *Juno*, nor to *Minerva*; for never was there so much Magnificence in *Juno*, so much Wisdom in *Minerva*, nor so much Comeliness in *Venus*, as there is in you.

O heavenly Gods and Goddeses! how happy shall that Man be to whom you will grant the Favour to embrace her, to kiss her, and to rub his Bacon with hers? By G--- that shall be I, I know it well; for she loves me already her Belly-full, I am sure of it; and so was I predestinated to it by the *Fairies*. And therefore, that we lose no Time, put on, thrust out your Gammons. Then he would have embraced her; but she made as if she would put out her Head at the Window, to call her Neighbours for Help. Then *Panurge* on a sudden ran out, and in his running away said, *Madam*, stay here till I come again, I will go call them myself, do not you take so much Pains. Thus went he away, not much caring for the Repulse he had got, nor made he any whit the worse Cheer for it. The next Day he came to the Church, at the Time that she went to *Mass*; at the Door he gave her some of the *Holy-water*, bowing himself very low before her: afterwards he kneeled down by her very familiarly, and said unto her, *Madam*, you know that I am so amorous of you, that I can neither kiss nor dung for Love: I do not know, *Lady*, what you mean, but if I should take any Hurt by it, how much would you be to blame?

Go, said she, go, I do not care, let me alone to say my Prayers. Ay but, said he, equivocate upon a *Beau-mont le viconte*. I cannot, said she. It is, said he, a *beau*

beau con le vit monte: and upon this pray to God to give you that which your noble Heart desireth; and I pray you give me these *Patenotres*. Take them, said she, and trouble me no longer. This done, she would have taken off her *Patenotres*, which were made of a Kind of yellow Stone called (2.) *Cestrin*, and adorned with great Spots of Gold; but *Panurge* nimbly drew out one of his Knives, wherewith he cut them off very handsomely; and whilst he was going away to carry them to the Brokers, he said to her, Will you have my Knife? No, no, said she. But, said he, to the Point, I am at your Commandment, Body and Goods, Tripes and Bowels.—

In the mean time the Lady was not well content with the Want of her *Patenotres*; for they were one of her Implements to keep her Countenance by in the Church; then thought with herself, this bold flouting *Royster* is some giddy, fantastical, light-headed Fool of a strange Country; I shall never recover my *Patenotres* again, what will my Husband say? He will, no doubt, be angry with me; but I will tell him that a Thief hath cut them off from my Hands in the Church, which he will easily believe, seeing the End of the Ribbon left at my Girdle. After Dinner, *Panurge* went to see her, carrying in his Sleeve a great Purse full of (3.) *Palace-crowns* (called Counters) and began to say unto her, Which of us two loveth other best, you me, or I you? Whereunto she answered, As for me, I do not hate you; for, as God commands, I love all the World. But to the Point, said he, are not you in Love with me? I have, said she, told you so many Times already, that

(2.) *Cestrin*,] A kind of yellow Stone wherewith Praying-beads are made, says *Cotgr.* *Menage* says it's a Sort of Wood used for that Purpose by the *Portuguese*. *M. du Chat* takes it to be the *Lignum Aloes*, of which the Bowl was made, that serv'd for the Device of the Tenth Ship of *Pantagruel's* jovial Convoy, l. 4. c. 1.

(3.) *Palace-crowns*, call'd *Counters*,] In France, from Time immemorial, the Officers of the *Palais* have used Counters in making their Calculations of Taxes, and in the Declaration of Issues and Disbursements: as in the Cofferers and other Accompts here, Counters are used before the Barons of the *Exchequer*. They were call'd *Eca de Palais*, because one Side was anciently stamp'd with the *Escutcheon of France*.

you should talk so no more to me ; and, if you speak of it again, I will teach you, that I am not one to be talked unto dishonestly : get you hence packing, and deliver me my *Patenotres*, that my Husband may not ask me for them.

How now, *Madam*, said he, your *Patenotres* ? Nay, by mine Oath I will not do so, but I will give you others ; had you rather have them of Gold well enamell'd in great round Knobs, or after the Manner of Love-knots, or otherwise all massive, like great *Ingots* ; or if you had rather have them of *Ebony*, of *Jacinth*, or of grained Gold, with the Marks of fine *Turkoises*, or of fair *Topazes*, marked with fine *Sapphires*, or of *baleu Rubies*, with great Marks of *Diamonds* of eight and twenty Squares ? No, no, all this is too little. I know a fair (4.) Bracelet of fine *Emeralds*, marked with spotted *Ambergrease*, and at the Buckle a *Persian Pearl* as big as an Orange ; it will not cost above five and twenty thousand Ducats, I will make you a Present of it ; for I have ready Coin enough ; and withal he made a Noise with his Counters, as if they had been *French Crowns*.

Will you have a Piece of Velvet, either of the Violet Colour, or of Crimson died in Grain ; or a Piece of broached or crimson Sattin ? Will you have Chains, Gold, Tablets, Rings ? You need no more but say, Yes ; so far as fifty Thousand Ducats may reach, it is but as nothing to me. By the Virtue of which Words he made the Water come in her Mouth. But she said unto him, No, I thank you, I will have nothing of you. By G—— said he, but I will have somewhat of you ; yet shall it be that which shall cost you nothing, neither shall you have a Jot the less, when you have given it : hold (shewing his long *Codpiece*) this is Master *John Goodfellow*, that asks for Lodging, and with that would have embraced her ; but she began to cry out, yet not very loud. Then *Panurge* put off his counterfeit Garb,

(4.) Bracelet] Read *Chaplet*, i. e. a Pair of Beads to pray by : *Bracelet*'s another Thing. *Ung Chapellet* in *French* is the same as *Patenotres* (Beads) the very Thing in Question, which has been so often mention'd.

changed

changed his false Visage, and said unto her, You will not then otherwise let me do a little ; a Turd for you ; you do not deserve so much Good, nor so much Honour : but by G— I will make the Dogs ride you, and with this he ran away as fast as he could, for Fear of Blows, whereof he was naturally fearful.

C H A P. XXII.

How Panurge served the Paritian Lady a Trick that pleased her not very well.

NOW you must note that the next Day was the great Festival of *Corpus Christi*, called the *Sacre*, wherein all Women put on their best Apparel ; and on that Day the said Lady was cloathed in a rich Gown of Crimson Sattin, under which she wore a very costly white Velvet Petticoat,

Now on the *Vigil*, *Panurge* searched so long of one Side and another, that he found a (1.) hot or salt Bitch, which, when he had tied her with his Girdle, he led her to his Chamber, and fed her very well all that Day and Night ; in the Morning thereafter he killed her, and took that Part of her, which the (2.) *Greek Geomancers* know, and cut it into several Pieces as small as he could ; then, carrying it away as close as might be, he went to the Place where the *Lady* was to come along to follow the *Procession*, as the Custom is upon the said Holy-day. And when she came in, *Panurge* sprinkled some Holy Water on her, saluting her very courteously. Then a little while after she had said her *petty Devotions*, he sat down close by her upon the same Bench, and gave her this *Roundlay* in Writing, in Manner as followeth.

(1.) *Hot or salt*] *Orgoose* in the Original : from the *Greek* ὀργῶν. [*Galen* in *Aph.* 22. l. 1.] *Appetere impatienter*, says *Robertson's* Lexicon.

(2.) *Greek Geomancers*] *Rabelais* means *Galen*, l. 1. A. h. 22.

A Roundelay.

Lady for once, *because my Case*
I told you, t'm I out of Grace ?
That you should so severely call
Me to be gone for good and all,
Who never had deser-v'd your Frown
By Word, Deed, Letter, or Lampoon.
You might deny me what I sought,
And not have call'd me all to nought,
Because I would have had a Bout,

Lady for once.

It hurts you not that I complain
Of my intolerable Pain ;
Of bloody Wound, and deadly Dart,
Where-with your Beauty thrills my Heart ;
And since from thence my Torment came,
O grant some little of that same,

Lady for once.

And as she was opening this Paper to see what it was, Panurge very promptly and lightly scattered the Drug that he had, (3.) upon her in divers Places, but especially in the Pleats of her Sleeves, and of her Gown : then said he unto her, *Madam*, the poor Lovers are not always at Ease. As for me, I hope that those heavy Nights, those Pains and Troubles which I suffer for Love of you, shall be a Deduction to me of so much Pain in Purgatory : yet at the least pray to God to give me Patience in my Misery. Panurge had no sooner spoke this, but all the Dogs that were in the Church came running to this Lady with the Smell of Drugs that he had strewed upon her, both small and great, big and little, all came, laying out their Member ; smelling to her, and pissing every where upon her ; it was the greatest (4.) Villany in the World.

(3.) *Upon her in divers Places,*] Had she perceiv'd him serving her so, she wou'd have taken it for a Piece of Gallantry only in a Lover, the Ladies in these Days using much Perfume, and suffering themselves to be perfum'd, its likely, by their Sparks.

(4.) *Villany*] *Filthiness*, properly. *Villanie* in French.

Panurge made some Offers of driving them away ; then took his Leave of her, and withdrew himself into a Chappel or Oratory of the said Church, to see the Sport ; for these villanous Dogs did compis all her Habiliments, and left none of her Attire unbesprinkled with their Staling, insomuch that a tall Greyhound pifs'd upon her Head ; others in her Sleeves ; others on her Crupper-piece ; and the little ones pissed upon her Pattins : so that all the Women that were round about her had much ado to save her. Whereat *Panurge* very heartily laughing, he said to one of the Lords of the City, I believe that the same Lady is hot, or else that some Greyhound hath covered her lately. And when he saw that all the Dogs were flocking about her, yarring at the Retardment of their Access to her, and every Way keeping such a Coil with her as they are wont to do about a proud or salt Bitch ; he forthwith departed from thence, and went to call *Pantagruel* ; not forgetting in his Way along all the Streets, through which he went, where he found any Dogs, to give them a Bang with his Foot, saying, Will you not go with your Fellows to the *Wedding* ? Away hence, *avant, avant, with a Devil avant*. And being come Home, he said to *Pantagruel*, Master, I pray you come and see all the Dogs of the Country, how they are assembled about a Lady, the fairest in the City, and would (5.) duffle and line her. Whereunto *Pantagruel* willingly condescended, (6.) and saw the Mystery, which he found very pretty and strange. But the best was at the Procession, in which were seen above Six hundred thousand and fourteen Dogs about her, which did very much trouble and molest her ;

(5.) *Duffle, &c.*] *Jocquetter* in *Rabelais*. Either from *jugum* or *jocus*.

(6.) *And saw the Mystery, which he found very pretty and strange.*] The *Mystery*, that is, the *Farce*. It was a common Saying, *jouer les Mysteres*, to play or act the *Mysteries*, i. e. to represent the *Mysteries* of Religion on the Stage by Way of *Farce*, which were often diverting enough for their Simplicity. See *Bayle's Dict.* in the Article of *Dassouci*. One of these *Farces*, intitled *The Mystery of the Old Testament*, was play'd at *Paris* : and the *Mystery of the Passion*, another Piece of the same Kind, presented moult triumphamment (mighty Triumphantly) at *Angers*, was printed in 4to in 97 chap. containing 253 Leaves, at *Paris*, by *Philip le Noir* in 1532.

and

and whithersoever she pass'd, those Dogs that came afresh, tracing her Footsteps, followed her at the Heels, and piss'd in the Way where her Gown had touched. All the World stood gazing at this Spectacle, considering the Countenance [Action] of those Dogs, who leaping up got about her Neck, and spoiled all her gorgeous Accoutrements, for the which she could find no Remedy, but to retire unto her House, which was a (7.) Palace. Thither she went, and the Dogs after her; she ran to hide herself, but the Chamber-maids could not abstain from laughing. When she was entered into the House, and had shut the Door upon herself, all the Dogs came running, of half a League round, and did so well bepiss the Gate of her House, that there they made a Stream with their Urine, wherein a Duck might very well have swimm'd; and it is the same Current that now runs (8.) at St. Victor, in which Gobelin dyeth Scarlet, for (9.) the specifical Virtue of these Piss-Dogs, as our (10.) Master Doribus did heretofore preach publickly. So may God help you; a Mill would have ground Corn with it; yet not so much as those of Basacle at Toulouse.

(7.) Palace.] *Hotel* in French. People of Quality's Houses are call'd *Hotels* not *Maisons*, in France.

(8.) Runs at St. Victor.] At the Time spoken of by Rabelais, the small River of *Bievre*, which comes from the Village of that Name, used to run into the *Seine* at *Paris* by a Postern-gate or Back-door of St. Victor, where the Traces of it are still remaining. Now, it enters the *Seine* a little below that Abbey.

(9.) Specifical Virtue of these Piss-dogs.] In Failure of Dogs-piss, other Urine will serve. *Parisis quando purpura præparatur, tunc Artifices invitant Germanicos milites & studiosos, qui libenter bibunt: & eis præbent largiter optimum vinum, ea conditione, ut postea, urinam reddant in illam lanam. Sic enim audiui a Studioso Parisiensi. Joann. Manlii libellus Medicus, pag. 765. of his Common-places, Francfort Edit. 1568. 8vo. To conclude; Piss dogs (Pisse-chiens) means Pissing-dogs, Dogs that do nothing but piss.*

(10.) Our Master Doribus] In all likelihood the same Master d'Oris——mention'd by Bezza in his Ecclesiastical Hist. Ann. 1534. *Depuis etant venu à Sancerre, &c.* Then, coming to *Sancerre, &c.* Our Mr. d'Oris——a famous Inquisitor of the Faith, was so highly delighted with the good Wine they had given him to pacify him, that he affirmed publickly in the Pulpit at *Bourges*, that the Inhabitants of *Sancerre* were a very good Sort of People,

C H A P. XXIII.

How Pantagruel departed from Paris, bearing the News that the Dipsodes had invaded the Land of the Amaurots: and the Cause wherefore the Leagues are so short in France.

A Little while after *Pantagruel* heard News, that his Father *Gargantua* had been (1.) translated into the Land of the *Fairies* by *Morgue*, as heretofore were *Oger* and *Arthur*: and that, the Report of his Translation being spread abroad, the *Dipsodes* had issued out beyond their Borders, with Inrodes, had wasted a great part of *Utopia*, and at that very time had besieged the great City of the *Amaurots*. Whereupon departing from *Paris*, without bidding any Man Farewel, for the Business required Diligence, he came to *Rouen*.

Now *Pantagruel* in his Journey, seeing that the Leagues of that little Territory about *Paris*, (2.) called *France*, were very short in regard of those of other Countries, demanded the Cause and Reason of it from *Panurge*; who told him a Story which (3.) *Marotus du Lac*, *Monachus*, set down in the Acts of the Kings of

(1.) *Translated, &c.*] The Fairy *Morgue* kept the good King *Arthur* her Brother in the Castle of *Avalon*, where that Prince quietly enjoy'd all the Pleasures of that enchanted Place. *Oger* the Dane, happening to be rambling that Way, was invited in by his good Friend the Fairy, and was entertained by her in a yet more agreeable Manner. But, as the Pagans had taken the Opportunity of *Oger's* Absence, to seize on *Jerusalem* and *Babylon*, just such an Opportunity here prompts the *Dipsodes* to lay Siege to the City of the *Amaurots*.

(2.) *Call'd France,*] Call'd *l'Isle de France*, I suppose Sir T. U. wou'd have said. *Rabelais* says only, *les lieües de France*, the Leagues of *France*, not a Word of that little Territory about *Paris* call'd *France*.

(3.) *Marotus du Lac, Monachus, &c.*] The Reason here given, why the Leagues differ, being an original Story, it follows that this *Marotus* is no other than Master *Francis* himself. The Quality of Monk cannot be disputed him, and as he took the Name of *Marotus*, perhaps out of Friendship to *Marot*, so it may be he took the Surname of *Du Lac*, only by Way of Allusion to the Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake*.

Canarre;

Canarre; saying, that in old Times Countries were not distinguished into Leagues, Miles, Furlongs, nor *Parafanges*, until that King *Pharamond* divided them, which was done in manner as followeth. The said King chose at *Paris* a hundred fair, gallant, lusty, brisk young Men, all resolute and bold Adventurers in *Cupid's* Duels, together with a hundred comely, pretty, handsome, lovely, and well-complexioned Wenches of *Picardy*, all which he caused to be well entertained and highly fed for the Space of eight Days; then, having called for them, he deliver'd to every one of the young Men his Wench, with store of Money to defray their Charges, and this Injunction besides, to go unto divers Places here and there. And wheresoever they should biscot and thrum their Wenches, that they, setting a Stone there, it should be accounted for a League. Thus went away those brave Fellows and sprightly Blades most merrily, and because they were fresh, and had been at rest, they were jumming and tumbling almost at every Field's End, and this is the Cause why the Leagues about *Paris* are so short. But when they had gone a great Way, and were now as weary as poor Devils, all the Oil in their Lamps being almost spent, they did not chink and duffle so often, but contented themselves (I mean for the Mens Part) with one scurvy paultry Bout in a Day. And this is that which makes the Leagues in *Britany*, *De-lanes*, *Germany*, and other more remote Countries so long. Other Men give other Reasons for it, but this seems to me of all other the best. To which *Pantagruel* willingly adhered. Parting from *Rouen*, they arrived at (4.) *Honfleur*, and there took shipping, *Pantagruel*, *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Eusthenes*, and *Carpalim*.

In

(4.) *Honfleur*,] A small Town in *Normandy*, over-against *Harfleur*. The History of King *Charles VII.* falsely attributed to *Alain Chartier*, calls this *Harfieu*: and *Honnefieu* the other, which *Doler's* Edition calls *Hammefleur*, and *Beza's* Ecclesiastical History *Hondefleur*. Since it appears by this that the Origin of the Name of these two Towns, and especially of the latter, is not well known even to the *French* themselves, the Reader perhaps will not be displeased to see here what *H. Ottius* thought of it, in his *Franco-Gallia*, where he easily proves that a great Number of our (*French*) Words come from the *German*. See here therefore how he expresses himself in that little

In which Place, waiting for a favourable Wind, and caulking their Ship, he received from a Lady of *Paris* (that had formerly been kept by him a long Time) a Letter directed on the Outside, thus :

To the best beloved of the Fair,

And the least loyal of the Brave ;

(5.) P. N. T. G. R. L.

C H A P. XXIV.

A Letter which a Messenger brought to Pantagruel from a Lady of Paris ; together with the Exposition of a Posy, written in a Gold Ring.

WHEN *Pantagruel* had read the Superscription, on, he was much amazed, and therefore demanded of the said Messenger the Name of her that had sent it. Then opened he the Letter, and found nothing written in it, nor otherwise inclosed, but only a gold Ring, with a square Table Diamond. Wondering at this, he called *Panurge* to him, and shewed him the Case ; whereupon *Panurge* told him, that the Leaf of Paper was written upon, but with such Cunning and Artifice, that no Man could see the Writing at the first Sight ; therefore, to find it out, he set it by the Fire, to see if it was made with *Sal Ammoniack* soaked in Water ; then put he it into the Water, to see if the Letter was written with the Juice of *Tithymalle* ; after that, he

Book p. 66. of the *Bâle* Edition, 1670. *Op.* says he, *apud Caletos Harflutum*, Harfleu, Harflufs, *ab influxu maris : ex alia parte Hinflutum*, Hinfleut, Belg. *Hinflut*, Germ. *Hinflufs*, *à defluxu*. This was *Andrew du Chêne's* Thought long before him.

(5.) P. N. T. G. R. L.] The Inscription on the Ring was *Hebrew*. The Name of *Pantagruel* appears accordingly written without Vowels, after the Manner of the *Hebrews*, who use Points instead of Vowels.

held

held it up against the Candle, to see if it was written with the Juice of *white Onions*.

Then he rubbed one Part of it with *Oil of Nuts*, to see if it were not written with the *Lee* of a *Fig-tree*; and another Part of it with the Milk of a Woman giving Suck to her eldest Daughter, to see if it was written with the *Blood* of *red Toads*, or green Earth-frogs. Afterwards he rubbed one Corner with the Ashes of a Swallow's Nest, to see if it were not written with the Dew that is found (1.) within the Herb *Alcakeny*, called the Winter-cherry. He rubbed after that one End with Ear-wax, to see if it were not written with the *Gall* of a *Raven*. Then did he dip it into Vinegar, to try if it was not written with the Juice of the Garden *Spurge*. After that he greased it with the Fat of a Bat or Flittermouse, to see if it was not written with the *Sperm* of a *Whale*, which some call *Ambergris*. Then put it very fairly into a Bason full of fresh Water, and forthwith took it out, to see whether it were written with *Stone-allum*. But after all Experiments, when he perceived that he could find out nothing, he called the Messenger, and asked him, *Good Fellow*, the Lady that sent thee hither, did she not give thee a Staff to bring with thee? Thinking that it had been according to the Conceit whereof *Aulus Gellius* maketh mention, and the Messenger answered him, *No, Sir*. Then *Panurge* would have caused his Head to be shaven, to see whether the Lady had written upon his bald Pate, with the hard *Lee* whereof *Sope* is made, that which she meant; but perceiving that his Hair was very long, he forbore, considering that it could not have grown to so great a Length in so short a Time.

Then he said to *Pantagruel*, Master, by the Virtue of G — I cannot tell what to do nor say in it. For to know whether there be any thing written upon this or no, I have made use of a good Part of that which (2.)

Master

(1.) *Within the Herb Alcakeny, &c.]* The Original says, *within the Apples called Alicacabut*.

(2.) *Master Francisco di Nianto, the Tuscan.]* No body, in France, knows any thing of this Man, or the Book which *Rabelais* ascribes to him. As our Author, in the Year 1536, was at Rome for some

Master *Francisco di Nianto*, the *Tuscan*, sets down, who hath written the *Manner of reading Letters that do not appear*; That which *Zoroastes* published, *Peri grammaton acriton*: And (3.) *Calphurnius Bassus de litteris illegibilibus*: But I can see nothing, nor do I believe that there is any thing else in it than the Ring. Let us therefore look upon it; which when they had done, they found this in *Hebrew* written within, (4.) *Lama Sabachthani*; whereupon they called *Epistemon*, and asked him what that meant? To which he answered, That they were *Hebrew* Words, signifying *Wherefore hast thou forsaken me*? Upon that *Panurge* suddenly replied, I know the Mystery, do you see this *Diamond*? It is a false one. This then is the Exposition of that which the Lady means, *Diamant faux*: that is, (5.) *False Lover*, *why hast thou forsaken me*? Which Interpretation *Pantagruel* presently understood, and withal remembring, that at his Departure he had not bid the Lady farewell; he was very sorry, and would fain have returned to *Paris* to make his Peace with her. But *Epistemon* put him in mind of *Aeneas's* Departure from *Dido*, and the Saying of *Heraclitus* of *Tarentum*, That the Ship being at Anchor, when Need requireth, we must cut the Cable rather than lose Time about the untying of it. And that he

time, 'tis possible that either there, or on the Road, he might have light on *Messere Francisco di Nianto*, or at least his Work. (The Name of *Nianto* seems to me to be a Banter; for it means Mr. No body, from *Neante*, In *Italian*.)

(3.) *Calphurnius Bassus*] This is a Sham Name for another Man, and the Treatise *de litteris illegibilibus* merely imaginary. See *Vossius* the Father, l. 1. of his *Latin Historians*, c. 22. upon this Subject.

(4.) *Lama Sabachthani*;] This prophane Application of *Lama Sabachthani* is properly of the *Italian* Genius, and accordingly *Rabelais* took it from the 4^{ast} Novel of *Massuccio Salernitano*. *James Gohori*, half Author, half Translator of some of the Volumes of *Amadis*, has foisted into the Third this same Rebus which is not in the *Spanish* Original, and which *Rabelais* could not have seen in the Translation, it not being publish'd till after his Death.

(5.) *False Lover*, &c.] It should be, *Say, false Lover*, &c. *Di, amant faux*. Sir T. U. by leaving out the Word *Say*, and not giving the Words, either at length, as thus, *Diamant faux* (*false Diamond*) or as it is divided, *Di, amant faux* (*say, false Lover*) leaves the Reader quite at a Loss about the Meaning of all this.

should

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should lay aside all other Thoughts to succour the City of his Nativity, which was then in Danger. And indeed within an Hour after that, the Wind arose at the *North-North-West*; wherewith they hoisted Sail, and put out, even into the main Sea; so that within few Days, passing by *Porto Sancto*, and by the *Maderas*, they went ashore in the *Canary Islands*: Parting from thence, they passed by *Capobianco*, by *Senega*, by *Capoverde*, by *Gambre*, by *Sagres*, by *Melli*, by the *Cap di buona Speranza*, and set ashore again in the Kingdom of *Melinda*: Parting from thence, they sailed away with a *Tramontan* or northerly Wind, passing by (6.) *Meden*, (7.) by *Uti*, by *Uden*, by *Gelasim*, by the Isles of the *Fairies*, and alongst the Kingdom of *Achory*, till at last they arrived at the Port of *Utopia*, distant from the City of the *Amaurots* three Leagues and somewhat more.

When they were ashore, and pretty well refresh'd, *Pantagrue* said, Gentlemen, the City is not far from hence, therefore were it not amiss, before we set forward, to advise well what is to be done, that we be not like the *Athenians*, who never took counsel until after the Fact: Are you resolved to live and die with me? Yes, Sir, said they all, and be as confident of us, as of your own Fingers. Well, said he, there is but one Thing that keeps my Mind in great Doubt and Suspence, which is this, that I know not in what Order, nor of what Number the Enemy is, that layeth Siege to the City; for if I were certain of that, I should go forward, and set on with the better Assurance. Let us therefore consult together, and bethink ourselves by what Means we may come to this Intelligence. Whereunto they all said, Let us go thither and see, and stay you here for us; for this very Day, without further Respite, do we make account to bring you a certain Report thereof.

(6.) *Meden*,] Such another Country, says the *Dutch* Scholiast, as *Medamothi* in l. 4. ch. 2. that is to say, *No Country at all*, for that's the *English* of *Μηδὲν* and *Μηδαμότεν*. *Rabelais* created these Places himself.

(7.) *By Uti, by Uden*,] Again, Countries framed at Pleasure, over a Bottle; no such Places or Things, in *rerum naturâ*. 'Οὐδὲν, 'Οὐτὶ: Nullities in *English*.

(8.) Myself, said *Panurge*, will undertake to enter into their Camp, within the very Midst of their Guards, unespied by their Watch, and merrily feast and lecher it at their Cost, without being known of any, to see the Artillery and the Tents of all the Captains, and thrust myself in with a grave and magnifick Carriage, amongst all their Troops and Companies, without being discover'd, the Devil would not be able to pick me out with all his Circumventions : for I am of the Race of *Zopyrus*.

And I, said *Epistemon*, know all the Plots and Stratagems of the valiant Captains, and warlike Champions of former Ages, together with all the Tricks and Subtilties of the Art of War. I will go, and though I be detected and revealed, I will escape, by making them believe of you whatever I please ; for I am of the Race of *Sinon*.

I, said *Eusthenes*, will enter and set upon them in their Trenches, in spite of their Centries, and all their Guards ; for I will tread upon their Bellies, and break their Legs and Arms, yea though they were every whit as strong as the Devil himself ; for I am of the Race of *Hercules*.

And I, said *Carpalim*, will get in there, if the Birds can enter ; for I am so nimble of Body, and light withal, that I shall have leaped over their Trenches, and ran clean through all their Camp, before that they perceive me : neither do I fear Shot, nor Arrow, nor Horse, how swift soever, were he the *Pegasus* of *Persee* [*Perseus*] or (9.) *Pacolet* ; being assured that I shall be able to make a safe and sound Escape before them all without any Hurt. I will undertake to walk upon the Ears of Corn, or Grass in the Meadows, without making either of them do so much as bow under me ; for I am of the Race of (10.) *Camilla* the *Amazone*.

(8.) *Myself*, said *Panurge*, will undertake, &c.] Imitation of the *Gabs* of *Charlemagne* and his Peers at *K. Hugo's* Court at *Constantinople*, in ch. 8. of *Galien Restor'd*. (I take *M. du Chat's Gab* to mean *Mockery*, *Bravado*, *Banter*, from the *Italian gabbare*.)

(9.) *Pacolet* ;] A wonderful Horse, used a long time by the Hero of the Romance of *Valentine* and *Orson*.

(10.) *Camilla the Amazone*.] See *Virgil*, xi. *Æneid*. Our Author calls her *Amazon*, because she was a dextrous Warrior.

C H A P. XXV.

How Panurge, Carpalim, Eusthenes, and Epistemon (the Gentlemen Attendants of Pantagruel) vanquished and discomfited Six hundred and threescore Horsemen very cunningly.

AS he was speaking this, they perceived Six hundred and threescore light Horsemen, gallantly mounted, who came to discover what Ship and Company it was that was newly arrived in the Harbour, and came in a full Gallop to take them if they had been able. Then said *Pantagruel*, My Lads, retire yourselves unto the Ship, here are some of our Enemies coming apace, but I will kill them here before you like Beasts, altho' they were ten times so many; in the mean time withdraw yourselves, and take your Sport at it. Then answered *Panurge*, No, Sir, there is no Reason that you should do so; but on the contrary, retire you unto the Ship, both you and the rest; for I alone will here discomfit them; but we must not linger, come, set forward. Whereunto the others said, It is well advised; Sir, withdraw yourself, and we will help *Panurge* here, so shall you know what we are able to do. Then said *Pantagruel*, Well, I am content, but if that you be too weak, I will not fail to come to your Assistance.

With this, *Panurge* took two great Cables of the Ship, and tied them to the *Capstan* which was on the Deck towards the Hatches, and fastened them in the Ground, making a long Circuit, the one further off, the other within that. Then said he to *Epistemon*, Go aboard the Ship, and, when I give you a Call, turn about the *Capstan* upon the *Orlop* diligently, drawing unto you the two Cable-ropes: And said to *Eusthenes*, and to *Carpalim*, My Bullies, stay you here, and offer yourselves freely to your Enemies, do as they bid you, and make as if you would yield unto them: but take heed you come not within the Compass of the Ropes; be
sure

sure to keep yourselves free of them. And presently he went aboard the Ship, and took a Bundle of Straw and a Barrel of Gunpowder, strewed it round about the Compass of the Cords, and stood by with a Brand of Fire, or Match, lighted in his Hand. Presently came the Horsemen with great Fury, and the foremost ran almost home to the Ship, and by Reason of the Slipperiness of the Bank they fell, they and their Horses, to the Number of Four and forty; which the rest seeing, came on, thinking that Resistance had been made them at their Arrival. But *Panurge* said unto them, My Masters, I believe that you have hurt yourselves; I pray you pardon us, for it is not our Fault, but the Slipperiness of the Sea Water that is always (i.) flowing: We submit ourselves to your good Pleasure: So said likewise his two other Fellows, and *Epistemon* that was upon the Deck. In the mean time, *Panurge* withdrew himself, and seeing that they were all within the Compass of the Cables, and that his two Companions were retired, making room for all those Horses which came in a Crowd, thronging upon the Neck of one another to see the Ship and such as were in it, cried out on a sudden to *Epistemon*, Draw, draw. Then began *Epistemon* to wind about the *Capsstan*, by doing whereof, the two Cables so intangled and imposter'd the Legs of the Horses, that they were all of them thrown down to the Ground easily, together with their Riders. But they, seeing that, drew their Swords, and would have cut them. Whereupon *Panurge* set Fire to the Train, and there burnt them up all like damned Souls; both Men and Horses, not one escaping save one alone; who being mounted on a fleet *Turky* Courser, by meer Speed in Flight got himself out of the Circle of the Ropes. But when *Carpalim* perceived him, he ran after him with such Nimbleness and Celery, that he overtook him in less than a hundred Paces; then, leaping close behind him upon the Crupper of his Horse, clasped him in his Arms, and brought him back to the Ship.

This Exploit being ended, *Pantagrue* was very jovial, and wondrously commended the Industry [Ingenui-

. [1.] Flowing :] Read Unctious as Rabelais has it.

ty] of these Gentlemen, whom he called his *Fellow Soldiers*, and made them refresh themselves, and feed well and merrily upon the Sea-shore, and drink heartily with their Bellies upon the Ground, and their Prisoner with them, whom they admitted to that Familiarity; only that the poor Devil was not well assured but that *Pantagruel* would have eat him up whole; which, considering the Wideness of his Mouth, and Capacity of his Throat, was no great Matter for him to have done; for he could have done it as easily as you would eat a small Comfit, he shewing no more in his Throat than would a Grain of Millet-feed in the Mouth of an Ass.

C H A P. XXVI.

How Pantagruel and his Company were weary in eating salt Meats; and how Carpalim went a hunting to have some Venison.

(1.) **T**HUS as they talked and chatted together, *Carpalim* said, And by the Belly of St. *Quenet*, shall we never eat any Venison? This salt Meat makes me horribly dry. I will go fetch you a Quarter of one of those Horses which we have burnt, it is well roasted already. As he was rising up to go about it, he perceiv'd under the Side of a Wood a fair great *Roe-buck*, which was come out of his Fort (as I conceive) at the Sight of *Panurge's* Fire. Him did he pursue and run after with so much Vigour and Swiftnes, as if it had been a Bolt out of a Cross-bow, and caught him in a Moment; and, whilst he was in his Course, he with his Hands took in the Air four great *Bustards*, seven *Bitterns*, six and twenty grey *Partridges*, two and thirty red legged Ones, sixteen *Pheasants*, nine *Woodcocks*, nineteen *Hérons*, two and thirty *Coussots* and

(1.) *Thus as they talked, &c.*] Read, Thus as they *Junketed* together, *Banquetoint*, not *Quaquetoint*.

Ring-

Ring-doves; and with his Feet killed ten or twelve (2.) *Hares* and *Rabbets*, (3.) which were then a Relief, and and pretty big withal, Eighteen *Rayles* in a Knot together, with fifteen young wild *Boars*, two little *Bewers*, and three great *Foxes*. So, striking the Kid with his Fauchion athwart the Head, he killed him, and, bearing him on his Back, he in his Return took up his Hares, Rayles, and young wild Boars, and as far off as he could be heard, cried out, and said, *Panurge*, my Friend, (4) *Vinegar*, *Vinegar*. Then the good *Pantagruel*, thinking he had fainted, commanded them to provide him some *Vinegar*. But *Panurge* knew well that there was some good Prey in Hands, and forthwith shewed unto noble *Pantagruel* how he was bearing upon his Back a fair *Roe-buck*, and all his Girdle bordered with Hares; then immediately did *Epistemon* make in the Name of the nine *Muses*, (5.) nine antique wooden Spits. *Eusthenes* did help to flay, and *Panurge* placed two great Cuirasier Saddles in such sort, that they served for Andirons; and, making their Prisoner to be their Cook, they roasted their Venison by the Fire wherein the Horsemen were burnt. And making great Chear with a good deal of *Vinegar*, the Devil a one of them did forbear from his Victuals: It was a triumphant and incomparable Spectacle to see how they ravened and devoured. Then said *Pantagruel*, Would to God every one of you had two Pair of (6.) *Sacring Bells* hanging

(2.) Hares] Read *Leverets*. *Levraux*, not *Lievres*, in French.

(3.) Which were then at Relief,] *Hors de Page* does not mean out a feeding, but about three Quarters old, almost full grown. *Hors de Page* properly signifies, out of a State of Servitude: thus Louis XI. of France (I think it was) us'd to say, *He would put the Kings of France Hors de Page*, i. e. He would make them Arbitrary; as our King James I. threaten'd, *He would break the Neck of Parliaments*.

(4.) *Vinegar, Vinegar*.] It is still in *Languedoc* a Custom among Hunters to cry out to one another *Vinegar*, as soon as they have shot a Hare, because the true Sauce for that Creature is *Vinegar*.

(5.) Nine antique wooden Spits.] The Ancients used to roast their Meat on wooden Spits, either Hazel or Sorb-Apple-Tree. *Virgil* l. 2. of his *Georgicks*; *Pinguiaque in Verubus torrebimus exta Co-lurnis*.

(6.) *Sacring Bells*] Hawk's Bells. There's a Bird of Prey call'd a *Sacre*.

at your Chin, and that I had at mine the great Clocks of (7.) *Rennes*, of *Poitiers*, of *Tours*, and of *Cambray*, to see what a Peal they would ring with the Wagging of our Chaps.

But, said *Panurge*, it were better we thought a little upon our Business, and by what means we might get the upper hand of our Enemies. That is well remembered, said *Pantagruel*; therefore spoke he thus to the Prisoner: *My Friend*, tell us here the Truth, and do not lie to us at all, if thou wouldst not be flayed alive, for it is I that eat the little Children; Relate unto us, at full, the Order, the Number, and the Strength of the Army. To which the Prisoner answered, *Sir*, know for a Truth, that in the Army there are three hundred *Giants*, all armed with (8.) Armour of Proof and wonderful great; nevertheless, not fully so great as you, except one that is their Head, named *Loupgarou*, who is armed from Head to Foot with *Cyclopic* Anvils. Furthermore, One hundred threescore and three thousand Foot, all armed with the Skins of *Hobgoblins*,

(7.) *Rennes*,] *Noël de la Fail*, Author of the Tales of *Eutrapel*, who was a *Breton*, and Counsellor of the Parliament of *Rennes*, boasts much of the great Clock at *Rennes*, which perhaps has nothing remarkable more than many others, except the Name of *François* carv'd on it by King *Francis I.* with his own Hand. There is round it also this Inscription:

*Je suis nommée Dame Françoisse ;
Qui cinquante mil livres pèse :
Et si de tant ne me croyez
Descendez moy, & me pesez.*

In English,

*Dame Francis is my Name : I weigh
Full fifty thousand Pound :
If you distrust what I do say,
Pray, weigh me on the Ground.*

(8.) *Armour of Proof*,] *Arm'd with Free-stone*, it should be ; *armez de pierre de taille*. On which *M. du Chat* observes, this pleasant Fancy is in the Romance of *Mabriant*, ch. 31. where *Roland* having heard strange Things concerning *Mabriant's* marvellous *Cuirasse*, By *St. Denis*, crys he, let him be arm'd with *Free-stone*, I'll enter the Lists with him To-morrow.

(9) strong

(9.) strong and valiant Men; Eleven thousand four hundred Cutrasiers; Three thousand six hundred double Cannons, and Harquebufiers without Number; Four-score and fourteen thousand Pioniers; One hundred and fifty thousand *Whores*, fair, like Goddeses (that is for me, said *Panurge*.) Whereof some are *Amazons*, some *Lionnoises*, others *Parisiennes*, *Taurangelles*, *Angewines*, *Poictewines*, *Normands*, and High Dutch; there are of them of all Countries and all Languages.

Yea, but (said *Pantagruel*) is the King there? Yes, Sir (said the Prisoner) he is there in Person, and we call him *Anarchus*, King of the *Dipsodes*; which is as much as to say, *thirsty People*; for you never saw Men more thirsty, or more willing to drink, and his Tent is guarded by the Giants. It is enough (said *Pantagruel*) come brave Boys, are you resolved to go with me? To which *Panurge* answered, God confound him that leaves you. I have already bethought myself how I will kill them all like Pigs, and so that (10.) the Devil one Leg of them shall escape. But I am somewhat troubled about one thing. And what is that? said *Pantagruel*. It is (said *Panurge*) how shall I be able to set forward to the *justling* and *bragmardising* of all the Whores that be there this Afternoon, in such sort, that there escape not one unbumped by me, breasted and jumm'd after the ordinary Fashion of Men and Women. Ha, ha, ha, ha, said *Pantagruel*.

And *Carpalim* said, The Devil take these Sink-holes, if by G--- I do not bumbaste some one of them.

And I (said *Eusthenes*) what do you make of me, who, since we came from *Rouen*, have never been wound up, that my Needle could mount above to ten or eleven o' Clock, now stiff and strong, like a hundred Devils? Truly (said *Panurge*) thou shalt have of

(9.) *Strong and valiant Men*;] Enchanted by their wearing Hobgoblins Skins, which render'd them impenetrable both to Sword and Musket. The German Word *Vest*, which in French signifies *Strong*, is said of a Soldier who wears some Sort of Magick Spell about him.

(10.) *The Devil one Leg of 'em, &c.*] If any one thinks to get away, I'll ham-string him at least.

the fattest, and of those that are the most plump, and in the Case.

How now, said *Epistemon*, every one shall ride, and I must lead the *Afs*? The Devil take him that will do so. We will make use of the Right of War. *Qui potest capere, capiat*. No, no, said *Panurge*, but tie thine *Afs* to a Crook, and ride as the World doth. And the good *Pantagruel* laughed at all this, and said unto them, *You reckon without your Host*. I am much afraid, that before it be Night I shall see you in such Taking, that you will have no great Stomach to ride, but more like to be rode upon, with sound Blows of Pike and Lance.

Enough of that, said *Epistemon*, I will not fail to bring them to you, either to roast or boil, to fry, or put in Paste. They are not so many in Number as were in the Army of *Xerxes*; for he had Thirty hundred thousand fighting Men, if you will believe *Herodotus* and *Trogus Pompeius*; and yet *Themistocles* with a few Men overthrew them all. For God's sake take you no Care for that. *Cobsminnie*, *Cobsminnie* (said *Panurge*) my *Codpiece* alone shall suffice to overthrow all the Men; and (11.) *St. Sweep-hole* that dwells within it shall lay all the Women squat upon their Backs. Up then, my Lads (said *Pantagruel*) and let us march along.

(11.) *St. Sweep-hole*.] *St. Balletrou*. *Rabelais* here wanted a Name which might be analogous to the Subject he's treating of; he therefore chose that of *Balletrou*, i. e. *Balaietrou*: *Balai de trou*. *Balai* is a Broom or Broom: *trou* a Hole.

C H A P. XXVII.

How Pantagruel set up one Trophy in memorial of their Valour, and Panurge another in remembrance of the Hares. How Pantagruel likewise with his Farts begat little Men, and with his Fisgs [Fizzles] little Women: And how Panurge broke a great Staff over two Glasses.

BEfore we depart hence (said *Pantagruel*) in remembrance of the Exploit that you have now performed, I will in this Place erect a fair *Trophy*. Then every Man amongst them with great Joy, and fine little Country Songs, set up a huge big Post, whereunto they hanged a great Cuirasier Saddle; the Frontal of a barbed Horse, Bridle-bosses, Pulley-pieces for the Knees, Stirrup-leathers, Spurs, Stirrups, a Coat of Mail, a Corset temper'd with Steel, a Battle-axe, a strong, short, and sharp Horseman's Sword; a Gantlet, a Horseman's Mace, Gullet-armour for the Arms-pits, Leg-harness, and a Gorget, with all other Furniture needful for a triumphant Arch, or *Trophy*. And then *Pantagruel*, for an eternal Memorial, wrote this victorial *Ditton* as followeth:

*Here four bold Champions had a Rubbers
With Sixty and Six hundred Lubbers;
Destroy'd 'em all, yet when they fought 'em,
Had not their Arms, but Wits about 'em:
So play'd the Scoundrels such a Trick,
Old Scipio never knew the like.
Learn hence, Kings, Dukes, all Great and Little;
'Tis Wit, not Strength, that wins the Battle.*

*For Victory,
As all agree,
Hangs on the Back
Of Pow'rs above,
Who surely move,
The proud to check.*

The

*The Strong are baffl'd without Question,
Or Doubt of any that's a Christian.
And he ('tis only he) can have it,
Who has the Grace and Faith to crave it.*

Whilst *Pantagrue* was writing these foresaid Verses, *Panurge* halved, and fixed upon a great Stake, the Horns of a *Roe-buck*, together with the Skin, and (1) the right Fore-foot thereof; the Ears of three *Leverets*, the Chine of a *Coney*, the Jaws of a *Hare*, the Wings of two *Bustards*, the Feet of four *Quest-doves*, a Bottle full of *Vinegar*, a Horn wherein to put *Salt*, a wooden Spit, a larding Stick, a scurvy Kettle-full of *Holes*, a Dripping-pan, a Skillet to make Sauce in, an earthen Salt-celler, and (2.) a Goblet of *Beauvois*. Then, in Imitation of *Pantagrue*'s Verses and Trophy, wrote that which followeth:

*Here four brave Topers sitting on their Bums,
With Flaggons, nobler Noise than Drums,
Carous'd it, bous'd it, tofs'd the Liquor,
Each seem'd a Bacchus-priest, or Vicar:
Hares, Conies, Bustards, Pigs were brought 'em;
With Fugs and Pipkins strew'd about 'em;
For Trophy-Spoils to each good Fellow,
That is hereafter to be mellow.*

(1.) *The Right Fore-foot thereof;*] It should be the two Fore-legs thereof, for that's the true Construction of *les pieds droitz du devant du chevreuil*: to prove which, thus says *M. du Chat*: *Droit*, from the *Latin directus*, does not here signify the dexter of the *Latins*, but the rectilineal Figure of the Foot conjoin'd with, and holding by, the Leg of that Creature. *Et leurs pieds estoient pieds droitz*, and their Feet were strait Feet, we read in *Ezekiel's Vision*, ch. i. v. 7. Upon which Word *Calvin* has this Note: *Quantum attinet ad rectitudinem, ego refero non tantum ad pedes, sed ad ipsa crura. Perinde est igitur ac si dixisset (Propheta) stetit animalia illa, quemadmodum solent homines.* In which he has been follow'd by *Mess. Des Marais*. *Pedes recti*, says the *Latin Bible* in that Place; which means their Legs stood upright like a Man's when he is standing. One of these Fore-legs of a Stag, that's kill'd in Hunting, is always in *France* presented to the chief Man of the Company.

(2.) *A Goblet of Beauvois.*] The Crockery Ware of *Beauvois* is not very extraordinary; the Clay about *Savigni* and *Lerolles*, with which it is made, being none of the best.

*In every Creed,
'Tis on all Hands agreed,
And plainly confest ;
When the Weather is hot,
That we stick to the Pot,
And drink o' the best.*

*First note, that in your Bill of Fare,
Sauce be provided for the Rare.
But Vinegar the most extol ;
'Tis of an Hare the very Soul.*

Then, said *Pantagruel*, Come, my Lads, let us be gone, we have staid here too long about our Victuals ; for very seldom doth it fall out, that the greatest Eaters do the most martial Exploits. There is no *Shadow* like that of flying Colours, no *Smoke* like that of Horses, no *Clattering* like that of Armour. At this *Epistemon* began to smile, and said, There is no *Shadow* like that of the Kitichen, no *Smoke* like that of Pasties, and no *Clattering* like that of Goblets. Unto which answered *Panurge*, There is no *Shadow* like that of Curtains, no *Smoke* like that of Womens Breasts, and no *Clattering* like that of Ballocks : Then, forthwith rising up, he gave a Fart, a Leap, and a Whistle, and most joyfully cried out aloud, *Ever live Pantagruel*. When *Pantagruel* saw that, he would have done as much, but, with the Fart, that he let, the Earth trembled nine Leagues about ; wherewith, and with the corrupted Air, he begot above Three and fifty thousand little Men, ill-favour'd Dwarfs ; and with one Fisg [Fizzle] that he let, he made as many little Women, crouching down, as you shall see in divers Places, which never grow but like Cows Tails, downwards, or like the *Limosin* Radishes, round. How now, said *Panurge*, are your Farts so fertile ? By G—here be brave (3.) farted Men and figued Women ; let them be married together, they will beget fine (4.) Hornets and Dorflies. So did *Panta-*

(3.) Farted Men,] *Savates d'hommes*. Dwarfs, Demi-men, Candles-end-men, Bits of Men, Half-men, as a *Savate* is but half a Shoe.

(4.) Hornets and Dorflies.] Inasmuch as themselves were sprung from Corruption.

gruel,

gruel, and called them *Pigmies*. Those he sent to live in an Island thereby, where, since that Time, they are increased mightily; but the (5.) *Cranes* make War with them continually, against which they do most courageously defend themselves; for these little Ends of Men and Dandiprats (whom in *Scotland* they call *Whip-handles*, and *Knots of a Tarbarrel*) are commonly very testy and cholerick. The physical Reason whereof is, because (6.) their Heart is near their Turd.

At this same Time, *Panurge* took two Drinking-glasses that were there, both of one Bigness, and filled them up with Water to the Brim. and set one of them upon one Stool, and the other upon another, placing them above five Feet from one another; then he took the Staff of a Javelin, about five Feet and a half long, and put it upon the two Glasses, so that the two Ends of the Staff did come just to the Brims of the Glasses. This done, he took a great Stake, and said to *Pantagruel*, and to the rest; *My Masters*, behold how easily we shall have the Victory over our Enemies; for just as I shall break this Staff here upon these Glasses, without either breaking or crafing of them; nay, which is more, without spilling one Drop of the Water that is within them, even so shall we break the Heads of our *Dipsodes*, without receiving any of us any Wound or Loss in our Person or Goods. But that you may not think there is any *Witchcraft* in this, hold, said he to *Eusthenes*, strike upon the midst as hard as thou canst with this Log.

(5.) *Cranes make War, &c.*] *Homer* said it first, and *Aristotle* after him; l. 8. c. 12. of Animals; but it is an odd kind of Reason *la Bruiere Champier* gives for this Enmity of the *Pigmies* against the *Cranes*; it is because those Birds carry away their Provisions from them. *Pygmæi*, says he, *pro frugibus adversus grues dimicabant. Nam & tantillos homunculos mitioribus alimentis uti natura docuit & voluit.*

(6.) *Their Heart is near their Turd.*] The Edition of *P. Estiard*, Lyons 1573. has *Spleen* instead of *T—d*; but in all the ancient ones it is *Turd*. *Melancthon*, in *J. Manlius's* Common Places, pag. 251. c. de ira ejusque moderatione: *Scitis proverbium Germanicum Kleinen leuten ligt der drek nahe beim hertzen, id est, Parvi homines citò irascuntur. Stomachus ideo indignationem significat, quia biliosus statim ascendit billis in orificium ventriculi, vel stomachi: ibique exæstuat illis qui sunt ὀξύχολοι seu præcipitis iræ. Deinde non est magna distantia ab orificio ventriculi ad cor, cæteris paribus.* (Those German Words verbatim are, *Little Mens Hearts lie near their Turd.*)

Eusthenes

Eusthenes did so, and the Staff was broken into two Pieces, and not one Drop of the Water fell out of the Glasses. Then said he, I know a great many such other Tricks, let us now therefore march boldly.

C H A P. XXVIII.

How Pantagruel got the Victory very strangely over the Dipsodes, and the Giants.

AFTER all this Talk *Pantagruel* took the Prisoner to him, and sent him away, saying, Go thou unto thy King in his Camp, and tell him Tidings of what thou hast seen, and let him resolve to feast me To-morrow about Noon; for as soon as my Gallies shall come, which will be To-morrow at farthest, I will prove unto him, by Eighteen hundred thousand fighting Men, and Seven thousand Giants, all of them greater than I am, that he hath done foolishly, and against Reason, thus to invade my Country; wherein *Pantagruel* feign'd that he had an Army at Sea. But the Prisoner answered, that he would yield himself to be his Slave; and that he was content never to return to his own People, but rather with *Pantagruel* to fight against them; and for God's Sake besought him, that he might be permitted so to do: whereunto *Pantagruel* would not give Consent, but commanded him to depart thence speedily, and be gone, as he had told him, and to that Effect gave him a Box full of *Euphorbium*, together with some Grains of the black *Chameleon Thistle*, steeped in *Aqua Vitæ*, and made up into the Condiment of a wet Sucket, commanding him to carry it to his King, and to say unto him, that if he were able to eat one Ounce of that without drinking after it, he might then be able to resist him, without any Fear or Apprehension of Danger.

The Prisoner then besought him, with join'd Hands, that in the Hour of Battle he would have Compassion upon him. Whereat *Pantagruel* said unto him, After that thou hast delivered all unto the King, put thy whole

whole Confidence in God, and he will not forsake thee ; because altho' for my Part I be mighty, as thou mayest see, and have an infinite Number of Men in Arms, I do nevertheless trust neither in my Force nor in mine Industry, but all my Confidence is in God my Protector, who doth never forsake those that in him do put their Trust and Confidence. This done, the Prisoner requested him that he would be contented with some reasonable Composition for his Ransom. To which *Pantagruel* answered, that his End was not to rob nor ransom Men, but to enrich them, and reduce them to total Liberty: go thy way, said he, in the Peace of the living God, and never follow evil Company, lest some Mischief befall thee. The Prisoner being gone, *Pantagruel* said to his Men, *Gentlemen*, I have made this Prisoner believe, that we have an Army at Sea, as also that we will not assault them till To-morrow at Noon, to the end that they, doubting of the great Arrival of our Men, may spend this Night in providing and strengthening themselves ; but in the mean time my Intention is, that we charge them about the Hour of the first Sleep.

Let us leave (1) *Pantagruel* here with his Apostles, and speak of King *Anarchus* and his Army. When the Prisoner was come, he went unto the King, and told him how there was a great Giant come, called *Pantagruel*, who had overthrown, and made to be cruelly roasted all the six hundred and fifty nine Horsemen, and he alone escaped to bring the News. Besides that, he was charged by the said Giant to tell him, that the next Day about Noon he must make a Dinner ready for him, for at that Hour he was resolved to set upon him. Then did he give him that Box wherein were those Confitures ; but, as soon as he had swallowed down one Spoonful of them, he

(1) *Pantagruel here with his Apostles,*] *Apostoles*, in *Rabelais*. They were but Ten or a Dozen in Number. Besides, in respect of the great Multitude of the Enemy, these might consider them rather as Ambassadors who were come to sue for Peace, than People that were preparing to attack them. *Tigranes*, in the Life of *Lucullus*, written by *Plutarch*, did in the same Light look upon the small Body of *Romans*, who, but a few Hours after, beat his numerous Army. As for the Word *Apostle*, it is an old Word, and antiently meant the Pope, but here it means *un Apôtre*, a Person sent.

was taken with such a Heat in the Throat, together with an Ulceration in the Flap of the Top of the Wind-pipe, that his Tongue peel'd with it in such Sort, that for all they could do unto him, he found no Ease at all, but by drinking only without Cessation; for as soon as ever he took the Goblet from his Head, his Tongue was on a Fire; and therefore they did nothing but still pour in Wine into his Throat with a Funnel. Which when his Captains, *Basbarus*, and Guard of his Body did see, they tasted of the same Drugs, to try whether on them they would have the same Operation or no: but it so befel them as it had done their King; and they plied the Flagon so well, that the Noise ran throughout all the Camp, how the Prisoner was returned; that the next Day they were to have an Assault; that the King and his Captains did already prepare themselves for it, together with his Guards, and that with carousing lustily, and quaffing as hard as they could. Every Man therefore in the Army began to tipple, ply the Pot, swill and guzzle, till in fine they fell asleep like Pigs, all out of Order throughout the whole Camp.

Let us now return to the good *Pantagruel*, and relate how he carried himself in this Business. Departing from the Place of the *Trophies*, he took the Mast of their Ship in his Hand, like a Pilgrim's Staff, and put within the (2) Top of it two hundred and thirty-seven Punchions of White-wine of *Anjou*, the rest was of *Rouen*; and tied up to his Girdle the Bark all full of Salt, as easily as the *Lanskennets* carry their little Panniers; and so set onward on his Way with his Fellow-Soldiers. When he was come near to the Enemies Camp, *Panurge* said unto him, *Sir*, if you would do well, let down this White-wine of *Anjou* from the Scuttle of the Mast of the Ship, that we may all drink thereof, (3) like *Britons*.

(2) *Top of it*] *La bune*. Scuttle, a Sort of Cage, round the Top of the Mast.

(3) *Like Britons*.] Like the People of *Bretagne*, who are such Lovers of this good White-wine, that, tho' it grows about *Verron* in *Anjou*, 'tis call'd *Vin Briton*, because they engross it to themselves in a manner, and by their Good-wills no body else should carry away a Drop of it.

Hereunto

Hereunto *Pantagruel* very willingly consented, and they drank so neat, that there was not so much as one poor Drop left of two hundred and thirty seven Punch-
 ons, except one Leathern Bottle of *Tours*, which *Panurge* filled for himself (for he called that his *Vade me-
 cum*) and some scurvy Lees of Wine in the Bottom, which served him instead of Vinegar. After they had whittled and curried the Can pretty handsomely, *Panurge* gave *Pantagruel* to eat some devilish Drugs, compounded of *Lithotripton*, *Nephrocatarticon*, the Marmalade of Quinces, with *Cantharides*, and other *Diureticks*. This done, *Pantagruel* said to *Carpalim*, Go into the City, scrambling like a Cat up against a Wall, as you can well do, and tell them that now presently they come out, and charge their Enemies as rudely as they can; and having said so, come down, taking a lighted Torch with you, wherewith you shall set on Fire all the Tents and Pavilions in the Camp; then cry as loud as you are able with your great Voice, and then come away from thence. Yea but, said *Carpalim*, were it not good to nail all their Ordnance? No, no, said *Pantagruel*, only blow up all their Powder. *Carpalim*, obeying him, departed suddenly, and did as he was appointed by *Pantagruel*; and all the Combatants came forth that were in the City: and, when he had set Fire to the Tents and Pavilions, he pass'd so lightly through them, and so highly and profoundly did they snore and sleep, that they never perceived him. He came to the Place where their Artillery was, and set their Munition on Fire; but here was the Danger, the Fire was so sudden, that poor *Carpalim*, had almost been burnt; and, had it not been for his wonderful Agility, he had been scorched like a roasting Pig; but he departed away so speedily, that a Bolt or Arrow out of a Cross-bow could not have a swifter Motion. When he was clear of their Trenches, he shouted aloud, and cried out so dreadfully, and with such Amazement to the Hearers, that it seemed all the Devils of Hell had been let loose. At which Noise the Enemies awaked, but can you tell how? Even no less astonish'd than are the *Munks* at the ringing of the first Peal to *Matins*, which in *Lusitania* is called *Rubbalock*.

In the mean time *Pantagruel* began to sow the Salt that he had in his Barque, and, because they slept with an open gaping Mouth, he filled all their Throats with it, so that those poor Wretches were by it made to cough like Foxes. Ha, *Pantagruel*, how thou addest (4) greater Heat to the Firebrand that is in us. Suddenly *Pantagruel* had Will to Piss, by means of the Drugs which *Panurge* had given him, and piss'd amidst the Camp so well and so copiously, that he drowned them all, and there was a particular Deluge ten Leagues round about; tho' History saith, if his Father's great Mare had been there, and piss'd likewise, it would undoubtedly have been a more enormous Deluge than that of *Deucalion*; for she did never piss but she made a River, greater than is either the *Rhose* or the *Danube*; which those that were come out of the City seeing, said, they are all cruelly slain, see how the Blood runs along; but they were deceived in thinking *Pantagruel's* Urine had been (5) the Blood of their Enemies; for they could not see but by the Light of the Fire of the Pavilions, and some small Light of the Moon.

The Enemies, after they were awaked, seeing on one Side the Fire in the Camp, and on the other the Inundation of the urinal Deluge, could not tell what to say nor what to think: Some said, that it was the End of the World, and the final Judgment, which ought to be by Fire. Others again thought, that the Sea-Gods, *Neptune*, *Proteus*, *Triton*, and the rest of them, did persecute them, for that indeed they found it to be like Sea-water and Salt.

O who were able now condignly to relate how *Pantagruel* did demean himself against the three hundred Giants; O my Muse, my *Calliope*, my *Thalia*, inspire me at this Time, restore unto me my Spirits, for this is the Logical Bridge of Asses; here is the Pitfall, here is the Difficulty, to have Ability enough to express the hor-

(4) Greater Heat to the Firebrand] We are of ourselves but too thirsty. Why wilt thou then by thy Drugs still increase our Thirst? This Expression, which is of *Poitou*, is equivalent to the Latin *Titid ad Ignem*.

(5) The Blood of their Enemies;] The *Moabites* fell into the same Mistake in ch. 3. of the Book of Kings,

rible Battle that was fought : Ah, would to God that I had now a Bottle of the best Wine that ever those drank who shall read this so *veridical* History !

C H A P. XXIX.

How Pantagruel discomfited the three hundred Giants armed with Free-stone, and Loupgarou their Captain.

THE Giants, seeing all their Camp drowned, carried away their King *Anarchus* upon their Backs, as well as they could, out of the Fort, as *Aeneas* did his Father *Anchises*, in the Time of the Conflagration of *Troy*. When *Panurge* perceiv'd them, he said to *Pantagruel*, Sir, yonder are the Giants coming forth against you, lay on them with your Mast gallantly, like an old Fencer ; for now is the Time that you must shew yourself a brave and an honest Man : And for our Part we will not fail you ; I myself will kill ye a good many gallantly enough ; for why, *David* killed *Goliath* very easily ; and then, this great Lecher *Eusthenes*, who is stronger than four Oxen, will not spare himself ; Be of good Courage therefore, and valiant ; charge amongst them with Point and Edge, and by all manner of Means. Well, said *Pantagruel*, of Courage I have more than for fifty Franks ; but let us be wise ; for *Hercules* never undertook against two. That is well cack'd, well scummered, said *Panurge*, do you compare yourself with *Hercules* ? You have by G— more Strength in your Teeth, and more Scent in your Bum, than ever *Hercules* had in all his Body and Soul : So much is a Man worth as he esteems himself. Whilst they spake those Words, behold *Loupgarou* was come with all his Giants, who, seeing *Pantagruel* in a manner alone, was carried away with Temerity and Presumption, for Hopes that he had to kill the good Man : whereupon he said to his Companions the Giants,

(1) You Wenchers of the Low-Country, (2) by *Mahoon*, if any of you undertake to fight against these Men here, I will put you cruelly to Death: It is my Will that you let me fight single; in the mean Time you shall have good Sport to look upon us. Then all the other Giants retir'd with their King to the Place where the Flag-gons stood, and *Panurge* and his *Camerades* with them, who counterfeited those that have had the Pox, for he wrythed about his Mouth, shrunk up his Fingers, and with a harsh and hoarse Voice said unto them, I forsake—od (*Fellow Soldiers*) if I would have it to be believed, that we make any War at all; give us somewhat to eat with you, whilst our Masters fight against one another. To this the King and Giants jointly condescended, and accordingly made them to banquet with them.

In the mean Time *Panurge* told them the Follies [Fables] of *Turpin*, (3) the Examples of *St. Nicholas*, and the Tale of a Tub. *Loupgarou* then set forward towards *Pantagruel*, with a Mace all of Steel, and that of the best Sort, weighing nine thousand seven hundred Kintals, and two Quarterons, at the End whereof were thirteen pointed Diamonds, the least whereof was as big as the greatest Bell of our *Lady's* Church at *Paris* (there might want perhaps the Thickness of a Nail, or (at most that I may not lye) of the Back of those Knives which they call Cut-lugs, but for a little off or on, more or less, it is no Matter) and it was enchanted in

(1) *You Wenchers of the Low-Country, &c.*] In contradistinction to the Gentry and Nobility who live in strong Buildings situated on high Places.

(2) *By Mahoon,*] By *Mahomet*: This Oath, which in our old Romances is used by the *Saracens*, is still very frequent in the Mouths of the *Languedocians*, in Things which they would not be understood to affirm seriously.

(3) *The Examples of St. Nicholas.*] In placing here the *Examples* or historical Passages of the Legend of *St. Nicholas*, the Author shews what Credit he gave to that Legend. The *Fables of Turpin* mean the Lying History which Archbishop *Turpin* left concerning the Emperor *Charlemagne*, and one of these Fables is, that one Day the Sun stood still to give that Hero all the Time that was necessary to finish the Destruction of the mighty Army of the *Saracens*.

fuch

such sort, that it could never break, but contrarily all that it did touch did break immediately. Thus then as he approached with great Fierceness and Pride of Heart, *Pantagruel*, casting up his Eyes to Heaven, recommended himself to God with all his Soul, making such a Vow as followeth.

‘ O thou Lord God, who hast always been my Protector and my Saviour, thou seest the Distress wherein I am at this Time : Nothing brings me hither but a natural Zeal, which thou hast permitted unto Mortals to keep and defend themselves, their Wives and Children, Country and Family, in case thy own proper Cause were not in question, which is the *Faith*; for in such a Business thou wilt have no Coadjutors, only a Catholick Confession and Service of thy Word, and hast forbidden us all Arming and Defence : For thou art the Almighty, who in thine own Cause, and where thine own Business is (4) taken to Heart, canst defend it far beyond all that we can conceive ; thou who hast Thousand thousands of hundreds of millions of Legions of Angels, the least of which is able to kill all mortal Men, and turn about the Heavens and Earth at his Pleasure, as heretofore it very plainly appeared in the Army of *Sennacherib*. If it may please thee therefore at this Time to assist me, as my whole Trust and Confidence is in thee alone, I vow unto thee, that in all Countries whatsoever, wherein I shall have any Power or Authority, whether in this of *Utopia*, or elsewhere, I will cause thy holy Gospel to be purely, simply, and entirely preached ; so that the Abuses of a Rabble of (5) Hypocrites and false Prophets, who by human Constitutions and depraved Inventions have impoisoned all the World, shall be quite exterminated from about me.’ This Vow was no sooner made but there was heard a Voice from Heaven, saying, *Hoc fac, & vinces*, that is to say, *Do this, and thou shalt overcome*.

(4) *Taken to Heart,*] Read *Taken in Hand*, *tirée en action*.

(5) *Hypocrites*] Surely, when *Rabelais* wrote this, he was not reconverted to the *Roman Church*.

Then *Pantagruel*, seeing that *Loupgarou* with his Mouth wide open was drawing near to him, went against him boldly, and cried out as loud as he was able, Thou diest. (6) Villain, thou diest; purposing by his horrible Cry to make him afraid, according to the Discipline of the *Lacedemonians*. Withal, he immediately cast at him out of his Barque, which he wore at his Girdle, eighteen Cags and four Bushels of Salt, wherewith he filled both his Mouth, Throat, Nose, and Eyes. At this *Loupgarou* was so highly incensed, that, most fiercely setting upon him, he thought even then with a Blow of his Mace to have beat out his Brains; but *Pantagruel* was very nimble, and had always a quick Foot and a quick Eye, and therefore with his left Foot did he step back one Pace, yet not so nimbly, but that the Blow, falling upon the Barque, broke it in four thousand four-score and six Pieces, and threw all the rest of the Salt about the Ground. *Pantagruel*, seeing that, most gallantly display'd the Vigour of his Arms, and, according

(6) Villain,] Read, Slave, for that's the true Meaning of the Word *Vilain*, which is the Antithesis of the Word *Gentleman*, and primarily signifies, not always a Knave, as with us, but, a Bond-man, or one of servile Condition. A French Author, quoted by *Cotgrave*, affirms, that the Gentlemen of France term *Vilains* all Farmers, Husbandmen, Ploughmen, and generally all Yeomen, how free soever their Condition or Tenures be; and that Country Gentlemen term so all Citizens, Burghers and Inhabitants of wall'd Towns. Hence also it comes to signify a Churl, Carle, Boor, Clown; a Miser, a Knave, Varlet, and any base-humour'd, ill-born, and worse-bred Bumpkin; but all these are no more than the secondary Meanings of the Word *Vilain*. To come to *M. du Chat*: he observes upon the Word *Ribaud* here likewise us'd by *Rabelais*, that it is synonymous to *Paillard*, in the Signification wherein *Loup-garou* just before had call'd *paillars* and *plat païs* his Companions, born and bred like him, in the Plains where Corn grows (and consequently where there's Store of Chaff and Straw (*Paille*) whence *Paillard*, so that instead of *you Wenckers of the Low Country*, as *Sir T. U.* translates it, it should have been *you Clowns of the Flat or Low Country*; for *Paillard* does not there absolutely mean Whoremaster, tho' I confess it is generally so understood, and *paillard* is us'd in that Sense in the Bible, tho' strictly, as it comes from *pailler* *Straw*, it means to haunt *batch'd* Bawdy-houses; Tumbling in the *Straw*, or upon *Straw* Beds; Bitch-hunting-it in *Barns*. So *Ribaud* does not signify only a Ruffian, or a Lecher, but likewise a Labouring Man of a big Body, strong Limbs, and hard Constitution; a tough Whoreson.

to the Art of the Ax, gave him with the great End of his Mast a home Thrust a little above the Breast ; then bringing along the Blow to the left Side with a Slash, struck him between the Neck and Shoulders : After that, advancing his right Foot, he gave him a Push upon the Couillons, with the upper End of his said Mast, wherewith breaking the Scuttle on the Top thereof, he spilt three or four Puncheons of Wine that were left therein.

Upon that, *Loupgarou* thought that he had pierc'd his Bladder, and that the Wine that came forth had been Urine : *Pantagrue*, being not content with this, would have doubled it by a Side-blow ; but *Loupgarou*, lifting up his Mace, advanced one Step upon him, and with all his Force would have dash'd it upon *Pantagrue*, wherein, to speak the Truth, he so sprightly carry'd himself, that, if God had not succoured the good *Pantagrue*, he had been cloven from the Top of his Head to the Bottom of his Milt ; but the Blow glanced to the right Side by the brisk Nimbleness of *Pantagrue*, and his Mace sunk into the Ground above threescore and thirtē Feet, through a huge Rock, out of which the Fire did issue greater than (7) nine thousand and six Tuns. *Pantagrue* seeing him busy about plucking out his Mace, which stuck in the Ground between the Rocks, ran upon him, and would have clean cut off his Head, if by Mischance his Mast had not touched a little against the Stock of *Loupgarou*'s Mace, which was enchanted, as we have said before : By this Means his Mast broke off about three Handfuls above his Hands, whereat he stood amaz'd like a Bell-founder, and cried out, Ah *Panurge*, where art thou ? *Panurge*, seeing that, said to the King and the Giants, by G— they will hurt one another if they be not parted ; but the Giants were as merry as if they had been at a Wedding : Then *Carpalim* would have risen from thence to help his Master, but one of the Giants said to him, By *Golfarin* the Nephew of *Mahoon*, [*Mahom*,] if thou stir hence I

(7) *Nine thousand and six Tuns.*] An Expression taken from the Manner of measuring the Capacity or Burthen of Merchant Ships, by the Tun.

will put thee in the Bottom of my Breeches instead of a Suppository, which cannot chuse but do me good ; for in my Belly I am very costive, and cannot well (8) *cagar* without gnashing my Teeth, and making many filthy Faces.

Then *Pantagruel*, thus destitute of a Staff, took up the End of his Mast, striking athwart and alongst upon the Giant ; but he did him no more Hurt than you would do with a Filip upon a Smith's Anvil. In the mean time *Loupgarou* was drawing his Mace out of the Ground, and, having already plucked it out, was ready therewith to have struck *Pantagruel*, who, being very quick in turning, avoided all his Blows in taking only the defensive Part in Hand, until on a sudden he saw that *Loupgarou* did threaten him with these Words, saying, *Now, Villain, will not I fail to chop thee as small as minced Meat, and keep thee henceforth from ever making any more poor Men athirst.* Then without any more ado *Pantagruel* struck him such a Blow with his Foot against the Belly, that he made him fall backwards, (9) his Heels over his Head, and dragged him thus along at Play-buttock above a Flight-shot. Then *Loupgarou* cried out, bleeding at the Throat, *Mahom, Mahom, Mahom*, at which Noise all the Giants arose to succour him ; but *Panurge* said unto them, *Gentlemen*, do not go, if you will believe me ; for our Master is mad, and strikes athwart and alongst, he cares not where, he will do you a Mischief ; but the Giants made no Account of it, seeing that *Pantagruel* had never a Staff.

And when *Pantagruel* saw those Giants approach very near unto him, he took *Loupgarou* by the two Feet, and lifted up his Body like a Pike in the Air, wherewith (it being harnished with Anvils) he laid such heavy Load amongst those Giants, arm'd with Free-stone, that, striking them down as a Mason doth little Knobs of Stones,

(8) *Cagar*] *Spanish*. To do that which the King himself can't get another to do for him.

(9) *His Heels over his Head.*] This strange Battle between *Pantagruel* and *Loupgarou* is almost wholly imitated from ch. 6. of vol. 2. of *Piercessest*, where Sir *Lyonnell* uses much the same Play against the Giant with the golden Mane, whose Head he did at last cut off.

there

there was not one of them that stood before him, whom he threw not flat to the Ground; and, by the breaking of this stony Armour, there was made such a horrible Rumble, as put me in mind of the Fall of the Butter-tower of St. Stephen's at *Bourges*, when it (10) melted before the Sun. *Panurge*, with *Carpalim* and *Eusthenes*, did cut in the mean time the Throats of those that were struck down, in such sort, that there escaped not one. *Pantagrue* to any Man's Sight was like a Mower, who with his Scythe, which was *Loupgarou*, cut down the Meadow Grass, to wit, the Giants. But, with this Fencing of *Pantagrue*'s, *Loupgarou* lost his Head, which happen'd when *Pantagrue* struck down one whose Name was *Rislandouille*, who was armed *cap-a-pe* with (11) *Grison-stones*, one Chip whereof splintering abroad cut off *Epistemon*'s Neck clean and fair. For otherwise the most part of them were but (12) lightly arm'd with a kind of sandy Brittle-stone, and the rest with Slates. At last, when he saw that they were all dead, he threw the Body of *Loupgarou* as hard as he could against the City, where, falling like a Frog upon his Belly, in the great Piazza, he with the Fall killed a *singed He-cat*, a *wet She-cat*, a *farting Duck*, and a *bridled Goose*.

(10) *Melted before the Sun.*] Melted and sunk in at Highnoon, as if it had been Butter.

(11) *Grison-stones.*] A sort of hard, sparkling, brownish grey, long-lasting Free-stone, fit to pave with, says *Cotgrave*, at the Word *Gres*, of which the *Grison* is a Species, says *du Chat*, adding that the *Grison* is very common about *Poitiers*. *Cotgrave* says the *Grison* is a kind of Free-stone, soft when it is taken out of the Quarry, but afterwards grows very hard. (So does the Stone dug out of the Quarries about *Bath* in *Somersetshire*.)

(12) *Lightly arm'd, &c.*] With a Stone call'd *Tuf*, which *Cotgrave* describes thus: A kind of white Sand, or soft and brittle Stone, oftentimes covering or lying on Flakes, on good Soil. *Du Chat* says 'tis a Stone of *Poitou*, porous, spongy, and light. He adds, that in *Languedoc* they call *Tuf* that sort of Stone which is generated, in some Places, of the Gravel which is cast thither by the Wheels of Water-mills, which stand pretty thick on some Rivers of that Country.



C H A P. XXX.

How Epistemon, (1) who had his Head cut off, was finely healed by Panurge; and of the News which he brought from the Devils, and damned People in Hell.

THIS gigantal Victory being ended, *Pantagrue* withdrew himself to the Place of the Flaggons, and called for *Panurge* and the rest, who came unto him safe and sound, except *Eusthenes* (whom one of the Giants had scratched a little in the Face, whilst he was about the cutting of his Throat) and *Epistemon*, who appeared not at all. Whereat *Pantagrue* was so aggrieved, that he would have killed himself. But *Panurge* said unto him, Nay, Sir, stay a while, and we will search for him among the Dead, and find out the Truth of all. Thus as they went seeking after him, they found him stark dead, with his Head between his Arms all bloody. Then *Eusthenes* cried out, Ah, cruel Death! hast thou taken from me the perfectest amongst Men? At which Words *Pantagrue* rose up with the greatest Grief that ever any Man did see, and said to *Panurge*, Ha, my Friend, the *Prophecy of your two Glasses*, and the *Javelin Staff*, was a great deal too deceitful. But *Panurge* answered, My dear Bullies all, (2) weep not one Drop more; for, he being yet all hot, I will make him as sound as ever he was. In saying this, he took the Head, and held it warm fore-against his *Codpiece*, that the Wind might not enter into it. *Eusthenes* and *Carpalim*

(1) Who had his Head cut off,] *Qui avoit la coupe testée*, not la teste coupée. Upon which *M. du Chat* observes, there is a Child's Play, which at *Metz* they call *coupe teste*; at which Play, which in *English* may be call'd the *Heading* or *Bebeading*, the Lad that is *Headed*, as they call it, does but sink his Head into his Bosom, and the rest leap over him. *M. du Chat* thinks this was what made *Rabelais* use that Term here to express an Accident, which *Epistemon* got almost as easily over as a Child beheaded at that Boys Play.

(2) Weep not one Drop more;] It had been improper to say, *Weep not a Crum more*, weep not a Bit more.

carried the Body to the Place where they had banqueted, not out of any Hope that ever he would recover, but that *Pantagruel* might see it.

Nevertheless, *Panurge* gave him very good Comfort, saying, If I do not heal him, I will be content to lose my Head (which is a Fool's Wager) leave off therefore crying, and help me. Then cleansed he his Neck very well with pure White-wine, and, after that, took his Head, and into it *synapised* some (3) Powder of *Diamerdis*, which he always carried about him in one of his (4) Bags. Afterwards he anointed it with I know not what Ointment, and set it on very just. Vein against Vein, Sinew against Sinew, and Spondyle against Spondyle, that he might not be wry-neck'd (5) for such People he mortally hated ;) this done, he gave it round about some fifteen or sixteen Stitches with a Needle, that it might not fall off again ; then, on all Sides, and every where, he put a little Ointment on it, which he called *Resuscitative*.

Suddenly *Epistemon* began to breathe, then open'd his Eyes, yawn'd, sneez'd, and afterwards let a great Housthold Fart. Whereupon *Panurge* said, Now certainly he is healed, and therefore gave him to drink a large full Glass of strong White-wine, with a sugar'd Toast. In this fashion was *Epistemon* finely healed, only that he was somewhat hoarse for above three Weeks together, and had a dry Cough, of which he could not be rid, but by the Force of continual Drinking. And now he

(3) Powder of *Diamerdis*,] *Confettione di Salvia Selvatica*. A Confection of wild Sage: Also *Merda*, says the Fr. and Ital. Dict. of *Oudin* in Letter D. In this last Sense of *Merda*, *Cotgrave* interprets *Diamerdis*, a Confection of Turds, Pilgrim's Salve ; the *Double-entendre* is the better, because Sage is real'y good to consolidate Wounds withal.

(4) Bags.] *Faques*. *Menage* had remark'd at this Place of his *Rabelais*, that anciently *facquiere* signify'd a small Pocket, but he did not know that both *facque* and *facquiere* come from the German *Fach*, which signifies a Box, a Case, (and so it means here) of which *Panurge* had a great many in his Bag.

(5) For such People he mortally hated ;] *Rabelais*, who predeces himself here under the Character of *Panurge*, confesses the Aversion he had for the *Cordeliers*, who, among all the Religious of St. *Francis's* Order, most affect to hang the Head, that they may appear devout and mortified,

began

began to speak, and said that he had seen the Devil, had spoken with *Lucifer* familiarly, and had been very merry in Hell, and in the *Elysian* Fields; affirming very seriously before them all, that the Devils were boon Companions, and merry Fellows: but, in respect of the Damned, he said he was very sorry that *Panurge* had so soon called him back into this World again; for, said he, I took wonderful Delight to see them. How so, said *Pantagrue*? Because they do not use them there, said *Epistemon*, so badly as you think they do. Their Estate and Condition of living is but only changed after a very strange manner. For I saw *Alexander* the Great there mending old Stockings, (6) whereby he got but a very poor Living.

Xerxes was a Crier of Mustard.

Romulus, (7) a Salter and Patcher of Pattins.

Numa, a Nail-smith.

(8) *Tarquin*, a Porter.

(9) *Piso*, a clownish Swain.

Sylla, a Ferry-man.

Cyrus, a Cowherd.

Themistocles, a Glass-maker.

Epaminondas, a Maker of Looking-glasses.

(10) *Brutus* and *Cassius*, Surveyors of Land.

Demosthenes, a Vine-dresser.

(11) *Cicero*, a Fire-kindler.

(12) *Fabius*, a Threader of *Patenotres*.

(6) *Whereby*, &c.] Read, whereby he got a Livelihood, tho' a poor one.

(7) *A Salter and Patcher of Patins*.] *Rabelais* says, only *Saulnier*, a Salt-merchant. Sir T. U. has indeed given him an additional Trade to mend his Commons.

(8) *Tarquin, a Porter*.] *Tacquin* being a Porter in French, *Rabelais* quibbles upon *Tacquin* and *Tarquin*.

(9) *Piso, a clownish Swain*.] The like on *Piso* and *Peasant*.

(10) *Brutus and Cassius, Surveyors of Land*.] *Agrimensur*: a Measurer of Land; for so they were indeed when in the Field of *Philippi* they measur'd the Earth with the Length of their own Bodies, or bit the Dust, as the Poet's Phrase is.

(11) *Cicero, a Fire-kindler*.] For contributing to the Civil War in declaring for *Pompey*.

(12) *Fabius, a Threader of Patenotres (or Beads)*.] He had been a great Temporizer.

(13) *Artaxerxes*,

- (13) *Artaxerxes*, a Rope-maker.
- (14) *Æneas*, a Miller.
- (15) *Achilles*, a scald-pated Maker of Hay-bundles.
- (16) *Agamemnon*, a Lick-box.
- Ulysses*, a Hay-mower.
- (17) *Nestor*, a Forester.
- Darius*, a Gold-finder.
- Ancus Martius*, a Ship-trimmer.
- (18) *Camillus*, a Foot-post.
- (19) *Marcellus*, a Sheller of Beans.

(13) *Artaxerxes, a Rope-maker.*] Probably *Artaxerxes Mnemon*, whose Life *Plutarch* has written.

(14) *Æneas, a Miller.*] He carried his Father out of *Troy*, like a Miller with a Sack of Meal at his Back.

(15) *Achilles, a scald-pated*] He is commonly pictur'd with his Helmet on.

(16) *Agamemnon, a Lick-box.*] *Licbecasse* is a Lick-box or Sweet-lips. *Cotgrave* says, *Homer's Iliad* represents *Agamemnon* as a sober and frugal Prince. Accordingly afterwards, l. 4. c. 11. we see him very averse to coming at any time into a Kitchen. 'Tis perhaps for that very Reason *Rabelais* makes him act by the Rule of Contraries, i. e. Licking Dishes, and making Sops in the Dripping-pan; for *Casse* in *Poitou* is a Dripping-pan, and *Licher* is to lick, and *licbecasse* is a dainty-mouth'd Fellow, a Sweet-lips, as is said before.

(17) *Nestor, a Forester.*] *Harpailleur*. It likewise signifies a Seller of old Trinkets, or old Iron. Perhaps *Rabelais* meant this last, on account of *Nestor's* extreme old Age.

(18) *Camillus, a Foot-post.*] *Gallochier* does indeed signify a Foot-post, or any clownish, ill-bred Fellow. It means also a Maker of *Galloches*, high wooden Pattins or Clogs, which are said to be first so call'd by and from the *Gauls*, whom *Camillus* drove from *Rome*, and therefore *Rabelais* styles him *Gallochier*, a Maker of *Galloches*, or Wooden-Shoes. It also means a Sort of Slipper worn over the Shoes.

(19) *Marcellus, a Sheller of Beans.*] One need only have Hands for such a Trade; the Head has but little to do in it. Besides, in respect of the Emulation and Strife between *Marcellus* and *Fabius Maximus*, which of the two should do his Country most Service, we may affirm, that the happy Activity of the former against *Hannibal* prompted the other to shew against that Enemy of the *Roman* People, how far the Prudence of a General could contribute to ruin an Army already weakened by many Battles. *Fabius* had his Name from *Fabæ*, Beans; now *Marcellus* exciting *Fabius* to do his best is that which, in the Style of *Rabelais*, render'd the other a Sheller of Beans; he made the Beans turn out.

(20) *Drusus*,

(20) *Drusus*, a Taker of Money at the Doors of Play-houses.

Scipio Africanus, a Crier of Lee in a wooden Slipper.

Asdrubal, a Lanthorn-maker.

Hannibal, a Kettle-maker, and Seller of Egg-shells.

Priamus, a Seller of old Clouts.

(21) *Lancelot of the Lake*, a Flayer of dead Horses.

(22) All the *Knights of the Round-Table* were poor labouring Slaves, employ'd to row over the Rivers of *Cocytus*, *Phlegeton*, *Styx*, *Acheron*, and *Lethe*, when *Messieurs* the Devils had a mind to recreate themselves upon the Water; as on the like Occasion are hired the Boatmen at *Lions*, the *Gondeliers* of *Venice*, [and the Oars at *London*] but with this Difference, that these

(20) *Drusus*, &c.] That the Great *Drusus Germanicus* shou'd be such a poor Wretch int' other World shews, as *Epistemon* had said, that those, who in this Life had been the most eminent, are in the next the most abject.

(21) *Lancelot*, &c.] The Hero of an old Romance in 3 vol. in 4to, wherein there's a World of Trash, notwithstanding 'tis so highly esteem'd in Comparisn of most other Pieces of the same kind. *Sorel. Biblioth. Fr. pag. 156.*

(22) *All the Knights of the Round-Table*, &c.] Few People are to be inform'd that it was the famous K. *Arthur of Great-Britain*, who, in or about the Year 520, establish'd the Order of those celebrated Knights, and who make such a Figure in our old Romances. Few likewise are to learn that the Reason, why they were call'd so, was because that Prince, to whom they were all as it were Peers (*Pares*) and Companions, was pleas'd that, when in any Solemnities of the Court they should all be seen sitting at a Round Table, they should be acknowledg'd to be all equal, not indeed in Birth or Dignities, but in Merit, in Valour, and in Virtue; but I have never yet met with any one that had the Curiosity to inform himself exactly, as to the Number of Members this illustrious Body consist'd of. For my part, I am fully satisfy'd the Knights of the Round Table were at first but very few in Number: but as at those frequent Assemblies, call'd *Cours Planieres* (*open Court Cotgrave* says) there always appear'd some young Prince who came thither to solicit the Favour of being made a Knight, and as from time to time some one of those new Knights merited by his Acts of Prowess to be admitted to the Table of the old ones; Thence it comes that in the 2d vol. f. 81. of *Lancelot of the Lake*, we see them amount to Two hundred and fifty. True it is, in two other Places of that Book (Vol. 3. f. 37, 86.) the Number does not exceed a hundred and fifty, but this might have been the Consequence of some Disaster, or of a Reformation which might have been made among them.

poor *Knights* have only for their Fare a *Bob* or *Flirt* on the *Nose*, and in the Evening a Morfel of (23) *coarse mouldy Bread*.

(24) *Trajan* was a Fisher of Frogs.

(25) *Antoninus*.

(23) *Coarse mouldy Bread*.] *Pain Cbaumeny*. Whether, according to the Edition of 1553. we are to read *Cbaumeny* (coarse Bread) from its being mingled with *Cbaume* (Stubble) or eaten by poor People who live in *Cbaumines* (Thatch'd Cott's) or, whether conformable to the new Editions, and to that of *Dolet*, we prefer *Cbaumoi-fy* (mouldy Bread) from its being grown *moisy* (mouldy) by being put in a Cupboard when it was *chaud* (hot): In either Case, it may be truly said of these *Knights* whom *Epistemon* saw in the other World, that they had eaten their white Bread first: (*Manger son pain blanc le premier* is, to spend one's best Abilities, in Estate or Body, in his Youth, and leave nothing but Wants and Weakness for old Age, as in some measure I have done; in serving certain worthless ungrateful rich oppressive People, particularly some Doctors *utriusque Togæ*; but no more of this now.) To return to *M. du Chat*: The Reason why *Rabelais* has made Watermen of all the *Knights* of the Round Table, who in their Time were great Tilters and Turnamentees, is because the Watermen in *France* are great Sportmen that way in their *Jusling* for the Goose, and other Festivals of theirs.

(24) *Trajan was a Fisher of Frogs*.] *M. du Chat* has said nothing to this, nor several other Articles; not but that with taking Pains, and thoroughly reading the Lives of all these Persons, I am apt to think one might find out *Rabelais's* Reasons for assigning them such Employments as he does in t'other World; but this and many more Things, of like nature, I must adjourn to another Edition: Mean while, as to this Frog-fishing Emperor, tho' I can't say any thing at present; (yet with the Reader's Leave) I shall take Notice that the *French* are not the only Frog-fishers, or Frog-eaters in the World; I know an *Englishman*, who is an Acolyte in the *Papists* Chapel in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, who will gulp ye down half a Dozen live Frogs, one after another, to cool his Maw after hard Drinking, and has often declar'd, he would keep a *Frogger* (as the late King did a *Snailery*) if he were in Circumstances to afford it. I shall conclude this Article of *Frogs* with a Word or two concerning a *Tadpole*, by way of Note on *Rabelais's* Expression, *more stupid than a Tadpole*; or, as he calls it, *more stupid than a Gyrin-Frog* (p. 47. l. 4. ch. 12.) *Rane gyrine*, *Cotgrave* renders a *Tadpole*, and so, no doubt, it means, and I have said as much at the Bottom of the 47th Page of *Rabelais's* 4th Book. But since none but Scholars know why a *Tadpole* should be call'd a *Gyrin-Frog* by *Rabelais*, I shall give the Reason thereof here, for the Satisfaction of such as may be curious to understand *Rabelais's* hard antique Words. *Rane Gyrine*, says the *Dutch* Scholiast upon this Place, is an unform'd Frog: In the Beginning of their Generation, adds he, Frogs are call'd *Gyrins* from their being but a small Lump of Flesh of a round Figure, in Greek γύρος. Now this orbicular

(25) *Antoninus*, a Lacquey.

(26) *Commodus*, a Jet-maker.

Pertinax, a Peeler of Walnuts.

(27) *Lucullus*, a Maker of Rattles and Hawks Bells.

Justinian, a Pedlar.

Hector, a snap-sauce Scullion.

Paris, a poor Beggar.

Cambyfes, a Mule-driver.

(28) *Nero*, a base blind Fiddler.

Fierabras was his Serving-man, who did him a thousand mischievous Tricks, and would make him eat of the brown Bread and drink of the turned Wine, when himself did both eat and drink of the best.

Julius Cæsar and *Pompey* were Boat-wrights and Tighters of Ships.

(29) *Valentine* and *Orson* did serve in the Stoves of Hell, and were Sweat-rubbers in Hot-houses.

(30) *Giglan*

cular Mafs is of a black Colour, with two large Eyes and a Tail : from whence your stupid sottish People are call'd in *Greek*, γυρίνοι, *gyrins*. *Plato in Theæteto* : ὃ δ' ἄρα ἐτύχχανεν ὧν εἰς Φρόνησιν οὐδὲν βελτίον βατράχου γυρίνης : In *English*, That Fellow, as to *Prudence*, is not a whit better than a *Gyrin Frog*, i. e. has no more Sense than a *Tadpole*. See the second *Chiliad* of *Erasmus's* *Adagies*. *Pliny* likewise speaks of it, l. 9. c. 51.

(25) *Antoninus*, a *Lacquey*.] Diminutive Names, i. e. Diminutive in Sense, not Syllables, such as *Antoninus* (from *Antonius* *Pierrot* (*Peterkin*) from *Pierre* (*Peter*) *Jannot* (*Johnny*) from *Jean* (*John*) are very suitable to *Lacquies*.

(26) *Commodus*, a *Jet-maker*.] Sir T. U. mistakes the Sense of *Rabelais's* *Gayetier*. It means not a Jet-maker, (for I know not who can make the black Stone call'd *Jer*, but he that made us all :) Bag-piper is what *Gayetier* means. *Gayta* in *Spanish* signifies a Bag-pipe, and *Gaytero*, one that plays on that frouzy, musty Instrument. *Gayta* likewise signifies a Clyster, but that's Ironically only. It is indeed a *Gotbick* Word originally.

(27) *Lucullus*, a *Maker of Rattles*, &c.] *Grillotier* signifies a Grid-iron-maker, as well as a Maker of Corals with Bells, and other Toys for Children.

(28) *Nero*, a *base blind Fiddler*.] *Nero* lov'd Fiddling and Shows. *Rabelais*, in another Place, calls *Nero trüand*, a *rascally Fellow*; and here he makes him get a sorry Living by playing on as rascally, rude, harsh sounding Instrument, call'd a *Vieille*. [Ils accorderant tres bien leurs vieilles ensemble : They Jumbled their Fiddles passing well together; but this Phrase hath a further (filthy) Sense. *Cotgr.*]

(29) *Valentine* and *Orson*, &c.] This Romance having been long

(30) *Giglan* and *Govian* were poor Swine-herds.
Jaffrey with the great Tooth was a Tinder-maker,
 and Seller of Matches.

(31) *Godfrey de Bullion*, a Hood-maker.

(32) *Jafon* was a Bracelet-maker.

Don Pietro de Castille, a Carrier of Indulgences.

(33) *Morgan*, a Beer-brewer.

long since common in *England*, I shall only say I have read it and forgot it. *Orson* is, I think, a hairy Man, for which Reason (tho' *M. du Chat* says nothing of it) *Rabelais* may have made him a Rubber in the infernal *Bagnios* below, *Hair-cloths* being used in our *Bagnios* here above to rub People's Hides with in their Sweating.

(30) *Giglan* and *Govian*] Or as *Rabelais* spells these Names, *Giglain* and *Gouvin*: Were Heroes of the old Romances, as were also *Arthur* (*Artus* in *French*) of *Britain*, and *Piercesforest*, mentioned below. It appears from some Verses of *Marot*, that these Romances were all read with Pleasure at the *French* Court till that Poet's time. The Romance of *Gauvin*, a MS. is often quoted by *Borel*. That of *Piercesforest*, printed 8vo in 6 vol. at *Paris* 1531. relates the knightly Adventures of a King of *England*, who was surnam'd *Piercesforest*, for having dared to pierce almost alone into a *Forest* fraught with Inchantments and possess'd by a Race of strange wicked Creatures, whose Cruelties and violent Outrages generally fell on all the Ladies and Damsels of the Country. This Book, by the bye, was one of those which the King *Cha. IX.* usually busied himself in reading, by Order of the Queen Mother. As for *Giglain*, *Ziliante*, Son of *Monodant*, see *Ariosto* Canto 19. n. 38. The Spaniard *Antony Guevara*, who had read the Romance of *Giglain* or *Giglan*, as he calls it, puts this Book into the Number of some others, out of which no Good, but a great deal of Evil may be learn'd.

(31) *Godfrey de Bullion*, a Hood-maker.] *Dominotier* in *French*. A Maker of *Domino's*; because of his Devoutness. *Mezerai* calls him *de Buillon*, and *Bucholzer*, *Bilionæus*.

(32) *Jafon* was a Bracelet-maker.] This is wrong in a double respect. First, tho' it is *Jafon* in the new Editions, it should be *Baudoin*, as in that of *Dolet*. Secondly, *Manilier* does not signify a Bracelet-maker, but the same as *Marguillier*, a Church-warden, or one that in Popish Countries gathers for a poor Preacher. This *Baudoin* (or *Baldwin*) was *Godfrey* of *Bullion's* younger Brother, and much inferior to him in Merit: and therefore he here follows his elder Brother as but a Servitor, in comparison of that Hero.

(33) *Morgan*, a Beer-brewer.] *Morgant* in the Original. As a Beer-brewer, we see him hereafter giving nine Hogsheads of Beer to the Frank Archer *Bagnolet*, to pacify his Wrath against poor *Piercesforest*, who had happened very innocently, and without any ill Design, to piss against a Wall where *St. Antony's* Fire was painted. Mention has been made of the Giant *Morgant*, and of the Romance which bears his Name, in the Notes on the 1st ch. of this Book.

(34) *Huon of Bourdeanx*, a Hooper of Barrels.

Pyrrhus, a Kitchen Scullion.

Antiochus, a Chimney-sweeper.

Octavian, a Scraper of Parchment.

(35) *Nerwa*, a Mariner.

Pope *Julius* was a Crier of Pudding Pies ; but he left off wearing there (36) his great buggerly Beard.

John of Paris was a Greaser of Boots.

Arthur of Britain, an Ungreaser of Caps.

Pierce-Forest, a Carrier of Faggots.

Pope *Boniface VIII.* a Scummer of Pots.

(37) Pope *Nicholas III.* a Maker of Paper.

(34.) *Huon of Bourdeaux, a Hooper of Barrels.*] *Relieur de tonneaux* : a Cask or Tun-binder. The Country, about *Bourdeaux*, yields vast Quantities of Wine ; accordingly there are in that City above two thousand Coopers, who would be at a loss for the Wood they have occasion for, did they not procure it from the *Danes* in exchange for Wine. See *Scaligerana* at the Word *Bourdeaux*. Next to this shou'd be (but omitted by Sir T. U.) *Romulus*, a Cobler, Botcher, or other Mender of any old Things ; such as I am of this Translation by the Help of *M. du Chat* and others.

(35) *Nerva, a Mariner.*] Read, not a Mariner, but the lowest Drudge of a Kitchen. *Housse-paillier* in French. *Mat. Corderius, de corr. serm. emend. c. 24. n. 26. Hic mediastinus. Un scullon de cuisine.* A Kitchen-slave, a Drudge pudding. *In gymnasiis Parisiensibus dici solet, un Marmiton. Houssepaillier*, from *boussé* a Horsecloth (whence our *Housing*) and *paille* Straw, signifies properly a slovenly nasty Boy, whose Cloaths are covered all over with Chaff and Bits of Straw. See more in *du Chat*.

(36) *His great buggerly Beard.*] This glances at *Mesdames* the She-goats, those bearded Females, generally Favourites of Messieurs the Buggerantoes. Besides, the *Bougres* or Bulgarians wear a long Beard, especially the Priests, and yet more especially the Patriarch of that People. Moreover, this Pope *Julius*, viz. *Julius II.* was, as I take it, the first Pope that ever distinguish'd himself by a long Beard. Now, as at the Siege of *Miranda*, which he carried on himself in Person, in 1511, he hasten'd the Works, order'd the Battery, excited the Soldiers sometimes by fair Words, and sometimes by Threats, to exert their utmost Endeavours to carry the Place soon, perhaps *Rabelais* makes this Pope a Crier of *petits pâtés tout-chauds*, Hot Petty Patées, because at that Siege he had spurred on his People to the Assault of some Petty Patée or Bastion, at the attacking whereof might be very hot Work, or executed in very hot Weather.

(37) *Pope Nicholas III. a Maker of Paper.*] *Nicolas Papetiers* *etoit papetier.* Allusion of *papetier* to *Pape tiers*, or the Third of that Name. A French Pun, untranslatable.

(38) Pope

(38) Pope *Alexander*, a Rat-catcher.

(39) Pope *Sixtus*, an Anointer of those that have the Pox.

What, said *Pantagruel*, have they the Pox there too? Surely, said *Epistemon*, I never saw so many; there are there, I think, above a hundred millions. For be asfur'd, that those, who have not had the Pox in this World, must have it in the other.

Cotsbody, said *Panurge*, then am I free; for I have been as far as the Hole of *Gibraltar*, reach'd unto the utmost Bounds of *Hercules*, (40) and gathered of the ripest.

(41) *Ogier the Dane* was a Furbisher of Armour.

The King *Tigranes*, a Mender of (42) thatch'd Houses.

(43) *Galien Restored*, a Taker of Moldwarps.

(44) The

(38) *Pope Alexander, a Rat-catcher.*] *Alexander VI.* who caught a *Rat*, as the Saying is, when by Mistake he who was *ras* (a Shaveling) was poisoned by another *ras* (a Shaveling) with *Rats-bane*. Here is a Superfétation of Puns for ye.

(39) *Pope Sixtus, an Anointer of those that have the Pox.*] On account of that cancrus Botch, with which, *Rabelais* says, (ch. 17. of this Book) *Sixtus IV.* was so horribly tormented, that he was a Cripple by it all his Life.

(40) *And gather'd of the ripest.*] Before in ch. 15. the Author calls the Grand Pox, *the Blessed Fruit*.

(41) *Ogier the Dane*] An old Romance of Chivalry, publish'd in Prose, and printed in the Beginning of the 16th Century, but a MS. of it in *Leonine Verses* was part of *President de Thou* (*Tbuanus's*) Library.

(42) *Thatch'd Houses.*] *Un Recouvreur* means a Mender of Slated or Tyled, as well as Thatch'd Houses.

(43) *Galien Restor'd, &c.*] *Preneur de taupes*. A Molecatcher. This Romance has for its Hero the young *Galien*, Son of *Jaqueline*, Daughter to *Hugh*, K. of *Constantinople*, and of the Count and Peer *Oliver* of *Vienne*, who was taken at his Word by the Maiden's Father, upon his saying, only by way of *Gab* (in a *Bravado* or *Joke* I take *Gab* to mean) that he would push his Careless to a certain Number of *Encounters*, were he so happy as to lie but one Night in the Arms of that *Infanta*. The Night came, and, at nine Months End, *Jaqueline* brought into the World the Child in question. Of the two Fairies who interested themselves for him the Moment he was born, one, whose Name was *Galiene*, having given him the Name of *Galien*, the other would have him be surnamed *Restor'd*, because says the Book, the Child was one day to *restore* or *revive* in *France* the High Chivalry.

(44) The four Sons of *Aymon* were all Tooth-drawers.

(45) Pope *Calixtus* was the Barber of a Woman's *sine quo non*.

Pope *Urban*, a Bacon-picker.

(46) *Melufna* was a Kitchen-drudge Wench.

(47) *Mettabrune*, a Laundress.

(48) *Cleopatra*, a Crier of Onions.

(49) *Helen*, a Broker for Chamber-maids.

Semiramis, the Beggars Lice-killer.

Dido sold Mushrooms.

Panthefilea sold Cresses.

Lucretia was an Ale-house keeper.

Chivalry, which was in Danger of being lost by the Death of *Charlemagne's* Peers, who almost all perish'd at the Battle of *Roncevaux*. *Rabelais* makes this *Galien* a Mole-catcher, probably because, as those of that Trade fetch out of the Earth the Moles they take, he caus'd to spring up again the Race, the Memory, and the Acts of Prowess of those ancient Peers of *France*.

(44) *The four Sons of Aymon, &c.*] A very lying, fabulous Romance. *Antony Guevara*, in his Preface to the Clock or Dial for Princes, laments that in his Time the Gentry of *France* were corrupted by reading the *Giglans*, the *Lancelots*, the *Fierabras*, the four Sons of *Hemon*, and the *Tristrans*.

(45) *Pope Calixtus, &c.*] *Barbier de Maujoinet*. See *Cotgrave*, and *M. du Chat* himself further on this Phrase.

(46) *Melufina, &c.*] *Agrippa*, in his *Vanity of Sciences, &c.* speaks of this Romance, which was printed in Folio at *Paris*, in the Beginning of the 16th Century.

(47) *Mettabrune, &c.*] Read *Matabrune*. Wife to King *Pier-ron* of the strong Island, and Mother of Prince *Oriant*, one of *Godfrey of Bullion's* Ancestors. This Romance has been spoken of in the Notes to the Prologue of this Book.

(48) *Cleopatra, a Crier of Onions.*] Her Kingdom produc'd exceeding good ones in the Opinion of the *Israelites*. Besides, of the two Pearls of inestimable Price which that Queen was Owner of, she having caus'd her Lover *Anthony* to swallow one, dissolv'd in Vinegar, she was going to regale him with the second, if she had not been hinder'd. Perhaps it was by way of Punishment for this Prodigality, that in the other World she's reduced to sell *Onions*, that is, such Fruit as the *Latins* call *Uniones* (a Sort of Onions) as well as Pearls. (Under the Word *Unio, onis*. *Camb. Dict.* says *ab Unus, &c.* A Pearl call'd an *Union*, for that, many being found in one Shell, not any one of them is like the other. Also an *Onion* or Scallion with one Blade. See that Dictionary.)

(49) *Helena, &c.*] A Procuress. *Courratiere de Chambrieres*. A Consequence of her past Life.

(50) *Hortensia*, a Spinstress.

Livia, a Grater of Verdigreece.

After this manner those that had been great Lords and Ladies here, got but a poor scurvy wretched Livelihood below. And, on the contrary, the Philosophers and others, who in this World had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great Lords there in their Turn. I saw *Diogenes* there (51) strut it out most pompously, and in great Magnificence, with a rich purple Gown on him, and a golden Scepter in his Right-hand. And which is more, he would now and then make *Alexander* the Great mad, so enormously would he abuse him, when he had not well patched his Breeches [Stockings] for he used to pay his Skin with sound Bastinados. I saw (52) *Epictetus* there most gallantly apparell'd after the *French* Fashion, sitting under a pleasant Arbour, with Store of handsome Gentlewomen, frolicking, drinking, dancing, and making good Chear, with abundance of *Crowns* of the Sun. Above the Lattice were written these Verses for his Device:

*Sauter, dancer, faire les tours,
Et boire vin blanc, & vermeil;
Et ne faire rien tous les jours,
Que compter escuts au soleil.*

*To dance, to skip, and to play,
The best White and Claret to swill,
And nothing to do all the Day,
But rolling in Money at Will.*

When he saw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteously, and I being willing to be intreated, we tippled and chopined together most (53) *Theologically*.

(50) *Hortensia*,] *Filandiere*, a Spinner of Flax, &c.

(51) *Strut it out*] *Se prelassoic*: Give himself the Airs of a *Prelate*.

(52) *Epictetus*, &c.] Elegantly translated into *French*. I know not what Translation this can be which has set forth *Epictetus* so gallantly in our *French* Language.

(53) *Theologically*.] *Theologically*. Touching the Origin of this Proverbial Phrase, of *tippeling Theologically*, see ch. 22. of the *Apology* for *Herodotus*.

In the mean time came *Cyrus* to beg one Farthing of him for the Honour of *Mercury*, therewith to buy a few Onions for his Supper. No, no, said *Epiſtetus*, I do not use in my Alms giving to bestow Farthings; hold, thou Varlet, there's a Crown for thee, be an honest Man. *Cyrus* was exceeding glad to have met with such a Booty. But the other poor Rogues, the Kings that are there below, as *Alexander*, *Darius*, and others, stole it away from him by Night. I saw *Patelin* the Treasurer of *Rhadamanthus*, who in cheapening the Pudding-pyes that Pope *Julius* cried, asked him, How much a Dozen? Three Blanks, said the Pope: Nay, said *Patelin*, three Blows with a Cudgel; lay them down here, you Rascal, and go fetch more. The poor Pope went away weeping; who, when he came to his Master the Pyemaker, told him that they had taken away his Pudding-pyes. Whereupon, his Master gave him such a sound Lash with an (54) Eel-skin, that his own Skin would have been worth nothing to make Bag-pipe-bags of. I saw Master *John le Maire* there, personate the Pope in such Fashion, that he made all the poor Kings and (55) Popes of this World kiss his Feet; and, taking great State upon him, gave them his Benediction, saying, (56) Get the Pardons, Rogues, get the Pardons, they are good cheap: (57) I absolve you of Bread and Pottage, and dispense with you to be never good for any thing. Then, calling *Caillet* and *Triboulet*, to them he spoke these Words, My Lords the Cardinals, dispatch their Bulls, to

(54) *Eel-Skin*,] *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 23. tells us, the young Gentlemen of *Rome* were chastised with an Eel-Skin when they committed a Fault. From thence, doubtless, it comes, that in Schools they have given the Name of *Anguilla* to a certain Scourge or Whip made of leather Thongs, which anciently they used to beat the Lads with when they had neglected their Duty. *Isidore's Glosses* quoted by *du Cange* in his *Latin Glossary*: *Anguilla est quæ coercendi in Scholis pueri, quæ vulgò Scutica dicitur.*

(55) Popes] *John le Maire* is very severe on the Popes, in his Book of the different Schisms and Councils of the *Latin Church*.

(56) Get the Pardons,] This personally concerns the Popes, as having in their Time made a Trade of selling Pardons.

(57) I absolve you, &c.] It is in the Original, *Je vous absoutz de pain & de soupe*. Allusion, to *peine* (*pœna*) & (*coulpe*) in which Absolution consists.

wit,

wit, to each of them (58) a Blow with a Cudgel upon the Reins. Which accordingly was forthwith performed.

I heard Master *Francis Villon* ask *Xerxes*, How much the Mefs of Mustard? A Farthing, said *Xerxes*. To which the said *Villon* answered, The Pox take thee for a Villain; as much of square-ea'd Wheat is not worth half that Price, and now thou offerest to inhance the Price of Victuals; with this, he piss'd in his Pot as the Mustard makers of *Paris* use to do. I saw the *Francarcher de Baignolet*, who was one of the *Inquisition* against Hereticks. When he saw *Pierce-Forest* making Water against a Wall, on which was painted the Fire of St. *Anthony*, he declared him a Heretick, and would have caused him to be burnt alive, had it not been for *Morgant*, who, for his (59) *Proficiat* and other small Fées, gave him nine Tuns of Beer.

Well, said *Pantagruel*, reserve all these Stories for another Time, only tell us how the Usurers are there handled. I saw them, said *Epistemon*, all very busily employ'd in seeking of rusty Pins and old Nails in the Kennels of the Streets, as you see poor wretched Rogues do in this World; but the *Quintal*, or Hundred-weight of this old Iron-ware, is there valued but at the Price of a Cattle of Bread; and yet they have but a very bad Dispatch and Riddance in the Sale of it: Thus the poor Misers

(58) *A Blow with a Cudgel upon the Reins.*] Allusion to a Custom founded in the Penance Book, of giving those who come for Absolution a Blow with a Wand at each Verse of the *Miserere*, which they are made to repeat from one End to t'other. President du Thou (*Thuanus*) l. 103. on the Year 1595, where he speaks of this Practice exercis'd at Rome on the two Proxies or Proctors, which Hen. IV. had sent thither for his Absolution; *Ad solium redukti*; (*Procuratores Regii cum capite demisso rursus in genua procubissent, Psalmus L. recitatur, ad cujus singulos Versiculos Pontifex virgula quasi vindicta, quæ ut olim Servi apud Romanos manumittebantur, sic nunc peccatis nexi per absolutionem in libertatem Christianam asseruntur, leviter supplices Procuratores tangebant.* In regard bad Princes are infinitely more culpable in the Sight of God than ordinary People, *John le Maire* their Judge, instead of slight Strokes with a Wand over their Shoulders, makes them be well laid on with a good Hedge-stake over their Loins.

(59) *Proficiat*] Properly, *Cotgrave* says, a Fee, or Benevolence bestow'd on Bishops, in manner of a Welcome, immediately after their Installments.

are sometimes three whole Weeks without eating one Morfel or Crumb of Bread, and yet work both Day and Night looking for the *Fair to come* : Nevertheless, of all this Labour, Toil, and Misery, they reckon nothing ; so cursedly active they are in the Prosecution of that their base Calling, in hopes at the end of the Year, to earn some scurvy Penny by it.

Come, said *Pantagruel*, let us now make ourselves merry one Bout, and Drink (my Lads) I beseech you, for it is very good Drinking all this Month. Then did they uncase their Flaggons by Heaps and Dozens, and with their Leaguer-provision made excellent good Chear. But the poor King *Anarchus* could not all this while settle himself towards any Fit of Mirth ; whereupon *Panurge* said, Of what Trade shall we make my Lord the King here, that he may be skilful in the Art, when he goes thither to sojourn amongst all the Devils of Hell ? Indeed, said *Pantagruel*, that was well advised of thee, do with him what thou wilt : I give him to thee. Grammercy, said *Panurge*, the Present is not to be refused, (60) and I love it from you.

C H A P. XXXI.

How Pantagruel entered into the City of the Amaurots, and how Panurge married King Anarchus to an old Lanthern-carrying Hag, and made him a Crier of Green-sauce.

AFTER this wonderful Victory, *Pantagruel* sent *Carpalim* unto the City of the *Amaurots*, to declare and signify unto them how the King *Anarchus* was taken Prisoner, and all the Enemies of the City overthrown ; which News when they heard, all the Inhabitants of the City came forth to meet him in good Or-

(60) *And I love it from you.*] *E l'aime de vous.* A Way of thanking any one for a Favour done, or Gift bestow'd ; it was also used towards a Person who had drank a Health to one, or giv'n their Service to him in drinking.

der,

der, and with a great triumphant Pomp, conducting him with a heavenly Joy into the City, where innumerable Bonfires were kindled every where, and fair round Tables furnished with store of good Victuals set out in the Middle of the Streets. This was a Renewing of the *Golden Age*; so good was the Chear which then they made.

But *Pantagruel*, having assembled the whole Senate and Common-council-men of the Town, said, *My Masters*, we must now strike the Iron whilst it is hot; it is therefore my Will, that, before we frolick it any longer, we advise how to assault and take the whole Kingdom of the *Dipsodes*. To which Effect, let those that will go with me provide themselves against To-morrow after Drinking; for then I will begin to march. Not that I need any more Men than I have to help me to conquer it; for I could make it as sure that way as if I had it already, but I see this City is so full of Inhabitants, that they scarce can turn in the Streets: I will therefore carry them as a Colony into *Dipsody*, and will give them all that Country, which is fair, wealthy, fruitful, and pleasant, above all other Countries in the World, as many of you can tell who have been there heretofore. Every one of you therefore that will go along, let him provide himself as I have said. This Counsel and Resolution being published in the City, the next Morning there assembled in the *Piazza*, before the Palace, to the Number of Eighteen hundred fifty six thousand and eleven, besides Women and little Children. Thus began they to march strait into *Dipsody*, in such good Order as did the People of *Israel* when they departed out of *Egypt*, to pass over the Red-sea.

But before we proceed any further, I will tell you how *Panurge* handled his Prisoner the King *Anarchus*. For having remember'd that which *Epistemon* had related, how the Kings and rich Men in this World were used in the *Elysian* Fields, and how they got their Living there by base and ignoble Trades; he therefore one Day apparelled his King in a pretty little Canvass Doublet, all jagged and pinked like the Tippet of a light Horseman's Cap, together with a Pair of large Mariner's Breeches,

and Stockings (1) without Shoes : For, said he, (2) they would but spoil his Sight ; and a light peach colour'd Bonnet, with a great *Capon's* Feather in it. I lye, for I think he had two : and a very handsome Girdle, (3) *de pers & vert* ; saying, that such a Livery did become him well, for that he had always been (4) *per-verse*. And in this Plight, bringing him before *Pantagrue*, said unto him, do ye know this Royster ? No, indeed, said *Pantagrue*. It is, said *Panurge*, my Lord, the (5) King of the *clouted Horse*. I intend to make him an honest Man. These *Devils* of Kings here are but as so many Calves ; they know nothing, and are good for nothing but to do a thousand Mischiefs to their poor Subjects, and to trouble all the World with War for their unjust and detestable Pleasure. I will put him to a Trade, and make him a *Crier of Green Sauce*. Go to, begin and cry ; *Do you lack any Green-sauce ?* and the poor Devil fell to Crying. That is too low, said *Panurge* ; then took him by the Ear, saying, Sing higher in *Ge, sol, re, ut*. So, so, poor Wretch, thou hast a good Throat : Thou could'st never have been so happy, hadst thou continued longer King.

And *Pantagrue* made himself merry with all this. For I dare boldly say, that he was the best little Gaffer that was to be seen between this and the End of a Staff. Thus was *Anarchus* made a good *Crier of Green-sauce*,

(1) *Without Shoes* :] The Condition wherein our old Romances represent an unhappy Person surrendering himself a Prisoner at Discretion.

(2) *They would but spoil his Sight* ; They would blind him so, as to hinder him from being sensible that he was a Prisoner.

(3) *Pers & Vert* ;] Sky-colour'd and green.

(4) *Perverse*,] A Pun unto *Pers & Vert*.

(5) *King of the clouted Horse*.] The clouted *Horse*, says the 8vo English Edition. *Rabelais* says, *Roy de trois Cuites*, i. e. King of the three Batches. An Expression taken from a Custom in France during the Week of the Epiphany, or of the Kings as they call it, when he is termed King of three Batches, to whose Lot is fallen the Bean of three Cakes bak'd on three several Days, and at three different Ovens. In *Dolet's* Edition, instead of *Roi de trois cuites*, King of the three Batches, it is, *Roi de trois pommes cuites*, King of the three Codlins ; but the Edition of 1553. has alter'd that Addition, which indeed was good for nothing.

Two Days thereafter, *Panurge* married him with an *old Lantern-carrying Hag*; and he himself made the Wedding, with fine Sheeps-heads, brave Haslets with Mustard, gallant Salligots with Garlick, of which he sent five Horse-loads unto *Pantagrue*; which he eat up all, he found them so *appetizing*. And, for their Drink, they had a kind of (6) small well-water'd Wine, and some (7) Sorb-apple Cyder. And, to make them dance he hired a blind Man that made Musick to them with a Windbroach.

After Dinner he led them to the Palace, and shewed them to *Pantagrue*, and said, pointing to the married Woman, you need not fear that she will *crack* [*fart.*] Why? said *Pantagrue*. Because, said *Panurge*, she is well slit and broke up already. What do you mean by that? said *Pantagrue*. Did you never see, said *Panurge*, that the *Chestnuts* which are roasted in the Fire, if they be whole, they *crack* as if they were mad; and, to keep them from *Cracking*, they make an Incision in them, and slit them: So this new Bride is in her lower Parts well *slit* before, and therefore will not *crack* behind.

(6) *Small well-water'd Wine,*] *Belle Piscantine.* Why the Epithet *Belle* should be left out I see no Reason. *Rabelais* gives it the Name of (*belle*) pleasant *Piscantine*. As for *Piscantine*, *Ouden's Fr. and Ital. Dictionary* says 'tis *Vino inacquato, Acquavello*; but as in the same Dictionary we find *Biscantine* in the same Signification of *Wine mingled with Water* (tho' by the way, *Cotgrave* explains *Biscantine*, Drink made of Bullaces or Sloes, I know not, adds *du Chat*, but *Piscantine* may be a Corruption of *Biscantine*, to express a Drink of two *Cantines* (*Bottle-Cases*) one whereof might be for Wine, and the other for Water. The best *Cantines* are sold at *Charing-crofs*, the Trunk-makers.

(7) *Some Sorb-apple Cyder.*] *Beau Corme.* *Fine Sorb-apple Cyder,* *Rabelais* says: Why should the Epithet *fine* be left out here too? In *Poitou* they call *Corné* a certain Drink made with Water cast on *Cornes* (Service or Sorb-apples) *Corné*, as the new Editions read it here, should be a Drink made with Water thrown on the Fruit of the *Cornier* (*Cornel-tree*) a red acid Berry; but as they make none such either in *Poitou* or else-where, it is certain the true Reading is here, as in the old Editions, *Corné*, not *Corné*. *Cotgrave* thus speaks of *Corné*: a Drink or Wine made of the Sorb-apple; it surpasses in Goodness Perry or Cyder; and comes nearest, of any of those kinds, to White-wine. No wonder then *Rabelais* bestows on it the Epithet of *Beau*.

Pantagruel gave them a little Lodge near the Lower-street, and a Mortar of Stone wherein to bray and pound their Sauce. And in this manner did they do their little Business, he being as pretty a *Criar of Green-sauce* as ever was seen in the Country of *Utopia*. But I have been told since, that his Wife doth beat him like Plaster, and the poor Sot dares not defend himself, he is so simple.

C H A P. XXXII.

How Pantagruel with his Tongue covered a whole Army, and what the Author saw in his Mouth.

THUS as *Pantagruel* with all his Army had entered into the Country of the *Dipsodes*, every one was glad of it, and incontinently render'd themselves unto him, bringing him out of their own good Wills the Keys of all the Cities where he went, the *Almirods* only excepted; who, being resolved to hold out against him, made Answer to his *Heralds*, that they would not yield but upon very honourable and good Conditions.

What (said *Pantagruel*) do they ask any better Terms than (1) the Hand at the Pot, and the Glass in their

(1) *The Hand at the Pot, and the Glass in their Fist?*] Read the *Fist*, not *their Fist*. *La main au pot, & le veyrre au poing*. A Token of a final Agreement, and that there's nothing more to be done but to drink upon the Bargain: *Patelin* (the Trickster) to his Wife, who ask'd him how, without disburfing any more than one single Penny, he had got the Cloth he went to buy:

Ce fut pour le denier - a - Dieu :

Et encore se j'eusse dit

La main sur le pot, par ce dit,

Mon denier me fust demouré.

I gain'd it by the Earnest Penny;

And if I had not been a Ninny,

That penny too I might have got,

By barely saying, Hand on Pot.

Fist?

Fist? Come, let us go sack them, and put them all to the Sword. Then did they put themselves in good Order, as being fully determined to give an Assault. But, by the Way, passing thro' a large Field, they were overtaken with a great Shower of Rain; whereat, they began to shiver and tremble, to croud, press, and thrust close to one another. When *Pantagruel* saw that, he made their Captains tell them, that it was nothing, and that he saw well above the Clouds, that it would be nothing but a little Dew; but howsoever, that they should put themselves in Order, and he would cover them. Then did they put themselves in a close Order, and stood as near to each other as they could; and *Pantagruel* drew out his Tongue only half way, and covered them all, as a Hen doth her Chickens.

In the mean Time, I, who relate to you these so veritable Stories, hid myself under a Burdock-leaf which was not much less in Largeness than the Arch of (2) the Bridge of *Montrible*: But when I saw them thus covered, I went towards them to shelter myself likewise, which I could not do; for that (as the Saying is) *at the Yard's End there is no Cloth left*. Then, as well as I could, I got upon it, and went forwards full two Leagues upon his Tongue, and so long marched, that at last I came into his Mouth: But, O Gods and Goddesses, what did I see there? *Jupiter* confound me with his *trifulk* Lightning if I lye; I walked there as they do in *Sophie* at *Constantinople*, and saw there great Rocks, like the Mountains in *Denmark*, I believe that those were his Teeth: I saw also fair Meadows, large Forests, great and strong Cities, not a jot less than *Lyons* or *Poictiers*: The first Man I met with there, was a good honest Fellow planting Colworts; whereat being very much amaz'd, I ask'd him, My Friend, (3) what dost thou make here? I plant Colworts, said he: But how, and

(2) *The Bridge of Montrible*:] On the *Charente*, between *Saintes* and *St. John d' Angeli*; this Bridge is a Remnant of *Roman* Antiquity. What is related of the Bridge of *Monstribile*, or *Montrible*, is taken from the Romance of *Fierabras*.

(4) *What dost thou make here?*] *Que fais tu ici?* What art thou doing here?

wherewith, said I? Ha Sir, said he, (4) every one cannot have his Baws as heavy as a Mortar; neither can we be all rich: Thus do I get my poor Living, and carry them to the Market to sell in the City, which is here behind. *Jesus!* said I, is there here a new World? Sure, said he, it is never a Jot new, but it is commonly reported, that without this there is an Earth, whereof the Inhabitants enjoy the Light of a Sun and Moon; and that it is full of, and replenished with, very good Commodities; but yet, this is more ancient than that. Yea, but, said I, my Friend, what is the Name of that City whither thou carriest thy Colworts to sell? It is called (5) *Alpharage*, said he, and all the Indwellers are *Christians*, very honest Men, and will make you good Chear. To be brief, I resolved to go thither. Now in my Way, I met with a Fellow that was lying in wait to catch Pigeons, of whom I asked, *My Friend*, from whence come these Pigeons? Sir, said he, they come from the other World. Then I thought, that when *Pantagruel* yawned, the Pigeons went into his Mouth in whole Flocks, thinking that it had been a Pigeon-house.

Then I went into the City, which I found fair, very strong, and seated in a good Air; but, at my Entry, the Guard demanded of me my Pass or Ticket; whereat I was much astonished, and asked them, *My Masters* is there any Danger of the Plague here? O Lord, said they, they die hard by here so fast, that the Cart runs about the Streets. Good God! said I, and where? whereunto they answered, That it was in *Larinx* and (6) *Phærinx*,

(4) Every one can't have, &c.] Allusion to the Proverb,

*Chacun n' a pas le cerveau
Gros comme celui d'un veau.*

All ha'n't Brains as large as those
Which a Calf's Head does inclose.

See *Treasure of golden Sayings*, &c. Lyons, 1557.

(5) *Alpharage*,] Read *Alpharage*. It signifies the Throat. Ἀσφάραγος, in Greek.

(6) *Phærinx*,] Read *Pharynx*. See this, as also *Larynx*, and other Words relating to the human Structure, in any of the Lexicons. which.

which are two great Cities, such as *Rouen* and *Nantz*, rich, and of great Trading; and the Cause of the Plague was, by a stinking and infectious Exhalation which lately vapoured out of the Abifines, whereof there have died above two and twenty hundred and threescore thousand and sixteen Persons within this Sevensnight. Then I considered, calculated, and found, that it was a rank and unfavoury Breathing, which came out of *Pantagruel's* Stomach when he did eat so much (7) Garlick, as we have aforesaid.

Parting from thence, I pass'd amongst the Rocks, which were his Teeth, and never left walking till I got upon one of them, and there I found the pleasantest Places in the World, great large Tennis-courts, fair Galleries, sweet Meadows, store of Vines, and an infinite Number of Banquetting Summer Out-houses in the Fields, after the *Italian* Fashion, full of Pleasure and Delight, where I staid full four Months, (8) and never made better Chear in my Life as then. After that, I went down by the hinder Teeth to come to the Chaps; but, in the Way, I was robbed by Thieves in a great Forest that is in the Territory towards the Ears. Then (after a little further travelling) I fell upon a pretty Village, (truly I have forgot the Name of it) where I was yet merrier than ever, and got some certain Money to live

(7) *Garlick*,] *Aillade*: Garlick-Sauce, *Cotgrave* says. *M. du Chat's* Note on it is as follows. The Antients were no Strangers to the *Aillade*. *Virgil* has described this Rustick Dish under the Name of *Moretum*, and a Translation of that Poem of *Virgil's* is the second Piece among the *Rural Games* of *Joachim du Bellai*. What is now properly call'd *Aillade*, in *Guienne* and *Languedoc*, is a Mefs which the poorer Sort make with Garlick and Walnuts pounded together in a Mortar, and which prepares the Stomach for the Reception of certain Meats of an undigestive and disagreeable Nature. As for the *Aillade* itself, it is so much admired by some Persons of Distinction, even in *Italy*, that the Historian *Platina* could not forbear telling the World that a Brother of his would often put himself in a Sweat by the Pains he took in preparing this Ragoo. See *Platina de honestâ Voluptate*. The Authors of the *Camb. Dict.* say, the *Moretum* was a kind of Sallet made of Herbs, Milk, Wine, Oil, Cheese Garlick, &c.

(8) *And never made better Chear, &c.*] Because, as he says a little lower, of every Morfel that went down *Pantagruel's* Throat, he took part, by way of Toll.

by ; can you tell how ? By Sleeping ; for there they hire Men by the Day to sleep, and they get by it Six Pence a Day ; but they that can snort [snore] hard, get at least Nine Pence. How I had been robbed in the Valley I informed the Senators, who told me, that in very Truth the People of that Side were bad Livers, and naturally thievish ; whereby I perceived well, that as we have with us the Countries *Cisalpine* and *Transalpine*, so have they there the Countries *Cidentine* and *Tradentine*, that is, behither and beyond the Teeth ; but it is far better living on this Side, and the Air is purer. There I began to think, that it is very true which is commonly said, that the one Half of the World knoweth not know the other Half liveth. Seeing none before myself had ever written of that Country, wherein are above five and twenty Kingdoms inhabited, besides Desarts, and a great Arm of the Sea. I have composed a great Book, intituled, *The History of the Gorgians*, because they dwell in the Gorge of my Master *Pantagruel*.

At last I was willing to return, and, passing by his Beard, I cast myself upon his Shoulders, and from thence slid down to the Ground, and fell before him. As soon as I was perceived by him, he asked me, Whence comest thou, *Alcofribas* ? I answered him, Out of your Mouth, my Lord. And how long hast thou been there, said he. Since the Time, said I, that you went against the *Almirods*. That is about six Months ago, said he. And wherewith didst thou live ? What didst thou drink ? I answered, My Lord, of the same that you did, and of the daintiest Morfels that pass'd thro' your Throat I took Toll. Yea, but, said he, where didst thou shite ? In your Throat, my Lord, said I. Ha, ha, thou art a merry Fellow, said he. We have with the Help of God conquer'd all the Land of the *Dipsodes* ; I will give thee the *Chastelleiny* of *Salmigondin*. Grammercy, my Lord, said I, you gratify me beyond all that I have deserved of you.

C H A P. XXXIII.

How Pantagruel became sick, and the Manner how he was recovered.

A While after this the good *Pantagruel* fell sick, and had such an Illness in his Stomach, that he could neither eat nor drink; and, because one Mischief seldom comes alone, he had got also the *hot Piss*, which tormented him more than you would believe. His Physicians, nevertheless, helped him very well, and, with store of *Lenitives* and *diuretick* Drugs, made him *piss* away his Pain. His Urine was so *hot*, that since that Time it is not yet *cold*; and you have of it in divers Places of *France*, according to the Course that it took, and they are called the *hot Baths*, as at (1) *Coderets*; at (2) *Limous*; at (3) *Daft*; at (4) *Ballervie*; at (5) *Nerie*; at (6) *Bourbonensy*; and elsewhere. In *Italy*, at

(1) *Coderets*;] *Caulderets* in the *Pyrenees*. These Baths are frequented by Company not only from *France*, and *Spain*, but other Countries likewise, either to drink the Water, or to bathe, or to use the *Mud*: the Goodness of these Baths begins with the Month of *September*. See the Preface to the Queen of *Navarre's Heptameron*.

(2) *Limous*;] Two Leagues and a half from *Carcafone*, on the Way to *Aleth*; the Baths are at the Foot of the Mountains.

(3) *Daft*;] Or *Dags* in the *Landes* of *Bordeaux*. These Baths are so hot as to strip a Fowl of its Feathers.

(4) *Ballervie*;] Read *Balleruc*. *Nicholas Dortman*, of *Arnhem*, Professor of Physick at *Montpellier*, printed at *Lyons* in 1579. a Treatise of the Nature and Use of these Baths, situated, he says, about a thousand Paces from *Balleruc*, a Village distant somewhat less than four Leagues from *Montpellier*. This Place, where People bathed in that Author's Time, was not altogether the same where they used formerly to bathe, which is observable in the Plan we see of the old and new Baths, at the Beginning of the third Chapter; and Things are, I'm told, very much alter'd since that Time, in other respects.

(5) *Nerie*;] Read *Neric*, a little Town of the *Bourbounois*, in the Midst whereof there are hot Baths.

(6) *Bourbonensy*,] The Use of the Hot Baths *Du Chêne* says, having been prescribed to *K. Hen. III.* he preferr'd these of *Bourbonensy* before six or seven others he might have used without going out of his Dominions.

Mongros; at (7) *Appone*; at *Sancto Petro de Padua*; at (8) *St. Helen*; at *Casa Nuova*: at *St. Bartolomee* in the County of *Boulogne*: at the (9) *Lorette*; and a thousand other Places.

And I wonder much at a Rabble of foolish Philosophers and Physicians, who spend their Time in disputing, whence the Heat of the said Waters cometh, whether it be by reason of *Borax*, or *Sulphur*, or *Allum*, or *Salt-petre*, that is within the Mine; for they do nothing but dote, and better were it for them to rub their Arse against a Thistle, than to waste away their Time thus in disputing of that whereof they know not the Original; for the Resolution is easy, neither need we to enquire any further, than that the said *Baths* came by a *hot Piss* of the good *Pantagruel*.

Now to tell you after what manner he was cured of his principal Disease, I let pass how for a *Minorative* he took Four hundred Pound Weight of *Colophoniack Scammony*; Sixscore and eighteen Cart-loads of *Cassia*; Eleven thousand and nine hundred Pound Weight of *Rhubarb*, besides other confused Jumbings of sundry Drugs. You must understand, that, by the Advice of the Physicians, it was ordered, that what did offend his Stomach should be taken away; and therefore they made (10) seventeen great Balls of Copper, each whereof was

(7) *Appone*;] Within a few Musket Shots of the City of *Padua*. They begin using these Waters about the Middle of *April*, and give over about the End of *June*: and we see in *Faventinus's* second Book of Counsels, Precepts, and Directions, printed at *Venice* in 1556, the Regimen which that Physician prescribed in 1539. to the Cardinal *de Trente*, to whom he had order'd the Baths of *Appone*.

(8) *St. Helen*;] Read, *Sancta Helena Patavina*, according to *Du Chat*. These are sulphurous Baths. See *Faventinus's* 10th Book of Directions, &c.

(9) *Lorette*;] Read *Porette*. Sulphurous Baths near *Ranutio*, in the Territory of *Bolenia*, on the Right of the River *Rbeno*, towards the Place of its Rise. There is a Volume of Tales, intituled, *Threescore and Ten Porretane Novels*; and I'm very much mistaken if they be not an Imitation of the Queen of *Nawarre's Heptameron*, or perhaps this latter may be an Imitation of the former.

(10) *Seventeen great Balls of Copper*;] The Moral Sense assign'd by *Pâquier* to this Fiction of *Rabelais* is, that the Physicians act only by Guess in Ailments of the Stomach, and in those which affect the noble Parts,

bigger

bigger than that which is to be seen on the Top of St. Peter's Needle at Rome, and in such sort, that they did open in the Midst, and shut with a Spring. Into one of them entered one of his Men, carrying a Lanthorn and a Torch lighted, and so *Pantagrue* swallowed him down like a little Pill: Into seven others went seven Country Fellows, having every one of them a Shovel on his Neck: Into nine others entered nine Wood-carriers, having each of them a Basket hung at his Neck, and so were they swallowed down like Pills: When they were in his Stomach, every one undid his Spring, and came out of their Cabins; the first whereof was he that carried the Lanthorn, and so they fell more than Half a League into a most horrible Gulph, more stinking and infectious than ever was (11) *Mephitis*, or the Marishes of (12) *Camerina*, or the abominably (13) unfavoury Lake of *Sorbona*, whereof *Strabo* maketh mention. And had it not been, that they had very well *antidoted* their Stomach, Heart, and *Wine-pot*, which is called the Noddle, they had been altogether suffocated and choked with these detestable Vapours: O what a Perfume! O what an Evaporation wherewith (14) to bewray the Masks or Mufflers of young mangy Queans! After that with groping and smelling they came near to the fecal Matter, and the corrupted Humours. Finally, they found a *Montjoy*, or Heap of Ordure and Filth; then fell the Pioneers to work to dig it up, and the rest with

(11) *Mephitis*,] *Virgil*, *Æneid*. l. 7.

(12) *Camerina*,] *Æneid*. l. 3.

(13) *Unfavoury Lake of Sorbona*,] The common People of *Paris* say, *la Serbonne*, instead of *la Sorbonne*, and this Lake of *Egypt*, mention'd by *Strabo*, is by him call'd the *Lake of Serbonne*, which made *Menage* think *Rabelais* wrote it *Serbone*; but I find it *Sorbone* in all the Editions.

(14) *To bewray the Masks or Mufflers of young mangy Queans!*] *Embrenner touretz des nez*. The *touret de nez*, much used in Days of Yore, was a sort of those *false Noses*, with which People now-a-days disguise themselves. As it came not so low as the Mouth, it was fastened on the Skin by nothing but a kind of Pomatum; and it is in lieu of this Pomatum that *Rabelais* would have the young loose Creatures of his Time make use of the Exhalations which had like to have suffocated those who descended into *Pantagrue's* Stomach.

their Shovels filled the Baskets; and, when all was cleansed, every one retired himself into his Ball.

This done, *Pantagruel*, enforcing himself to a Vomit, very easily brought them out, and they made no more Show in his Mouth than a Fart in yours: but when they came merrily out of their Pills, I thought upon the *Grecians* coming out of the *Trojan Horse*. By this Means was he healed, and brought unto his former State and Convalescence. And of these (15) brazen Pills (16) you have one at *Orleans*, upon the Steeple of the *Holy Cross Church*.

C H A P. XXXIV.

The Conclusion of this present Book, and the Excuse of the Author.

NOW, my Masters, you have heard a Beginning of the horrick History of my Lord and Master *Pantagruel*. Here will I make an End of the first Book. My Head aches a little, and I perceive that the Registers of my Brain are somewhat jumbled and disordered with the *Septembrall Juice* [Wine]. You shall have the rest of the History at *Frankfort Mart* next coming, and there shall you see how *Panurge* was married, and made a Cuckold within a Month after his Wedding: how *Pantagruel* found out the Philosopher's Stone, the Manner how he found it, and the Way how to use it: How he past over the *Caspian Mountains*, and how he failed.

(15) *Brazen Pills*] *Pillules d'Arquin*, not *d'Airin*. It means Pills of Alchymy, or Lead of Antimony.

(16) *You have one at Orleans*] This is what I take to have given such occasion of Cavil to *M. Bernier*, Author of the Judgment on *Rabelais*, which he ascribes to *Rabelais's* not being quite sober when he concluded this Chapter, as *Rabelais* indeed partly confesses to be his Case in the Beginning of the next. But *Bernier* is mistaken, since we are informed by History, that the Church of the Holy Cross of *Orleans*, as we now see it, is not the same Edifice which was in *Rabelais's* Time, but that the old Building having suffer'd much during the Troubles of the Year 1562, *Henry the Great* had it rebuilt (as now it appears) in 1601, on occasion of the grand Jubilee.

through

through the *Atlantick* Sea, defeated the *Canibals*, and conquered the *Isles* of *Perles*; how he married the Daughter of the King of *India*, called *Presthan*; how he fought against the Devil, and burnt up five Chambers of Hell, ransacked the great black Chamber, threw *Proserpine* into the Fire, broke four Teeth of *Lucifer*, and the Horn that was in his Arse. How he visited the Regions of the *Moon*, to know whether indeed the *Moon* were not entire and whole; or if the Women had not three Quarters of it in their *Heads*, and a Thousand other little Merriments all veritable. These are brave Things truly. Good Night, Gentlemen, *Perdonate mi*, and think not so much upon my Faults, that you forget your own. If you say to me, *Master*, it would seem that you were not very wise in writing to us these *stimsam* Stories, and pleasant Fooleries;

I answer you, that you are not much wiser, to spend your Time in reading them. Nevertheless, if you read them to make yourselves merry, as in manner of Pastime I wrote them, you and I both are far more worthy of Pardon than a great Rabble of (1) *squint-minded* Fellows, (2) *counterfeit* Saints, *demure* Lookers, *Hypocrites*, *Zealots*, *tough* Friars, (3) *Buskin-Monks*, and other such Sects of Men, who disguise themselves like Maskers, to deceive the World: For whilst they give the common People to understand, that they are busied about nothing but Contemplation and Devotion in *Fastings* and *Maceration* of their *Sensuality*, and that only to sustain and ali-

(1) *Squint-minded Fellows*,] *Sarrabaïtes*. *Ménage* thinks it should be written *Sarabaïtes*, and that they were certain disorderly Monks mention'd in the Sermon, intitul'd *Fratres in-Eremo*, falsely ascribed to St. *Austin*. *Sarrabaïtes* is an *Aegyptian* Word. They were also call'd *Gyrovages*, on which Word, as likewise on *Sarrabaïtes*, see the *Jacobin* Friar, *Bernard de Luxembourg*, in his Catalogue of Hereticks.

(2) *Counterfeit Saints*,] *Escargots*. Monks conceal'd within the Hoods of their Habits, like *Escargots* (Snails) in their Shells.

(3) *Buskin-Monks*,] *Botineurs*. *Rabelais* says, which *Cotgrave* explains, One that continually wears Boots or Buskins, as a Monk, or any such Creature, who, being not satisfied with wearing them alive, will be buried in them dead. *Du Chat* says, *Botineurs*, *Moines rentex*, Landed Monks, and even the *Cordeliers*, whom in ch. 29. of l. 5. the Author calls *Booted Preachers*.

ment the small Frailty of their *Humanity*; it is so far otherwise, that on the contrary (God knows) what Chear they make, *Et* (4) *Curios simulant, sed Bacchanalia vivunt.* You may read it in great Letters in the Colouring of their *red Snouts*, and (5) *gulching Bellies* as big as a Tun, unless it be when they perfume themselves with Sulphur. As for their Study, it is wholly taken up in reading of *Pantagruelin Books*, not so much to pass the Time merrily, as to hurt some one or other mischievously, to wit, in *articling*, (6) *sole-articling*, (7) *wry-neckifying*, (8) *buttock-stirring*, (9) *balloocking*, and *dia-*

(4) *Curios simulant, sed Bacchanalia vivunt.*] This is out of *Juvenal's* 2d Satire, but the Application which the Author makes of it is taken from *Politian*, who speaking of certain Hypocrites who took offence at *Plautus* being read in Schools.

Sed, says he, qui nos damnant, sunt bistriones maximi;

Nam Curios simulant, vivunt Bacchanalia.

Hi sunt præcipuè, quidam clamosi, leves,

Cucullati, lignipedes, cincti funibus,

Superciliosum, incurvicervicum pecus,

Qui quòd ab aliis habitu, & cultu dissentiant, &c.

See *Politian. Epist. l. 7.*

(5) *Gulching Bellies*] *Ventres à poulaines.* In all likelihood these gorbellied Monks, and these Beneficiaries with Bundles of Guts (*à poulaines*) are the same which the honest Confessor to *Louis XII.* calls *Ponards* (perhaps contractedly for *Polonards*) in these Words of his Sermon on the Rich Man (*Dives*): preach'd the second Week in *Lent*: *Videbis unum grossum ponardum in una camera nata, in quam ventus non intrat sans sauf conduite, vel sine licentia; habet grossum beneficium (buffetum) coopertum vasis argenteis.*

(6) *Sole-articling*,] *Monorticulant*, &c. *Rabelais*, who has coin'd this and the other Words following, uses *Monorticulant*, to signify extracting out of one's Writings certain *Articles*, to be confuted as heretical, as the Monks did in the Case of the learned *Reuchlin*. The *a* of the Latin *articuli* has been chang'd into an *o*, as in *Orteil* (the Toe) made from *articulus*.

(7) *Wry-neckifying*,] *Torticulant*, i. e. acting with the Hypocrisy of the wry-neck'd Monks or *Cordeliers*, whom *Politian* a little higher calls *incurvicervicum pecus*.

(8) *Buttock-stirring*,] So indeed *Cotgrave* interprets *Culletant*, but here it means, says *Du Chat*, the same as at the End of the Prol. of the 3d Book, viz. smelling to the bad or weak Places of a Book, as Dogs do to a salt Bitch.

(9) *Balloocking*,] Perhaps wrong translated. The Word *Rabelais* uses is *Gouilletant*, i. e. *Colligeant*, or gathering, after the manner of your *cucullated Gentry*, who make malicious *Collections* of what may have been said or written by one they have a Mind to ruin.

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bliculating, that is, *calumniating*: wherein they are like unto the poor Rogues of a Village, that are busy in stirring up and scraping in the Ordure and Filth of little Children in the Season of Cherries and Guinds, and that only to find the Kernels, that they may sell them to the Druggists, to make thereof (10) *Pomander Oil*. Fly from these Men, abhor and hate them as much as I do, and upon my Faith you will find yourselves the better for it. And if you desire to be good *Pantagruelists*, (that is to say, to live in Peace, Joy, Health, making yourselves always merry) (11) *never trust those Men that always peep out of one Hole*.

(12) *The End of the Second Book.*

(10) *Pomander-Oil*.] *L'huile de Maguelet*. *Cotgr.* says, This is the Bastard-Coral, or Pomander, Privet, of whose sweet and shining black Berries Chains and Bracelets are made. What *Du Chat* says, take as follows. If by *Maguelet* is meant, as some think, the Hawthorn-berries, whose Kernels serve to make the Oil call'd *Maguelet*, it is very probable the Word comes from the *Spanish Majuelas*, which signifies the same Fruit. Words, corrupted from the *Spanish*, are very frequent at *Montpellier*, occasion'd by the Kings of *Majorca*, of the House of *Arragon*, being a long time Lords of that City. If likewise, as it seems to be consistent with what *Rabelais* says here, this Oil is indifferently drawn from all sorts of small Kernels, *Maguelet* may then be deriv'd from *Amigdaletum*, a diminutive of *Amygdalum*, which may be said by Metaphor for *Amygdala*. From *Magdelaine*, in like manner, has been fetch'd *Maguelone* and *Maguelon*, as the Castle of *Madelaine* is call'd *Maguelon*, and *Magdalen College* in *Oxford*, *Maudlin*, by Corruption.

(11) *Newer trust those Men that always peep out of one Hole*.] Monks, or Friars (by reason of their Cowles) says *Cotgrave*, under the Word *Pertuis* (a Hole.) Now-a-days the Saying is, *Men that always peep out at a Cloth-window*: *Ne fiez vous jamais en Gens qui regardent par une fenetre de Drap*: it means the same thing as the other, viz. cucullated Imps; Hobgoblins in Cowles.

(12) *The End of the Second Book*.] The Original concludes otherwise, namely thus, *The End of the Chronicles of Pantagruel, King of the Dipsodes, restor'd to their genuine State and Condition, with his heroic Deeds, and most tremendous Achievements, Compos'd by the late M. ALCOFRIBAS, Abstracter of the Quint-Essence*; from whence *M. du Chat* concludes, that as *Rabelais* here, and in the preceding Book, ch. 8. means himself by the Name of *Alcofribas*, either he really intended to stop here, or at least not daring to put his Name to the two first Books of his Romance (probably because, when he wrote them, he was a Monk at *St. Maur de Fosse*) it was only in the following Books he took the liberty to discover his true Name after he had seculariz'd himself, and was become, as it were, a Layman.

Francis

Francis Rabelais to the Soul of
the deceased Queen of Navar-
re.

A Bstracted Soul, ravish'd with Extasies,
Gone back, and now familiar in the
Skies:

Thy former Host, thy Body, leaving quite,
Which to obey thee aways took delight,
Obsequious, ready: Now from Motion free,
Senseless, and as it were, in Apathy.
Deign now to issue forth, for a short Space,
From that Divine, Eternal, Heavenly Place,
To see the third part, in this earthly Cell,
Of the brave Acts of good Pantagruel.

THE



T H E

AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.



GOOD People, most Illustrious Drinkers, and you thrice precious gouty Gentlemen: Did you ever *see* *Diogenes* the *Cinick* Philosopher? If you have *seen* him, you then had your Eyes in your Head, or I am very much out of my Understanding and Logical Sense. It is a gallant thing to see the clearness of (Wine, Gold) the Sun. I'll be judged by the blind-born so renowned in the Sacred Scriptures; who having at his choice to ask whatever he would from him who is Almighty, and whose Word in an Instant is effectually performed, asked nothing else but that he might *see*. *Item*, you are not young, which is a competent Quality for you to Philosophize (*de Vino*) upon Wine, (*not in Vano*) rather than upon matters Physical, and henceforwards to be of the *Bacchick* Council; to the end that *Opening* (*i. e.* your Jaws to guttle and guzzle) *there* you may *Opine* (*i. e.* give your *Opinion*) faithfully of the Substance, Colour, excellent Odour, Eminency, Propriety, Faculty, Virtue, and effectual Dignity of the said blessed and desired Liquor.

If you have not *seen* him (as I am easily induced to believe that you have not) at least you have heard some talk of him. For through the Air, and the whole Extent of this Hemisphere of the Heavens hath his Report and Fame, even until this present time, remained very memorable and renowned. Then all of you are derived

derived from the (1) *Phrygian Blood* (if I be not deceived.) And if you have not so many Crowns as *Midas* had, yet have you something (I know not what) of him, which the *Persians* of old esteemed more of in all their *Otacusts*, and which was more desired by the Emperor *Antoninus* (2); and gave occasion thereafter to the *Basilisco* at *Rohan* to be Surnamed *Goodly Ears*. If you have not heard of him, I will presently tell you a Story to make your wine relish: Drink then, so, to the purpose; hearken now whilst I give you notice (to the end that you may not like Infidels be by your Simplicity abused) that in his time he was a rare Philosopher, and the chearfullest of a thousand: If he had some Imperfection, so have you, so have we; for there is nothing (but God) that is perfect: Yet so it was, that by *Alexander* the Great, although he had *Aristotle* for his Instructor and Domestic, was he held in such Estimation, that he wish'd if *he had not been Alexander to have been Diogenes the Sinopian*.

When *Philip King* of *Macedon* enterprised the Siege and Ruin of *Corinth*, the *Corinthians* having received certain Intelligence by their Spies, that he with a numerous Army in Battle Array was coming against them, were all of them, not without cause, most terribly afraid; and therefore were not neglective of their Duty,

(1) *The Phrygian Blood.*] *Rabelais* laughs at his Country-men, who even in his time continu'd such Simpletons as to believe their Kings, and themselves too, descended in a direct Line from *Priam* and the *Trojans*, on the bare Credit of that Lyar *Hunibalde*, and some other Historians, who copy'd after him.

(2) *Emperor Antoninus*] Surnam'd *Caracalla*. The many Spies and Emiffaries, imploy'd far and near, by *Midas King* of *Phrygia*, a great Tyrant, gave occasion to the Fable of that Prince's having Asses Ears. *Antoninus Caracalla*, as bad as the other, not satisfied with consulting all sorts of People, chiefly Soothsayers, and Astrologers, to endeavour by their Means to discover whether any Designs were hatching against his Life, did actually wish he had Ears good enough to hear himself every Thing that was said of him. *Budæus*, l. i. de *Asse*, speaking of the former: *hic auribus asininis non aureis insignibus innotuit. Ex eo enim in proverbium venit, quod multos otacustas i. e. auricularios & emissarios haberet, rumorum captatores, & sermonum delatores, cujusmodi habere solent principes mali, qui stimulante conscientia securi esse nequeunt.*

in doing their best Endeavours to put themselves in a fit Posture to resist his Hostile Approach, and defend their own City.

Some from the Fields brought into the Fortify'd Places their Moveables, Cattle, Corn, Wine, Fruit, Victuals, and other necessary Provisions.

Others did fortify and rampire their Walls, set up little Fortresses, Bastions, squared Ravelins, digged Trenches, cleansed Countermine, fenced themselves with *Gabions*, contrived Platforms, emptied *Casemates*, barricado'd the false *Brayes*, erected the *Cavalliers*, repaired the *Contrescarpes*, plaister'd the *Courtines*, lengthned *Ravelins*, stopped *Parapets*, mortaised *Barbacans*, new pointed the *Portcullices* with fine Steel or good Iron, fastned the *Herses* and *Cataracts*, placed their Centries, and doubled their *Patrouille*.

Every one did watch and ward, and not one was exempted from carrying the Basket.

Some polished Corselets, varnished Backs and Breasts, clean'd the Head-pieces, Mailcoats, *Brigandins*, *Salads*, Helmets, Murrions, Jacks, Gushets, *Gorgetts*, *Hoguines*, *Brassars*, and *Cuissars*, *Corselets*, *Haubergeons*, Shields, Bucklers, Targuets, *Greves*, Gantlets and Spurs.

Others made ready Bows, Slings, Crossbows, Pellets, *Catapults*, *Migraines* or Fireballs, Firebrands, *Balists*, Scorpions, and other such warlike Engines, *repugnatory*, and destructive to the *Helepolides*.

They sharpened and prepared Spears, Staves, Pikes, Brown Bills, Halberts, Long Hooks, Lances, *Zagages*, Quarterstaves, Eelspears, Partisans, Troutstaves, Clubs, Battle-axes, Maces, Darts, Dartlets, Glaves, Javelins, Javelots, and Truncheons.

They set Edges upon Scimetars, Cutlasses, *Badelairs*, Back-swords, Tucks, Rapiers, Bayonets, Arrow-heads, Dags, Daggers, *Mandousians* (3), Poigniards, Whinyards, Knives, Skenes, Chipping Knives, and *Raillons*.

Every Man exercis'd his Weapon, every Man scoured off the Rust from his natural Hanger: Nor was there a Woman amongst them (tho' never so reserv'd or old).

(3) *Mandousians*.] Very short Swords, suppos'd to be call'd so from a certain *Spanish* Nobleman of the House of *Mendoza*'s who first brought them in.

who

who made not her Harness to be well furbished ; as your know the *Corinthian* Women of old were reputed very courageous Combatants.

Diogenes seeing them all so warm at Work, and himself not employed by the Magistrates in any Business whatsoever, he did very seriously (for many Days together, without speaking one Word) consider, and contemplate the Countenance of his Fellow-Citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a Martial Spirit, he girded his Cloak, scarf ways, about his Left Arm, tucked up his Sleeves to the Elbow, trussed himself like a Clown gathering Apples, and giving to one of his old Acquaintance his Wallet, Books, and (4) *Opistographs*, away went he out of Town towards a little Hill or Promontory of *Corinth* called (5) *Craneum* ; and there on the Strand, a pretty level Place, did he roul his jolly Tub, which serv'd him for an House to shelter him from the Injuries of the Weather : There, I say, in a great Vehemency of Spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, whirl it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, huddle it, tumble it, hurry it, jolt it, jostle it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it, subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jerk it, shock it, shake it, toss it, throw it, overthrow it up-side down, topsiturvey, arseversy, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, sound it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it. And then again in a mighty bustle he bandy'd it, flubber'd it, hack'd it, whittled it, way'd it, darted it, hurl'd it, stagger'd it, reel'd it, swing'd it, brangled it, totter'd it, lifted it, heaved it, transformed it, transfigur'd it, transpos'd it, transplaced it, reared it, raised it, hoised it, washed it, dighted it, cleansed it, rinsed it, nailed it, settled it, fastned it, shackled it, fetter'd it, levell'd it, block'd it, tugg'd it, tew'd it, car-

(4) *And Opistographs.*] *οπισθογραφος* *Scriptus & in tergo.* Papers wrote on the back, as well as fore-side, and foul, for present use, to be afterwards blotted out. Q. Cou'd the Ancients write on the back of the Leaves of their Books, which were the Bark of a Tree, or flaggy Shrub called *Papyrus* ?

(5) *Called Craneum.*] *Gymnasium, apud Corinthum, i. e. Place in Corinth for Wrestling, Running, &c.*

ry'd

ry'd it, bedash'd it, bewray'd it, parch'd it, mounted it, broach'd it, nick'd it, notch'd it, bespatter'd it, deck'd it, adorned it, trimmed it, garnish'd it, gaged it, furnish'd it, bor'd it, pierc'd it, tap'd it, rumbled it, slid it down the Hill, and precipitated it from the very Height of the *Craneum*; then from the Foot to the Top (like another *Sisyphus* with his Stone) bore it up again, and every way so hang'd it and belabour'd it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the Bottom of it out.

Which when one of his Friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his Body, perplex his Spirit, and and torment his Tub? The Philosopher's Answer was, That not being employed in any other Office by the *Republick*, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon his Tub, that amongst a People so fervently busie, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loytering Slug and lazy Fellow. To the same purpose may I say of my self,

*Tho' I be rid from Fear,
I am not void of Care.*

For perceiving no Account to be made of me towards the Discharge of a Trust of any great Concernment, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble Kingdom of *France*, both on this and on the other side of the *Mountains*, every one is most diligently exercised and busied; some in the fortifying of their own Native Country, for it's Defence; others, in the repulsing of their Enemies by an Offensive War; and all this with a Policy so excellent, and such admirable Order, so manifestly profitable for the future, whereby *France* shall have it's Frontiers most *magnifically* enlarged, and the *French* assur'd of a long and well-grounded Peace, that very little withholds me from the Opinion of good *Heraclitus* (6); which affirmeth *War to be the Parent of all good things*; and therefore do I believe that *War* is in *Latin* called *Bellum* (7), not by *Antiphrasis*, as some

(6) *Opinion of good Heraclitus.*] See the *French* Interpreter of *Dio- genes Laërtius*, in his Additions to *Heraclitus's* Life.

(7) *War is in Latin called Bellum.*] *Bellum quid minimè bellum.* It was *Priscian* who advanc'd this Opinion which *Rabelais* here contradicts.

Patchers of old rusty Latin would have us to think, because in *War* there is little Beauty to be seen; but absolutely and simply; for that in *War*, (*Bellum* in *Latin*;) appears all that is good and graceful, *Bon* and *Bel* in *French*, and that by the *Wars* is purged out all manner of Wickedness and Deformity. For Proof whereof the wise and pacific *Solomon* could no better represent the unspeakable Perfection of the Divine Wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposure and ranking of an *Army in Battle Array*, well provided and ordered.

Therefore by reason of my Weakness and Inability, being reputed by my Compatriots unfit for the *Offensive* part of Warfare; and on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the *Defensive*, although it had been but to carry Burthens, fill Ditches, or break Clods, each whereof had been to me indifferent, I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an *Idle Spectator* of so many valourous, eloquent and warlike Persons, who in the view and sight of all *Europe* act this notable *Interlude* or *Tragicomedy*, and not exert myself, and contribute thereto this Nothing my All; which remained for me to do. For, in my Opinion, little Honour is due to such as are meer *Lookers on*, liberal of their Eyes, and of their Strength parsimonious; who conceal their Crowns, and hide their Silver; scratching their Head with one Finger like grumbling Puppies (8), gaping at the Flies like *Tithe Calves*; clapping down their Ears like *Arcadian Asses* at the Melody of Musicians, who with their very Countenances in the depth of Silence express their Consent to the *Prosopopeia*.

Having made this Choice and Election, it seemed to me that my Exercise therein would be neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, whilst I should thus set agoing my *Diogenical Tub*, which is all that is left me safe from the Ship-wrack of my former Misfortunes.

At this dingle dangle wagging of my Tub, what would you have me to do? By the *Virgin* that tucks up

(8) *Like grumbling Puppies*] *Landores degoutex*, *Landore Cotgraw* says is a *Norman* word for a gazing Clown, staring Lowt, or one that sits dangling his Legs all Day on a Shop-board or Stall, says the *Anonymous Scholiast*. Also a leaden Fellow, poor Sneaksby; Man of Dough, &c.

her Sleeve (9), I know not as yet : Stay a little till I suck up a Draught of this Bottle ; it is my true and only *Helicon* ; it is my *Caballine Fountain* ; it is my sole *Enthusiasm*. Drinking thus I meditate, discourse, resolve and conclude. After that the *Epilogue* is made, I laugh, I write, I compose, and drink again. *Ennius* wrote, and writing drank. *Æschylus* (if *Plutarch* in his *Symposiasts* merit any Faith) drank composing, and drinking composed. *Homer* never wrote fasting, and *Cato* never wrote till after he had drunk. These Passages I have brought before you, to the End you may not say that I live without the Example of Men well praised, and better prised. It is good and fresh enough, even as if you would say it is entring upon the second Degree (10). God, the good God *Sabaoth* (that is to say of *Armies*) be praised for it eternally. If you after the same Manner would take one great Draught, or two little ones, whilst you have your Gown about you (11), I truly find no kind of Inconveniency in it, provided you send up to God for all some small scantling of Thanks.

Since then my Luck or Destiny is such as you have heard, for it is not for every body to go to *Corinth*, I am fully resolved to be so little idle and unprofitable, that I will set myself to serve the one and the other sort of People. Amongst the *Diggers*, *Pioneers* and *Ram-pire-builders*, I will do as did *Neptune* and *Apollo* at *Troy* under *Laomedon*, or as did *Renault* of *Montauban* in his latter Days : I will serve the *Masons*, I'll set on

(9) *Virgin that tucks up her Sleeve.*] Possibly our Lady of *Loretto*, call'd by the People of the Country *Madonna Scoperta*, (uncover'd bare arm'd Lady) the Moment her Gown sleeves are drawn back for her to receive the Homage, which devout Pilgrims come to pay her on their Knees. See *Mercurius Britannicus* in his *Mundus alter & idem*.

(10) *Entering upon the second Degree.*] Temperate. See *Bouchet Serée* 3. These Terms are borrowed from Physicians, inasmuch as they consider the Aliments according to their several Degrees of Heat, Cold, Humidity, and Siccity. *Galen* treats thereof, l. v. of Simples, and l. i. of Aliments.

(11) *Gown about you.*] In Secret, by Stealth, *En robbe* in French. This Expression which is found in *Brantome*, l. i. p. 327. of his *Dames Galantes*, is there used to signify the stoln Pleasures of such eager Lovers as will not give their Ladies time to undress themselves.

the Pot to boil for the Bricklayers; and when the Jaw-work's over, by the Sound of my small Pipe I'll measure the Muzzle of the musing Dotards.

For the Use of the *Warriours* I am about to broach off a new Barrel to give them a Taste, (which by two former Books of mine, if by the Deceitfulness and Falshood of Printers (12) they had not been jumbled, marred and spoiled, you would have very well relish'd) and draw unto them of the Growth of our own tippery Pastimes, a gallant third Part of a Gallon, and consequently a jolly chearful Quart of *Pantagrue* Sentences, which you may lawfully call (if you please) *Diogenical*; and shall have me (seeing I cannot be their Fellow-Soldier) for their faithful *Butler*, refreshing and cheering, according to my little Power, their return from the Alarms of the Enemy; as also for an indefatigable *Extoller* of their martial Exploits and Glorious Atchievements. I shall not fail therein (13) *par lapathium* (acutum) *de Dieu*, if *Mars* fail not in *Lent*, which the cunning *Lecher* (14), I warrant you, will not be such a Fool as to do.

I remember nevertheless to have read (15) that *Ptolemy* the Son of *Lagus* one Day, amongst the many Spoils and Booties, which by his Victories he had acquired presenting to the *Egyptians* in the open View of the

(12) *Falshood of Printers.*] *Rabelais*, as appears by the old Edition of *Pantagrue*, used the Word *Traducteurs* (not *Imprimeurs*) *Traductors* or *Transfusors* suited with his Idea of considering his Brain as a *Hog'shead*, out of which he had already made two *Draughts*, i. e. Books of his *Pantagrue*, at different times. The Translators, or *Transfusors* he here complains of, are they whom some Editions call *Printers*, who having, as he says, falsified his copy, acted like those Wine-Coopers, who often sophisticate and wickedly blend the Wine they *transfer* (or translate) out of one Vessel into another.

(13) *Par lapathium (acutum) de Dieu*] It was the Edition of 1553 which first introduc'd this Parenthesis, tho' I know not for what Reason. It is pretended that here is an Allusion to the Passion of *J. C.* The Allusion only relates to the Patience of God in general. *Lapathum*, is the Name of the Plant called *Patience*.

(14) *Cunning Lecher.*] A good Appellative for a rakish Soldier, and the more suitable to *Mars* here, since, as *Rabelais* tells us, l. v. c. xxix. most Lenten Food are Provocatives.

(15) *To have read.*] In *Lucian*, in the Discourse against some Body who had called him *Prometheus*.

People,

People, a *Bactrian* Camel all black, and a party-coloured *Slave*, in such sort, as that the one half of his Body was black, and the other white, not in Partition of Breadth by the *Diaphragma*, as was that Woman consecrated to the *Indian Venus*, whom the *Tyanean* (16) Philosopher did see between the River *Hydaspes*, and mount *Caucasus*, but in a perpendicular Dimension of Altitude; which were Things never before that seen in *Egypt*. He expected by the show of these Novelties to win the Love of the People. But what happened thereupon? At the Production of the *Camel* they were all affrighted, and offended at the Sight of the party-coloured Man: Some scoffed at him as a detestable Monster brought forth by the Error of Nature. In a Word, of the Hope which he had to please these *Egyptians*, and by such Means to encrease the Affection which they naturally bore him, he was altogether frustrate and disappointed; understanding fully by their Deportments, that they took more Pleasure and Delight in Things that were proper, handsome and perfect, than in mishapen, monstrous and ridiculous Creatures. After which time he had both the *Slave* and the *Camel* in such dislike, that it was not long before, either through Negligence, or for want of ordinary Sustenance, they both tipt over the Perch.

This Example makes me fluctuate between Hope and Fear, my Heart misgiving me that for the Contentment which I aim at, I shall but reap what will be most distasteful to me, my Treasure become Coals, (my Cake Dough) and for my *Venus*, I shall have but some deformed Puppy Dog (17) instead of serving them, I shall but vex them, and offend them whom I purpose to exhilarate; resembling in this dubious Adventure *Euclio's* Cock, so renowned by *Plautus* in his Pot; and by *Ausonius* in his *Griphon*, and by divers others; which Cock, for having by his scraping, discovered a Treasure, had

(16) *Tyanean Philosopher.*] See *Philostatus*, lib. iii. cap. 1.

(17) *Puppy-Dog.*] *Canis* among the Ancients, was a Cast at Dice losing all; the Ace point. *Venus* was the best Cast, three Sices. *M. le du Chat* is more copious upon this Article, and refers to *Alexander ab Alexandro* and *Leonicus Thomæus*; Which the Learned, if they please, may consult.

his Neck twisted round. Put the case I get no Anger by it, though formerly such things fell out and the like may occur again : Yet, by *Hercules*, it will not. So I perceive in them all, one and the same specifical Form, and the like individual Proprieties, which our Ancestors called *Pantagruelism* ; by virtue whereof they will bear with any thing that floweth from a good, free, and loyal Heart. I have seen them ordinarily take good will in part of Payment, and remain satisfied therewith, when one was not able to do better. Having dispatched this point, I return to my *Barrel*.

Up my Lads, to this Wine, spare it not ; drink Boys, and trowl it off at full Bowls ; if you do not think it good, let it alone. I am not like those Officious and Importunate Sots (18) who by Force, Outrage and Violence constrain an easy good-natur'd Fellow to quaff, carouse (19) and spend whole Days and Nights in Drinking. All honest Tiplers, all honest gouty Men, all such as are a-dry, coming to this little Barrel of mine, need nor drink thereof, if it please them not ; but if they have a mind to it, and that the Wine prove agreeable to the Tastes of their worshipful Worshipps, let them drink frankly, freely, and boldly, without paying any thing, and welcome. This is my Decree, my Statute and Ordinance ; and let none fear there shall be any want of Wine as at the Marriage of *Cana* in *Galilee* ; for how much soever you shall draw forth at the *Faucet*, so much shall I tun in at the *Bung*. Thus shall the *Barrel* remain inexhaustible ; it hath a lively Spring and perpetual Current. Such was the Beverage contained within the Cup of *Tantalus* (20) which was figuratively represented amongst the *Brachman* Sages. Such was in *Iberia*, the

(18) *Importunate Sots*,] *Lisfrelafres* in the Original : a balderdash Word for a Philosopher, used by illiterate *German*s and *Sav*is. See it explained at large hereafter.

(19) *Carouse*,] It is in the Original, *Trinquer*, *carous* & *allus* : *German* Words equivalent to the *Græcari* & *Pergræcari* of the *Latins*. Our Word *Carouse* comes from *Gar-aufs*. *Gar-aufs* & *al-laus trinquen*, come to the same Thing : according to which Idea—*German* from *Gar man*, and *Aleman* from *All-man* are but one. See *Beelman de Orig. Ling. Latin*, & *Hen. Ottius's Franco-Gallia*.

(20) *Cup of Tantalus*.] See *Philostatus*, lib. iii. cap. vii. and x, of *Apollonius's* *Life*.

Mountain of Salt, so highly written of by *Cato*. Such was the *Branch of Gold* consecrated to the *subterranean* Goddess, which *Virgil* treats of so sublimely. It is a true *Cornu-copia* of Merriment and Raillery. If at any time it seem to you to be emptied to the very Lees, yet shall it not for all that be drawn wholly dry ; good Hope remains there at the bottom, as in *Pandora's Box* (21) and not despair, as in the leaky Tub of the *Daniads*. Mark well what I have said, and what manner of People they be whom I do invite; for to the end that none be deceived, I (in imitation of *Lucilius* (22) who did protest that he wrote only to his own *Tarentines* and *Consentines*) have not pierced this Vessel for any else, but you honest Men, who are Drinkers of the *First Edition* (23) and gouty Blades of the highest degree. The great *Dorophages* (24) Bribe-mongers (25) have, on their Hands Occupation enough, and Sacks enow on the Hooks for their *Venison*. There may they follow their Prey ; here is no Garbage for them. You Pettifoggers, Garblers of Syllables and Masters of *Chicanery*, speak not to me I beseech you, in the name of, and for the Reverence you bear to the *four Hips* that ingendred you, and to the *Quickning Peg* which at that time conjoined them. As for Levitical *Hypocrites*, much less ; although they were all of them unsound in Body, pockyfy'd, scurfie, furnish'd with unquenchable Thirst, and insatiable Eating ; because indeed they are not of good but of evil, and of that evil from which we daily pray to God to deliver us. And albeit we see them sometimes counterfeit Devotion, yet never did old Ape make pretty Moppet. Hence Mastiffs

(21) *Pandora's Box*.] See *Hesiod's* Theogony.

(22) *Of Lucilius*.] *Tully* in his Preface to the Book *de Finibus*, tells us this.

(23) *Drinkers of the first Edition*.] In the Original, *de la Prime cuvée*, of the first Pressing, i. e. of the first Class ; for the first Pressing consists of all the best Grapes.

(24) *Dorophages*.] Who live by Presents, Limbs of the Law.

(25) *Bribe-mongers*.] It is in the Original, *Avalleurs de Primars* ; *Fog-Gulpers* or *Sleet-Swallowers* : A Nick-Name for Judges and other Lawyers, who using to rise and go abroad early, swallow a great deal of Mist in their Days. *Cotgrave*.

220 *The Author's Prologue, &c.*

(26) Dogs in a Doublet, get you behind, aloof Villains, out of my Sun-shine ; Curs, to the Devil. Do you come hither, wagging your Tails (27) pant at my Wine, and then bepiss my Barrel ? Look here is the *Cudgel*, which *Diogenes*, in his last Will, ordained to be set by him after his Death, for beating away, crushing the Reins, and breaking the Backs of these *Bustuary Hobgoblins*, and *Cerberian Hell-hounds*. Pack you hence therefore you *Hypocrites* : to your Sheep, Dogs ; get you gone you Dissemblers to the Devil. Hay ! What, are you there yet ? I renounce my Part of *Papimanie*, If I snap you, Grr, Grrr, Grrrrr (28) Avant, Avant, Will you not be gone ? May you never shit 'till you be soundly lash'd with *Stirrup Leather*, never piss but by the *Strappado*, nor be otherways warmed, than by the *Bastinado*.

(26) Hence *Mastiffs*,] The Author retorts upon those who called him Cynic or *Diogenes* the Second.

(27) Wagging your Tails] Here *Rabelais* has a Fling at certain Monks who, unable to resist the sweet Temptation of Reading over and over again, the most lascivious Parts of his Romance, were yet the most violent Railers against the Author and his Performance. He compares them to Dogs who take a Pleasure in smelling one another's Tails, and never fail to piss against that Wall, which but a Moment before they could not forbear putting their Noses to.

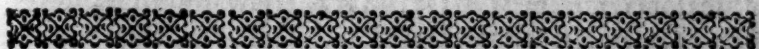
(28) Snap you, Grr, Grrr, Grrrrr.] The Letter R is called *Littera Canina* for Reasons every Body knows. A Dog pronounces it when he snarls, er, er, er.

THE



THE
THIRD BOOK
OF

RABELAIS'S
WORKS.



CHAP. I.

How Pantagruel transported a Colony of Utopians into Dipsodie.

PANTAGRUEL having wholly subdued the Land of *Dipsodie*, transported thereunto a Colony of *Utopians*, to the number of 9876543210 Men, besides the Women and little Children, Artificers of all Trades and Professors of all liberal Sciences; to refresh, cultivate and improve that Country, which other ways was ill inhabited, and in the greatest part thereof but a meer Desert and Wilderness; and did transport them not so much for the excessive multitude of Men and Women which were, in *Utopia*, multiplied like Grasshoppers upon the Face of the Land. You understand

derstand well enough, nor is it needful further to explain it to you, that the *Utopian* Men had so rank and fruitful Genitories, and that the *Utopian* Women carried Matrixes so ample, so gluttonous, so tenaciously retentive, and so *Architettonically cellulated*, that at the end of every ninth Month seven Children at the least (what Male what Female) were brought forth by every married Woman, in imitation of the People of *Israel* in *Egypt*, if *de Lyra* be to be trusted (1); Nor yet was this Transplantation made so much for the Fertility of the Soil, the Wholesomeness of the Air, or Commodity of the Country of *Dipsodie*, as to retain that Rebellious People within the Bounds of their Duty and Obedience, by this new Draught of his Ancient and most faithful Subjects, who from all time out of mind, never knew, acknowledged, owned or served any other *Sovereign Lord* but him; and who likewise from the very instant of their Birth, as soon as they were entered into this World, had, with the *Milk* of their Mothers and Nurfes, sucked in the Sweetness, Humanity and Mildness of his Government, to which they were always so nourished, seasoned and habituated, that there was nothing surer, than they would sooner abandon their Lives, than swerve from this singular and primitive Obedience naturally due to their Prince, whithersoever they should be dispersed or removed.

And not only should they, and their Children successively descending from their Blood, be such, but also would keep and maintain in this same *Faalty*, and obsequious Obedervance, all the Nations lately annexed to his

(1) *If de Lyra be to be trusted,*] In the Original *Si de Lire ne delire* i. e. If *de Lyra* be not delirious: *Rabelais* plays on his Name; which was *Nicholas de Lyra*, not *Anthony* as Sir *T. U.* has it. He was at first a *Jew*, then turn'd Franciscan Fryar, and in 1322 wrote Poetils or short Commentaries on the Bible, intermingling therewith abundance of Dotards, Dreams and other idle Stuff, which he had learnt from the Rabbies his first Masters. Which makes our Author doubt here if *de Lyra* was not delirious. This Thought, which *Erasmus* had before *Rabelais*, in his *Praise of Folly*) has since been adopted by Mr. *Hennequin*, of whom 'tis related that in his Explanation of a Passage in the 3d of *Deuteronomy*, he said, *Hic Lyra delirat, Laminus lambinat, Justus Lipsius juste lapsus est.* Meaning they were all three equally mistaken in that Place.

Empire; which so truly came to pass, that therein he was not disappointed of his Intent. For if the *Utopians* were before their Transplantation thither dutiful and faithful Subjects, the *Dipsodes*, after some few Days conversing with them, were every whit as (if not more) *loyal* than they; and that by Virtue of I know not what *natural* Fervency incident to all human Creatures at the Beginning of any Labour wherein they took Delight; solemnly attesting the *Heavens*, and supreme *Intelligences* of their being only sorry, that no sooner unto their Knowledge had arrived the great Renown of the good *Pantagruel*.

Remark therefore here, honest Drinkers, that the Manner of preserving and retaining Countries newly conquered in Obedience, is not (as hath been the erroneous Opinion of some *Tyrannical* Spirits to their own Detriment and Dishonour) to pillage, plunder, force (2), spoil, trouble, oppress, vex, disquiet, ruin and destroy the People; ruling, governing and keeping them in awe with *Rods of Iron*; and, in a word, *eating* and *devouring* them, after the fashion that *Homer* calls an unjust and wicked King, *Διμοόβορον*, that is to say, a *Devourer of his People*.

I will not bring you to this purpose the Testimony of ancient Writers; it shall suffice to put you in mind of what your Fathers have seen thereof, and yourselves too, if you be not very Babes. New-born, they must be given suck to, rocked in a Cradle, and dandled. Trees newly planted must be supported, underpropped, strengthened and defended against all Tempests, Mischiefs, In-

(2) Force.] *Angariant* in the Original, from the Latin *Angariare* which signifies to oblige one to a thing by Force. See *Amelot de la Houssaye Hist. Mem.* at the word *Angariare*. He there tells us that *John Distress* Bp. of *Lectour*, examining a young Abbot whose Father he mortally hated; and in order to puzzle him, bidding him construe that Verse in the Gospel: *Invenērunt hominem Cyrenēum nomine Simonem*; *hunc Angariaverunt ut tolleret crucem ejus*: The young Clerk answered very ingeniously that *Angariare* properly signified to use People barbarously, and hold them in *Distress*. This Allusion to the Bishops Name, made the Examiners laugh, and the Bishop was so well pleas'd with it, he embraced the young Man, afterwards gave him a Benefice, and desired him to write to his Father, that he wished he wou'd receive him into the number of his Friends.

juries and Calamities. And one lately saved from a long and dangerous Sickneſs, and now upon his Recovery, muſt be forborn, ſpared and cheriſhed, in ſuch ſort, that they may harbour in their own Breſts this Opinion, that there is not in the World a *King or a Prince, who does not deſire fewer Enemies, and more Friends.*

Thus *Oſiris* (3) the great King of the *Egyptians*, conquered almoſt the whole Earth, not ſo much by Force of Arms, as by *eaſing the People* of their Troubles, teaching them how to *live well*, and honeſtly giving them *good Laws*, and uſing them with all poſſible Affability, Courteſy, Gentleneſs and Liberality; therefore was he by all Men deſervedly entituled, The Great King *Euergetes* (that is to ſay *Benefactor*) which Style he obtained by Virtue of the Command of *Jupiter* to *Pamyla*.

And indeed, *Hefiod* (4), in his *Hierarchy* places the *good Demons* (call them *Angels* if you will, or *Geniuſes*) as *Interceſſors* and *Mediators* betwixt the Gods and Men, they being of a Degree inferior to the Gods, but ſuperior to Men; and for that through their Hands the Riches and Benefits we get from Heaven are dealt to us; and that they are *continually doing us Good*, and ſtill *protecting us from Evil*. He ſaith, that they exerciſe the Offices of *Kings*; becauſe to *do always good, and never ill*, is an Act moſt *ſingularly royal*.

Juſt ſuch another was the Emperor of the Univerſe, *Alexander the Macedonian*. After this manner was *Hercules*, Sovereign Poſſeſſor of the whole Continent, relieving Men from Monſters or monſtrous Oppreſſions, Exactions and Tyrannies; governing them with Diſcretion, maintaining them in Equity and Juſtice, inſtructing them with ſeaſonable Policies and wholeſome Laws, convenient for, and ſuitable to the Soil, Climate and Diſpoſition of the Country; ſupplying what was wanting, abating what was ſuperfluous, and pardoning all that was paſt, with a ſempiternal Forgetfulneſs of all

(3) Thus *Oſiris*.] *Greg. Gyrald.* in his *Hiſtory of the Gods*, quotes *Diodorus Siculus* on this Occaſion, but *Rabelais* ſpeaks after *Plutarch* in his *Treatiſe of Iſis and Oſiris*.

(4) *Hefiod*.] See alſo *Plutarch* in his *Diſcourſe of Oracles ceaſing*.

preceding Offences, as was the *Amnestie* of the *Athenians*, when by the Prowess, Valour and Industry of *Thra-sybulus*, the Tyrants were exterminated; afterwards at *Rome* by *Cicero*, set forth (5), and renewed under the Emperor *Aurelian*. These are the Philtres, Allurements, *Jynges* (6), Inveiglements, Baits, and Enticements of *Love*, by the Means whereof that may be peaceably revived, which was painfully acquired. Nor can a Conqueror reign more happily, whether he be a Monarch, Emperor, King, Prince or Philosopher, than by making his Justice to second his Valour. His *Valour* shews itself in Victory and Conquest; his *Justice* will appear in the good Will and Affection of the People, when he maketh Laws, publisheth Ordinances, establisheth Religion, and doth what is right to every one, as the noble Poet *Virgil* writes of *Octavian Augustus*:

————— *Victorque volentes*

Per populos dat jura. —————

Therefore is it that *Homer* in his *Iliads* calleth a good Prince and great King *κοσμήτορα λαῶν*, that is, *The Ornament of the People* (7).

Such was the Consideration of *Numa Pompilius*, the second King of the *Romans*, a just Politician and wise Philosopher, when he ordained that to God *Terminus*, on the Day of his Festival called *Terminales*, nothing should be sacrificed that had died; teaching us thereby, that the Bounds, Limits and Frontiers of Kingdoms

(5) *By Cicero set forth*] See his first *Philippic*. This Comparison of *Alexander* with *Hercules*, is taken from *Plutarch* in his Treatise of *Alexander's* Fortune.

(6) *Jynges*.] *Ιὺγξ* (in Gr.) is the Bird we call Wag-tail, the Latins *Motacilla quædæ semper movet caudam*. Enchantresses used this Bird as a principal Ingredient in making up Love-potions. *Theocritus* makes mention of this Practice in his *Pharmaceutria*, *Ιὺγξ ἔλκε τδ, &c.* It now means any Allurement.

(7) *The Ornament of the People*.] *Rabelais* here speaks *Plutarch's* Sentiment. But the learned *Scaliger* is of another mind as to the Meaning of the word *Κοσμήτωρ*. He says it signifies *Gubernator*, not *Ornator*; the same as *Ἀρμοστής*, both a Judge and a General, *Κοσμεῖν* enim ἔ ἀρμόζειν *verba sunt politica, quæ administrare remp. (non autem ornare) propriè significabant, ut apud Hom. Iliad. 1. Ἀτρεΐδα δὲ μέλιττα δῖω Κοσμήτορε λαῶν.*

should be guarded and preserved in Peace, Amity and Meekness, without polluting our Hands with Blood and Robbery : Who doth otherways, shall not only lose what he hath gained, but also be loaded with this Scandal and Reproach, that he is an *unjust* and wicked Purchaser, and his Acquests perish with him : *Juxta illud, Malè parta, malè dilabuntur.* And although during his whole Life time, he should have peaceable Possession thereof; yet if what hath been so acquired moulder away in the Hand of his Heirs, the same Opprobry, Scandal and Imputation will be charged upon the Defunct, and his Memory remain accursed for his unjust and unwarrantable Acquest, *Juxta illud: De malè quæstis vix gaudet tertius hæres.*

Remark, likewise, Gentlemen, you gouty *Feoffees* in this main Point worthy of your Observation, how by these Means *Pantagruel* of one *Angel* made two, which was a Contingency opposite to the Council of *Charlemaine*, who made *two Devils of one*, when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders, and the Flemings into Saxony (8). For not being able to keep in such Subjection the Saxons, whose Dominions he had joined to the Empire, but that ever and anon they would break forth into open Rebellion, if he should casually be drawn into *Spain*, or other remote Kingdoms : He caused them to be brought unto his own Country of *Flanders*, the Inhabitants whereof did naturally obey him ; and transported the *Haynaulters* and *Flemings*, his ancient loving Subjects, into *Saxony*, not mistrusting their *Loyalty*, altho' they were transplanted into a strange Land. But it happened that the *Saxons* persisted in their Rebellion and primitive Obstinacy ; and the *Flemings* dwelling in *Saxony* did imbibe the stubborn Manners and Conditions of the *Saxons*.

(8) *Flemings into Saxony.*] *Meyor* the Historian, quoted by *Fau-bet* in his *Antiquitez Gauloises* says, there was no reciprocal Translocation, but that the *Saxons* came into *Flanders* very opportunely to fill up the Vacuities of that Country, which had been a long time a mere Desert.

CHAP. II.

How Panurge was made Laird of Salmygondin in Dipsodie, and did waste his Revenue before it came in.

WHILST Pantagruel was giving Order for the Government of all *Dipsodie*, he assigned to *Panurge* the *Lairdship* of *Salmygondin*, which was yearly worth 6789106789 Ryals of certain Rent, besides the uncertain Revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one Year with another to the Value of 2435768, or 2435769 *French Crowns of Berry*. Sometimes it did amount to 1234554321 *Seraphs* when it was a good Year, and that *Locusts* and *Periwinkles* were in request (1); but that was not every Year.

Now his Worship, the new *Laird*, husbanded this his Estate so providently well and prudently, that in less than fourteen Days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain Revenue of his *Lairdship* for three whole Years: Yet did he not properly dilapidate it (2), as you might say, in founding of Monasteries, building of Churches, erecting of Colleges, and setting up of Hospitals, or casting his Bacon-Flitches to the Dogs; but spent it in a thousand little Banquets and jolly Collations, keeping open House for all Comers and Goers; yea, to all good Fellows, young Girls, and pretty Wenches; felling Timber, burning the great Logs for the Sale of the Ashes, borrowing Money before-hand,

(1) *Periwinkles, &c.*] *Conchiglie à lumache di mare*, says *Oudin*: i. e. Sea Snails and other round Shell Fish. They us'd to put them in Pies call'd *Patez de requeste* instead of what is now-a-days call'd *Beattles*, Cockcombs, Sweet-breads, &c. These *Patez de requeste* were call'd so from being much in request, or from being the usual Dish for the Lawyers belonging to the Court of *Requests* and eaten in the Lobby thereof.

(2) *Dilapidate, &c.*] Among other *Dilapidations*, *Rabelais* has not forgot that *dilapidating* Madness after the *Lapis Philosophalis*. Hence *Owen* took his Thought, *Qui bona dilapidant omnia pro lapide*.

buying

buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his Corn (as it were) whilst it was but Grass.

Pantagruel, being advertised of this his Lavishness, was in good sooth no way offended at the Matter, angry nor sorry; for I once told you, and again tell it you, that he was the best, little, great good Man that ever girded a Sword to his Side; he took all Things in good Part, and interpreted every Action to the best Sense: he never vexed nor disquieted himself with the least Pretence of Dislike to any thing; because he knew that he must have most grossly abandoned the Divine Mansion of Reason, if he had permitted his Mind to be never so little grieved, afflicted or altered at any Occasion whatsoever. For all the Goods that the *Heaven* covereth, and that the *Earth* containeth, in all their Dimensions of Height, Depth, Breadth and Length, are not of so much Worth, as that we should for them disturb or disorder our Affections, trouble or perplex our Senses or Spirits.

He drew only *Panurge* aside, and then making to him a sweet Remonstrance and mild Admonition, very gently represented before him in strong Arguments, that if he should continue in such an unthrifty Course of living, and not become a better *Husband*, it would prove altogether impossible for him, or at least hugely difficult at any Time to make him rich. Rich? answered *Panurge*, have you fixed your Thoughts there? Have you undertaken the Task to enrich me in this World? Set your Mind to live merrily in the Name of God and good Folks, let no other Cark nor Care be harboured within the *Sacrosanctified Domicile* of your celestial Brain. May the Calmness and Tranquility thereof be never incommoded with, or over-shadowed by any frowning Clouds of sullen Imaginations and displeasing Annoyance. For if you live joyful, merry, jocund and glad, I cannot be but rich enough. Every body cries up *thrift, thrift*, and good Husbandry; but many speak of *Robin Hood* that never shot in his Bow; and talk of that Virtue of *Husbandry*, who know not what belongs to it. It is by me that they must be advised. From me therefore take this Advertisement and Information, that what is imputed to me for a Vice, hath been done in Imitation of the *University* and Parliament of *Paris*, Places in which

is to be found the true Spring and *Source* of the lively *Idea* of *Pantheology*, and all Manner of Justice. Let him be counted an *Heretic* that doubteth thereof, and doth not firmly believe it: Yet they in one Day eat up their *Bishop*, or the Revenue of the *Bishopric* (is it not all one) for a whole Year; yea, sometimes for two. This is done on the Day he makes his Entry, and is *installed*; nor is there any Place for an Excuse; for he cannot avoid it, unless he would be hooted at and stoned for his *Parfimony*.

Ill-husbandry hath been also esteemed an Act flowing from the Four *Cardinal* Virtues. 1. Of *Prudence* in borrowing Money before-hand; for none knows what may fall out; who is able to tell if the World shall last yet three Years? But although it should continue longer, is there any Man so foolish, as to have the Confidence to promise himself three Years?

*What Fool so confident to say,
That he shall live one other Day (3)?*

2. Of *Commutative Justice*, in buying dear (I say upon Trust) and selling good cheap, (that is, for ready Money). What says *Cato* in his Book of *Husbandry* to this Purpose? The *Father of a Family*, says he, *must be a perpetual Seller*; by which Means it is impossible but that at last he shall become rich, if he have of vendible Ware enough still ready for Sale. Of *Distributive Justice* it doth partake, in giving Entertainment to good (remark good) and gentle Fellows, whom *Fortune* had shipwreck'd (like *Ulysses*) upon the Rock of a hungry Stomach without Provision of Sustenance: and likewise to the good (remark the good) and young Wenches: for according to the Sentence of *Hippocrates*, Youth is impatient of Hunger, chiefly if it be vigorous, lively, frolick, brisk, stirring and bouncing; which wanton Lasses willingly and heartily devote themselves to the Pleasure of honest Men; and are so far both *Platonick* and *Cice-*

(3) *That he shall live, &c.] Seneca in Thyest.*

*Nemo tam divos habuit faventes
Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri.*

ronian

ronian (4), that they do acknowledge their being *born* into this World, not to be *for themselves alone*, but that in their proper Persons their Acquaintance may claim one Share, and their Friends another.

3. The Virtue of *Fortitude* appears therein by the cutting down and overthrowing of the great Trees, like a second *Milo*, making Havock of the dark Forests, which did serve only to furnish Dens, Caves, and Shelter to Wolves, wild Boars and Foxes; and afford Receptacles, Withdrawing-corners and Refuges to Robbers, Thieves and Murderers; lurking Holes and sculking Places for cut-throat Assassins; secret obscure Shops for Coiners of false Money, and safe Retreats for *Heretics*; laying Woods even and level with the plain champion Fields and pleasant heathy Ground, at the Sound of the Haut-boys and Bagpipes playing reeks with the high and stately Timber, and preparing Seats and Benches for the Eve of the dreadful Day of Judgment.

4. I gave thereby Proof of my *Temperance* in eating my Corn whilst it was but Grass, like an *Hermit* feeding upon Sallets and Roots; that so affranchising myself from the Yoke of sensual Appetites to the utter disclaiming of their Sovereignty, I might the better reserve somewhat in Store for the Relief of the Lame, Blind, Cripple, Maimed, Needy, Poor and Wanting Wretches.

In taking this Course I save the Expence of the *Weed-grubbers*, who gain Money; of the *Reapers* in Harvest-time, who drink lustily, and without Water; of *Gleaners*, who will expect their Cakes and Bannocks; of *Threshers*, who leave no Garlic, Scallions, Leeks nor Onions in our Gardens, (by the Authority of *Thestylis* (5) in *Virgil*); and of the *Millers*, who are generally Thieves; and of the *Bakers*, who are little better. Is this small Saving or Frugality? Besides the Mischief and Damage of the *Field Mice*, the Decay of *Barns*, and the Destruction usually made by *Mites* and *Weevils*.

(4) Platonic and Ciceronian.] *Plato* was for having Women in Common, and *Tully* both by his Precepts and Example, invited every Body to sacrifice themselves to the Public.

(5) *Thestylis*.] See *Virg. Eclogue 2.* and *Theocritus, Idyll. 2d.* This *Thestylis*, tho' but a Gleaner, eat up all the Garlic, &c. from the Reapers.

Of *Corn* in the Blade (6), you may make good green Sauce, of a light Concoction and easy Digestion, which recreates the Brain and exhilarates the Animal Spirits, rejoiceth the Sight, openeth the Appetite, delighteth the Taste, comforteth the Heart, tickleth the Tongue, cheareth the Countenance, striking a fresh and lively Colour, strengthening the Muscles; tempers the Blood, disburthens the Midriff, refresheth the Liver, disobstructs the Spleen, easeth the Kidneys, suppleth the Reins, quickens the Joints of the Back, cleanseth the Urine-Conduits, dilates the spermatic Vessels, shortens the *Cremasters*; purgeth the Bladder, puffeth up the Genitals, correcteth the Prepuce, hardens the Nut, and rectifies that Member. It will make you to have a current Belly to trot, fart, dung, piss, sneeze, cough, spit, belch, spew, yawn, snuff, blow, breathe, snort, sweat, and set agog your *Robin*, with a thousand other rare Advantages. I understand you very well, says *Pantagruel*, you would thereby infer, that those of a mean Spirit and shallow Capacity, have not the *Skill to spend much in a short Time*: you are not the first in whose Conceit that *Heresy* hath entered: *Nero* maintained it, and above all Mortals admired most his Uncle *Caius Caligula*, for having in a few Days, by a most wonderfully pregnant Invention, totally spent all the Goods and Patrimony which *Tiberius* had left him.

But instead of observing the *sumptuary Supper-curbings* Laws of the *Romans*, viz. the *Lex Orchia*, the *Fannia*, the *Didia*, the *Licina*, the *Cornelia*, the *Lepidiana*, the *Antia* (7); and of the *Corinthians* (8), by the which they were inhibited, under Pain of great Punishment, not to spend more in one Year than their annual Revenue did amount to. You have offered up the Ob-

(6) *Corn in the Blade.*] To eat ones Corn in the Blade, is to eat ones Revenue before it comes in. This *Rabelais* commends in his ludicrous Way.

(7) *The Antia.*] *Rebelais* speaks after *Macrobius*, who specifies all these Laws, *lib. iii. chap. xxviii.* of his *Saturnalia*.

(8) *And of the Corinthians.*] This Law ordained all Persons, on Pain of Death, to give an Account of their Year's Income. *Herodotus* says, *Amasis*, King of *Egypt*, was the Author of it, but *Solon* borrowed it from him, and afterwards it took Place chiefly at *Corinth*, as we are told by *Dipbilus* in *Athenæus*.

lation

lation of *Protervia* (9), which was with the Romans such a Sacrifice as the *Paschal Lamb* was amongst the Jews, wherein all that was eatable was to be eaten, and the Remainder to be thrown into the Fire, without reserving any thing for the next Day. I may very justly say of you, as *Cato* did of *Albidius*, who after that he had by a most extravagant Expence wasted all the Means and Possessions he had to one only House, he fairly set it on Fire, that he might the better say, *Consummatum est*. Even just as since his Time, *St. Thomas Aquinas* did when he had eaten up the whole Lamprey (10). But let that pass.

CHAP. III.

How Panurge praiseth the Debtors and Borrowers.

BUT, quoth *Pantagruel*, when wilt you be out of Debt? At the ensuing Term of the *Greek Calends* (1), answered *Panurge*, when all the World shall be

(9) *Protervia*.] See *Macrob. Saturn. lib. ii. cap. ii.* The *Scaligerana* at the Word *Sacrificium*, observe, that *Protervia* is strictly a Sacrifice *propter viam*; by the Way Side.

(10) *When he had eaten up the Whole Lamprey*.] It is related of *Thomas Aquinas*, by an Author who was his Co-temporary, that that Doctor, being one Day invited to Table by the King (*St. Louis*), for whom there was served up a fine Lamprey, *Thomas*, whom it seems no other Time but that would serve to compose his Hymn on the Holy Sacrament, had in the Profoundness of his Meditation eaten up the whole Lamprey that was designed for the King, and had made an End of his Hymn and the Fish both together. *Thomas*, overjoyed at his having finished so elaborate a Poem, cry'd out in an Extasy, *Consummatum est*. The Company who had seen *Thomas* play a good Knife and lay about him to some Tune, but knew nothing of his mental Employment, fancy'd that this *Latin Word* related to his gallant Performance in demolishing the Lamprey, and look'd upon him as a very prophane Person, for applying to a Piece of unmannerly Epicurism, the Words which each of them knew were spoke by our Saviour when he was expiring on the Cross.

(1) *Greek Calends*.] That is, Never: For the *Greeks*, knew nothing of this *Roman Way* of Reckoning by Calends.

content,

content, and that it be your Fate to become your own Heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of Debt, as if, indeed, I could not be trusted. *Who leaves not some Leaven over Night, will hardly have Paste the next Morning.*

Be still indebted to some Body or other, that there may be some Body always to pray for you, That the Giver of all good Things may grant unto you a blessed, long, and prosperous Life; fearing if *Fortune* should deal crossly with you, that it might be his Chance to come short of being paid by you; he will always speak Good of you in every Company, ever and anon purchase new Creditors unto you; to the End that through their Means you may make a shift by borrowing from *Peter* to pay *Paul* (2), and with other Folks Earth fill up his Ditch. When of Old in the Region of the *Gauls*, by the Institution of the *Druids*, the Servants, Slaves and Bond-men were burnt quick at the Funerals and Obsequies of their Lords and Masters; had not they Fear enough, think you, that their Lords and Masters should die? For, *per Force*, they were to die with them for Company. Did not they incessantly send up their Supplications to their great God *Mercury*, as likewise unto *Dis* the Father of Wealth (3), to lengthen out their Days, and preserve them long in Health? Were not they very careful to entertain them well, punctually to look unto them, and to attend them faithfully and circumspectly? For by those Means were they to live together at least until the Hour of Death. Believe me, your Creditors with a more fervent Devotion will beseech Almighty God to prolong your Life, they being of nothing more afraid than that you should die; for that they are more concerned for the Sleeve than the

(2) *Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.*] In the Original *Facere versure*. Taken from the Latin *versuram facere*: to borrow of one to pay another: *quia sic verterent creditorem*.

(3) *Dis the Father of Wealth.*] *Dis pater*, *Pluto* God of Hell, and consequently of Riches, which are inclosed in the Bowels of the Earth. *Bocbart. l. i. c. iv.* Of the *Phenician* Colonies: *Est cui miremur, in Dijs Gallorum non censer Plutonem, à quo se prognatos dicebant, si quidem Cæsari credimus, Galli, inquit, se omnes à Dite Patre prognatos prædicant, idque à Druidibus proditum dicunt.*

Arm, and Love the Penny better than their own Lives ; as it evidently appeareth by the Usurers of *Landerouffe*, who not long since hanged themselves, because the Price of the Corn and Wines was fallen, by the Return of a gracious Season. To this *Pantagruel* answering nothing, *Panurge* went on in his Discourse, saying, Truly, and in good sooth (Sir), when I ponder my Destiny aright, and think well upon it, you put me shrewdly to my Plunges, and have me at a Bay in twitting me with the Reproach of my Debts and Creditors : and yet did I, in this only Respect and Consideration of being a *Debtor*, esteem myself worshipful, reverend and formidable. For, against the Opinion of most Philosophers, that of *Nothing ariseth Nothing* ; yet without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the *First Matter*, did I out of *Nothing* become such a *Maker* and *Creator*, that I have created, what ? a gay Number of fair and jolly *Creditors*. Nay, *Creditors* (I will maintain it, even to the very *Fire* itself exclusively) are fair and goodly *Creatures*. Who lendeth *Nothing* is an ugly and wicked *Creature*, and an accursed *Imp* of the infernal *Old-Nick*. And there is made, what ? *Debts* : a Thing most precious and dainty (4), of great Use and Antiquity. *Debts*, (I say) surmounting the Number of Syllables which may result from the Combinations of all the Consonants with each of the Vowels heretofore projected, reckoned and calculated by the noble *Xenocrates* (5). To judge of the Perfection of *Debtors* by the Numerosity of their *Creditors*, is the readiest Way for entering into the Mysteries of *Practical Arithmetick*.

You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every Morning I perceive myself environed and surrounded with Brigades of *Creditors* ; humble, fawning and full of their Reverences : And whilst I remark, that as I look more favourably upon, and give a chearful Counte-

(4) *A Thing most precious.*] See Apology for Herodotus, ch. iii. Erasmus in his Colloquy, entitled, *Ementita Nobilitas : Imò nulla est commodior ad regnum via quam debere quamplurimis.*

(5) *The Noble Xenocrates.*] He made them to amount to 100,200,000 Syllables from the Greek Alphabet. See the Additions of the French Interpreter to *Xenocrates's* Life in *Diogenes Laërtius*.

nance to one than another, the Fellow thereupon buildeth a Conceit that he shall be the first dispatched, and the foremost in the Date of Payment; and he valueth my Smiles at the Rate of ready Money. It seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the *God of the Passion of Saumure* (6), accompanied with his Angels and Cherubims.

These are my Flatterers, my Soothers, my Clawbacks, my Smoothers, my Parasites, my Saluters, my Givers of good Morrows, and perpetual Orators; which makes me verily think, that the supreamest Height of *Heroic Vertue*, described by *Hesiod* (7), consisteth in being a *Debtor*, wherein I held the first *Degree* in my *Commencement*. Which Dignity, though all human Creatures seem to aim at, and aspire thereto, few nevertheless, because of the Difficulties in the Way, and Incumbrances of hard Passages, are able to reach it, as is easily perceivable by the ardent Desire and vehement Longing harboured in the Breast of every one, to be still creating more *Debts*, and new *Creditors*.

Yet doth it not lie in the Power of every one to be a *Debtor*. To acquire *Creditors* is not at the Disposure of each Man's Arbitrament. You nevertheless would deprive me of this sublime Felicity. You ask me when I will be out of Debt.

Well, to go yet farther on, and possibly worse in your Conceit, may *Sanct Bablin*, the good Sanct, snatch me, if I have not all my Life-time held *Debt* to be as an Union or Conjunction of the Heavens with the Earth, and the whole Cement whereby the Race of Mankind is kept together; yea, of such Virtue and Efficacy, that, I say, the whole Progeny of *Adam* would very suddenly perish without it. Therefore, perhaps, I do not think amiss, when I repute it to be the great Soul of the *Universe*, which (according to the Opinion of the *Academics*) vivifieth all Manner of Things. In Confirmation whereof, that you may the better believe it to be so, re-

(6) *The Passion of Saumure.*] In *July* 1534, this Play took mightily; *Bouchet* says 'twas probably the same that was printed in 1532, in 4to at *Paris*.

(7) *Described by Hesiod.*] See *Lucian*, upon this: In the Dialogue, intituled, *Hermotimus*, or the Sects.

present unto your self, without any Prejudice of Spirit, in a clear and serene Fancy, the *Idea* and Form of some other World than this; take, if you please, and lay hold on the *thirtieth* of those which the Philosopher, *Metrodorus* (8) did enumerate, wherein it is to be supposed there is no *Debtor* or *Creditor*, that is to say, a World without Debts. There amongst the Planets will be no regular Course. All will be in Disorder, *Jupiter* reckoning himself to be nothing indebted unto *Saturn*, will go near to detruide him out of his Sphere, and with the *Homerio Chain* (9) will be like to hang up all the *Intelligences*, Gods, Heavens, Demons, Heroes, Devils, Earth and Sea, together with the other Elements. *Saturn*, no doubt, combining with *Mars* will reduce the World into a Chaos of Confusion.

Mercury then would be no more subjected to the other Planets; he would scorn to be any longer their *Camillus* (10), as he was of old termed in the *Hetrurian* Tongue; for it is to be imagined that he is no way a Debtor to them. *Venus* will be no more venerable, because she shall have lent nothing. The *Moon* will remain bloody and obscure: For to what End should the *Sun* impart unto her any of his Light? He owed her nothing. Nor yet will the *Sun* shine upon the Earth, nor the Stars send down any good Influence, because the terrestrial Globe hath desisted from sending up their wonted Nourishment by Vapours and Exhalations; wherewith *Heraclitus*, said the Stoics proved *Cicero* (11) maintained they were cherished and *alimented*. There would likewise be in such a World no Manner of *Symbolization*, *Alternation*, nor Transmutation amongst the Elements; for the one will not esteem it self obliged to the other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. Earth then will not become Water, Water will not be chang-

(8) *Metrodorus*.] See *Plut. l. v.* of the Opinions of Philos.

(9) *Homerio Chain*.] See *Macrobius* on *Scipio's Dream*, *l. i. ch. xiv.*

(10) *Their Camillus*.] That is, their Servant; for the Ancients called by the Name of *Camilli* those young Boys that attended on the Priests in the Sacrifices.

(11) *Cicero*.] See his *Natura Deorum*, and *Plutarch l. ii.* of the Opinions of Philosophers.

ed into Air, of Air will be made no Fire, and Fire will afford no Heat unto the Earth; the Earth will produce nothing but Monsters, Titans, Giants; no Rain will descend upon it, nor Light shine thereon; no Wind will blow there, nor will there be in it any Summer or Autumn. *Lucifer* will break loose, and issue forth of the Depth of Hell, accompanied with his Furies, Fiends, and horned Devils, will go about to unneſtle and drive out of Heaven all the Gods, as well of the *greater* as of the *leſſer Nations*. Such a World without *lending*, will be no better than a Dog-kennel, a Place of Contention and Wrangling, more unruly and irregular than that of the Rector of *Paris*; a Devil of an Hurlyburly, and more diſordered Confuſion, than that of the Plagues of *Doüay* (12). Men will not then ſalute one another; it will be but loſt labour to expect Aid or Succour from any, or to cry, *Fire, Water, Murther*, for none will put to their helping Hand. Why? He lent no *Money*; there is nothing due to him. Nobody is concerned in his Burning, in his Shipwrack, in his Ruin, or in his Death; and that becauſe he hitherto had *lent* nothing, and would never thereafter have *lent* any Thing. In ſhort, *Faith, Hope* and *Charity* would be quite baniſh'd from ſuch a World; for Men are *born to relieve and aſſiſt one another*; and in their ſtead would ſucceed and be introduced *Deſance, Diſdain* and *Rancour*, with the moſt execrable Troop of all Evils, all Imprecations and all Miſeries. Whereupon you will think, and that not amiſs, that *Pandora* had there ſplit her unlucky Bottle. Men unto Men will be Wolves, Hobthruſhers and Gob-lins, (as were *Lycaon, Bellorophon, Nebuchodonofor*) Plunderers, Highway-Robbers, Cut-throats, Rapparees, Murtherers, Poifoners, Aſſaſſinators, leud, wicked, malevolent, pernicious Haters, ſet againſt every-body, like to

(12) *Plagues of Doüay.*] So Sir *T. U.* has it, but it ſhould be Plays (not Plagues) of *Doué* (not *Doüay*, which is in *Flanders*). *Doué* is a Town of *Poitou*, adorn'd with the Remains of an Amphitheatre, where now and then are ſtill acted ſome Pieces of Devotion. This Show ſeldom paſſes without Diſorder and Confuſion, either on Account of the Ruſticity of the Actors, who are all School-boys or Prentices, or becauſe People of all Sorts repair thither, from the adjacent Parts. See *Du Cheſne's* Antiquities of the Towns of *France*.

Ismael, *Metabus* (13), or *Timon* the *Athenian*, who for that Cause was named *Misanthropos*; in such sort, that it would prove much more easy in Nature to have Fish entertained in the Air, and Bullocks fed in the Bottom of the Ocean, than to support or tolerate a rascally Rabble of People that will not *Lend*. These Fellows (I vow) do I hate with a perfect Hatred; and if conformable to the Pattern of this grievous, peevish and perverse *World* which *lendeth* nothing, you figure and liken the little *World*, which is Man, you will find in him a terrible Jostling Coyle and Clutter: The Head will not lend the Sight of his Eyes to guide the Feet and Hands; the Legs will refuse to bear up the Body; the Hands will leave off working any more for the rest of the Members; the Heart will be weary of it's continual Motion for the Beating of the Pulse, and will no longer *lend* his Assistance; the Lungs will withdraw the Use of their Bellows; the Liver will desist from conveying any more Blood through the Veins for the good of the whole; the Bladder will not be indebted to the Kidneys, so that the Urine thereby will be totally stopped. The Brains, in the Interim, considering this unnatural Course, will fall into a raving Dotage, and with-hold all feeling from the Sinews, and Motion from the Muscles: Briefly, in such a *World* without Order and Array, *owing* nothing, *lending* nothing, and *borrowing* nothing, you would see a more dangerous Conspiracy than that which *Æsop* exposed in his *Apologue*. Such a World will perish undoubtedly; and not only perish but perish very quickly. Were it *Æsculapius* (14) himself, his Body would immediately rot, and the chafing Soul full of Indignation take it's Flight to all the Devils of Hell after my Money.

(13) *Metabus*.] King of *Privernum* in the Country of the *Volsci*. *Virg. Æneid*, l. xi.

Privernio antiquâ Metabus quum excederet urbs.

And lower,

Non illum testis, ullæ non mænibus urbes,

Accepere: (neque ipse manus feritate dedisset).

(14) *Were it Æsculapius*.] This is very dark, but *Panurge* must mean, that if he were such a Fool as to part with his Money to clear himself, he should die with Grief and Remorse the Moment after his Debts were paid and his Money gone.

CHAP. IV.

Panurge continueth his Discourse in Praise of Borrowers and Lenders.

ON the contrary, be pleased to represent unto your Fancy another World, wherein every one lendeth, and every one oweth, all are Debtors, and all Creditors. O how great will that Harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular Motions of the Heavens! Methinks I hear it every whit as well as *Plato* did (1). What Sympathy will there be amongst the Elements? O how delectable then unto Nature will be our own Works and Productions? Whilst *Ceres* appeareth loaden with Corn, *Bacchus* with Wines, *Flora* with Flowers, *Pomona* with Fruits, and *Juno* fair in a clear Air, wholesome and pleasant: I lose my self in this high Contemplation.

Then will among the Race of Mankind Peace, Love, Benevolence, Fidelity, Tranquility, Rest, Banquets, Feastings, Joy, Gladness, Gold, Silver, single Money, Chains, Rings, with other Ware, and Chaffer of that Nature be found to trot from Hand to Hand; no Suits at Law, no Wars, no Strife, Debate, nor Wrangling; none will be there an Usurer, none will be there a Pinch-penny, a Scrape-good Wretch, or churlish hard-hearted Refuser. Good God! Will not this be the Golden Age in the Reign of *Saturn*? The true Idea of the Olympick Regions wherein, all other Virtues ceasing, Charity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth and triumpheth? All will be fair and goodly People there, all just and virtuous.

O happy World! O People of that World most happy! Yea, thrice and four times blessed is that People!

(1) *Plato did*] *Plato* did indeed, after *Pythagoras*, believe that the Motion of the Heavenly Sphere produced an harmonious Sound, but he no where says that either sleeping or waking he had ever heard that Harmony. What *Rabelais* imputes to him, *l. v. c. xviii.* is a ludicrous Exaggeration of what he here says in Terms a little more serious.

I think

I think in very deed that I am amongst them, and swear to you, by my good Forsooth, that if this glorious afore-said World had a Pope, abounding with Cardinals, that so he might have the Association of a sacred College, in the Space of very few Years you should be sure to see the Sancts much thicker in the Roll, more numerous wonder-working and mirifick, more Services (2), more Vows, more Staff-bearers (3), more Wax-Candles than are all those in the nine Bishoprics of *Britany*, *St. Yves* only excepted (4). Consider, Sir, I pray you, how the noble *Patelin*, having a mind to Deify, and extol even to the third Heavens, the Father of *William Josseume*, said no more but this, *And he did lend his Goods to those who were desirous of them* (5).

O the fine Saying! Now let our *Microcosm* be fancied conformable to this Model in all it's Members; *lending, borrowing and owing*, (that is to say) according to it's own Nature: For Nature hath not to any other End created Man, but to *borrow and lend*; no greater is the Harmony amongst the Heavenly Spheres, than that which shall be found in it's well-ordered Policy. The Intention of the Founder of this *Microcosm* is, to have a Soul therein to be entertained, which is lodged there, as a Guest with it's Host, it may live there for a while. Life consisteth in Blood, Blood is the Seat of the Soul; therefore the chiefeft Work of the *Microcosm*, is, to be making Blood continually.

At this Forge are exercised all the Members of the Body; none is exempted from Labour, each operates

(2) *Services.*] *Lessons* it is in the Original. The more a Saint is rever'd in the *Romish* Church, the more *Lessons* there are in the *Matins* of that Saint's Festival. Nine *Lessons* are the highest, three the lowest.

(3) *More Staff-bearers.*] More *Croriers* of Prelates. In short, the People's Veneration of any Saint is according to the Number of the Banners and *Crozier-Staffs* at a *Procession*.

(4) *St. Yves only excepted.*] Of all the petty Saints which are worshipped only in *Bretagne*, there's none so generally in Vogue in that Country as *St. Yves*, a Native of *Treguier* in lower *Normandy*.

(5) *And he did lend his Goods.*] This is in the Farce of *Patelin*, where that Arch Cheat, in order to engage Mr. *William Josseume* to give him Credit for his Cloth, artfully falls to praising *William's* Father, and so gain'd his point.

a-part, and doth it's proper Office. And such is their Hierarchy, that perpetually the one *borrow's* from the other, the one *lends* the other, and the one is the other's *Debtor*. The Stuff and Matter convenient which Nature giveth to be turned into Blood is *Bread* and *Wine*. All kind of nourishing Victuals is understood to be comprehended in these two, and from hence in the *Langue Goth* (6) is called *Campanage*. To find out this Meat and Drink, to prepare and boil it, the Hands are put to work, the Feet do walk and bear up the whole Bulk of the corporal Mass; the Eyes guide and conduct all; the Appetite in the Orifice of the Stomach, by means of little sourish black Humour (called Melancholy) which is transmitted thereto from the Milt, giveth warning to shut in the Food. The Tongue doth make the first Essay, and tastes it; the Teeth do chaw it, and the Stomach doth receive, digest and chilify it; the Mesaraick Veins suck out of it what is good and fit, leaving behind the Excrements, which are, through special Conduits for that purpose, voided by an expulsive Faculty; thereafter it is carried to the Liver, where it being changed again, it, by the Virtue of that new Transmutation, becomes *Blood*. What Joy, conjecture you, will then be founded amongst those Officers, when they see this *Rivulet of Gold*, which is their sole *Restorative*? No greater is the Joy of Alchimyists, when after long Travel, Toil and Expence, they see in their Furnaces the Transmutation: Then is it that every Member doth prepare it self, and strive a-new to purify and to refine this Treasure: The Kidneys through the emulgent Veins draw that Aquosity from thence which you call Urine: and there send it away through the Ureters to be slipt downwards; where, in a lower Receptacle, and proper for it, (to wit the Bladder) it is kept, and stayeth there until an Opportunity to void it out in his due time. The Spleen draweth from the *Blood* it's terrestrial Part, *viz.* the Grounds, Lees, or thick Substance settled in the bot-

(6) *Langue Goth.*] Rabelais is in the Wrong to think that *Languedoc* was at first called *Langue Goth*, on account of the *Gorbs* formerly inhabiting that Province, and leaving their Language there. See *Manage*, as likewise *Froissart*, Vol. II. ch. clviii. and *Jodocus Sincerus*, p. 138. of his *Itiner.* *Gall. Geneva* Edition 1627.

tom thereof, which you term *Melancholy*: The Bottle of the Gall substracts from thence all the superfluous *Choler*; whence it is brought to another Shop or Workhouse to be yet better purified and fined, that is, the Heart, which by it's Agitation of *Diastolick* and *Systolick* Motions so neatly subtilizeth and inflames it, that in the *right side* Ventricle it is brought to Perfection, and through the Veins is sent to all the Members; each Parcel of the Body draws it then unto it's self, and after it's own Fashion is cherished and alimenated by it: Feet, Hands, Thighs, Arms, Eyes, Ears, Back, Breast, yea, all; and then it is that who before were *Lenders*, now become *Debtors*. The Heart doth in it's *Left-side* Ventricle so thinnify the Blood that it thereby obtains the Name of *Spiritual*; which being sent through the *Arteries* to all the Members of the Body, serveth to warm and winnow or fan the other Blood which runneth through the Veins: The Lights never cease with it's Lappets and Bellows to cool and refresh it; in Acknowledgment of which good the Heart through the arterial Vein imparts unto it the choicest of it's Blood: At last it is made so fine and subtle within the *Rete Mirabile*, that thereafter those *Animal Spirits* are framed and composed of it; by means whereof the Imagination, Discourse, Judgment, Resolution, Deliberation, Ratiocination, and Memory, have their Rise, Actings, and Operations.

Cops Body, I sink, I drown, I perish, I wander astray, and quite fly out of myself, when I enter into the Consideration of the profound Abyss of this World, thus *lending*, thus *owing*. Believe me, it is a divine Thing to *lend*, to *owe* an Heroick Virtue. Yet is not this all; this little World thus *lending*, *owing*, and *borrowing*, is so good and charitable, that no sooner is the above-specified Alimentation finished, but that it forthwith projecteth, and hath already Forecast, how it shall *lend* to those who are not as yet born, and by that Loan endeavour what it may, to eternize itself, and multiply in Images like the Pattern, that is, Children. To this end every Member doth of the choicest and most precious of it's Nourishment, pare and cut off a Portion, then instantly dispatcheth it downwards to that Place, where

Nature

Nature hath prepared for it very fit Vessels and Receptacles through which descending to the Genitories by long Ambages, Circuits and Flexuosities, it receiveth a competent Form, and Rooms apt enough both in the Man and Woman for the future Conservation and perpetuating of human Kind. All this is done by *Loans* and *Debts* of the one unto the other; and hence have we this Word, the *Debt of Marriage*, Nature doth reckon Pain to the Refuser, with a most grievous Vexation to his Members, and an outrageous Fury amidst his Senses. But on the other Part to the *Lender* a set Reward, accompanied with Pleasure, Joy, Solace, Mirth and merry Glee.

C H A P. V.

How Pantagruel altogether abhorreth the Debtors and Borrowers.

I Understand you very well, (quoth *Pantagruel*) and take you to be very good at Topicks, and thoroughly affectioned to your own Cause (1): But preach it up, and patrocinate it; prattle on it, and defend it as much as you will, even from hence to the next *Whisuntide*, if you please so to do, yet in the End will you be astonished to find how you shall have gained no ground at all upon me, nor persuaded me by your fair Speeches and smooth Talk to enter ever so little into the Thralldom of *Debt*. You *shall owe to none* (saith the holy Apostle) *any thing save Love, Friendship, and a mutual Benevolence.*

You serve me here, I confesse, with fine *Graphides* and *Diatyposes*, Descriptions and Figures, which truly please me very well: But let me tell you if you will represent unto your Fancy an impudent blustering Bully, and an importunate Borrower, entering afresh and newly into a Town already advertised of his Manners, you shall find that at his Ingress the Citizens will be more hideously affrighted and amazed, and in a greater Ter-

(1) *Your own Cause.*] No bad Defender of a bad Cause.

ror and Fear, Dread and Trembling, than if the Pest it self should step into it in the very same Garb and Accoutrement, wherein the *Tyanæan* (2) Philosopher found it within the City of *Ephesus*. And I am fully confirmed in the Opinion, that the *Persians* erred not (3) when they said, That *the Second Vice was to lie*, the *first* being that of *owing Money*. For in very truth, *Debts* and *Lying* are ordinarily joined together. I will nevertheless not from hence infer, that none must *owe* any Thing, or *lend* any Thing. For who so rich can be, that sometimes may not *owe*; or who can be so poor, that sometimes may not *lend*?

Let the Occasion notwithstanding in that Case (as *Plato* (4) very wisely saith, and ordaineth in his Laws) be such, that none be permitted to draw any Water out of his Neighbour's Well, until first, they by continual digging and delving into their own proper Ground, shall have hit upon a kind of Potters Earth, which is called *Ceramite*, and there had found no Source or drop of Water; for that sort of Earth, by reason of it's Substance, which is fat, strong firm and close, so retaineth it's Humidity, that it doth not easily evaporate it by any outward Excursion or Evaporation.

In good sooth, it is a great Shame to choose rather to be still *borrowing* in all Places from every one, than to work and win. Then only in my Judgment should one *lend*, when the diligent, toiling and industrious Person is no longer able by his Labour to make any Purchase unto himself, or otherwise, when by Mischance he hath suddenly fallen into an unexpected Loss of his Goods.

Howsoever let us leave this Discourse, and from hence forwards do not hang upon *Creditors*, nor tie yourself to them; I make Account for the Time past to rid you freely of them, and from their Bondage to deliver you. The least I should in this Point, quoth *Panurge*, is to thank you, though it be the most I can do: and if

(2) *Tyanæan Philosopher*.] See *Apollonius's* Life in *Philostratus*, lib. iv. cap. iii.

(3) *That the Persians erred not*.] See *Plutarch*, in his Discourse entitul'd, *That Men ought not borrow at Usury*. See also *Herodotus*, lib. i.

(4) *As Plato very wisely saith*.] See *Plutarch* in the same Place.

Gratitude and Thanksgiving be to be estimated and prized by the Affection of the Benefactor, that is to be done infinitely and sempiternally; for the Love which you bear me of your own Accord and free Grace, without any Merit of mine, goeth far beyond the Reach of any Price or Value; it transcends all Weight, all Number, all Measure, it is endless and everlasting; therefore should I offer to commensurate and adjust it, either to the Size and Proportion of your own noble and gracious Deeds, or yet to the Contentment and Delight of the obliged Receivers, I would come off but very faintly and flaggingly. You have verily done me a great deal of Good, and multiplied your Favours on me more frequently than was fitting to one of my Condition. You have been more bountiful towards me than I have deserved, and your Courtesies have by far surpassed the Extent of my Merits, I must needs confess it. But it is not as you suppose, in the proposed Matter: for there it is not where I itch, it is not there where it fretteth, hurts or vexeth me; for henceforth being *quit* and out of *Debt*, what Countenance shall I be able to keep? You may imagine that it will become me very ill, for the first Month, because I have hitherto been brought up or accustomed to it, I am very much afraid of it. Furthermore, there shall not one hereafter, Native of the Country of *Salmigondy*, but he shall level the Shot towards my Nose; all the back-cracking Fellows of the World, in discharging of their Postern Patarades, use commonly to say, *Voila pour les quittes*; that is, *For the quit*. My Life will be of very short Continuance, I do foresee it, I recommend to you the making of my Epitaph; for I perceive I shall die constricted in the very Stench of Farts. If at any Time to come, by Way of Restorative to such good Women as shall happen to be troubled with the grievous Pain of the Wind-Cholic, the ordinary Medicaments prove nothing effectual, the Mummy of all my befarted Body, will streight be as a present Remedy appointed by the Physicians; whereof they taking any small *Modicum*, it will incontinently for their Ease afford them a Rattle of Bum-shot, like a Sal of Muskets.

Therefore would I beseech you to leave me some few Centuries of *Debts*; as King *Louis* the Eleventh, exempting from Suits in Law, the Reverend *Miles d' Illiers*, Bishop of *Chartres* (5), was by the said Bishop most earnestly solicited to leave him some few for the Exercise of his Mind. I had rather give them all my Revenue of the *Periwinkles*, together with the other Incomes of the *Locusts*, albeit I should not thereby have any Parcel abated from off the principal Sums which I owe. Let us wave this Matter, (quoth *Pantagruel*) I have told it you over again.

CHAP. VI.

Why new Married Men were priviledged from going to the Wars.

BUT, in the Interim, asked *Panurge*, by what Law was it constituted, ordained and established, that such as should plant a new Vineyard, those that should build a new House, and the new married Men should be exempted and discharged from the Duty of Warfare for the first Year? By the Law, answered *Pantagruel*, of *Moses*. Why, replied *Panurge*, the lately married? As for the Vine-planters, I am now too old to reflect on them; my Condition, at this present, induceth me to remain satisfied with the Care of Vintage, finishing and turning the Grapes into Wine: Nor are these pretty new Builders of *Dead Stones* written or pricked down in my Book of Life; it is all with *Live Stones* that I set up, and erect the Fabrics of my Architecture, to wit, *Men*. It was (according to my Opinion, quoth *Pantagruel*) to

(5) *Miles d' Illiers, Bishop of Chartres.*] He was made Bishop of *Chartres* in 1459 and dy'd in 1493, after he had renounc'd his Bishopric the same Year, in consideration of a Pension. There are still extant two good Stories of his Litigious Temper in the *Paradoxe du Procès*, &c. printed by C. Stephens 1554. And two more Instances of it in the *Propos memorables*, &c. printed at *Roüen*, 1599: He had been a Counsellor in the Parliament of *Paris*, and before that Professor of the Canon Law. So Lawing was his natural Element.

the End, first, that the fresh married Folks should for the first Year reap a full and compleat Fruition of their Pleasures in their mutual Exercise of the Act of Love, in such sort, that in waiting more at Leisure on the Production of Posterity, and propagating of their Progeny, they might the better encrease their Race, and make Provision of new Heirs. That it in the Years thereafter the Men should, upon their undergoing of some military Adventure, happen to be killed, their Names and Coats of Arms might continue with their Children in the same Families: And next that, the Wives thereby, coming to know whether they were barren or fruitful (for one Year's Trial, in regard of the Maturity of Age, wherein, of old, they married, was held sufficient for the Discovery) they might pitch the more suitably, in case of their first Husband's Decease, upon a *second Match*. The fertile Women to be wedded to those who desire to multiply their Issue; and the steril ones to such other Mates, as misregarding the storing of their own Lineage, chose them only for their Virtues, Learning, genteel Behaviour, domestic Consolation, Management of the House, and matrimonial Conveniencies and Comforts, and such like. The Preachers of *Varenes*, saith *Panurge*, detest and abhor the *second Marriages*, as altogether foolish and dishonest.

Foolish and dishonest, quoth *Pantagruel*, a Plague take such Preachers! Yea but, quoth *Panurge*, the like Mischief also befel the Friar *Charmer* (1), who in a full Auditory, making a Sermon at *Parcilly*, and therein abominating the Reiteration of Marriage, and the entering again in the Bonds of a nuptial Tie, did swear and heartily give himself to the swiftest Devil in Hell, if he had not rather choose, and would much more willingly undertake the *unmaidening* or *depucelating* of a hundred Virgins, than the simple Drudgery of one Widow. Truly I find your Reason in that Point right good, and strongly grounded.

But what would you think, if the Cause why this Exemption or Immunity was granted, had no other Foun-

(1) *Charmer*.] This Story is taken from *Poggus's* Jests, &c. in the Chapter intituled, *De Prædicatore qui potius decem Virgines quam nuptam unam eligebat*.

dation, but that, during the whole Space of the said first Year, they so lustily bobbed it with their female Consorts, (as both Reason and Equity require they should do) that they had drained and evacuated their spermatic Vessels; and were become thereby altogether feeble, weak, emasculated, drooping, and flaggingly pithless; yea, in such sort, that they in the Day of Battle, like Ducks which plunge over Head and Ears, would sooner hide themselves behind the Baggage, than, in the Company of valiant Fighters and daring military Combatants, appear where stern *Bellona* deals her Blows, and moves a bustling Noise of Thwacks and Thumps. Nor is it to be thought that under the Standard of *Mars* they will so much as once strike a fair Stroke, because their most considerable Knocks have been already jirked and whirretted within the Curtains of his Sweet-heart *Venus*.

In Confirmation whereof, amongst other Relicks and Monuments of Antiquity, we now as yet often see, that in all great Houses, after the expiring of some few Days, these young married Blades are readily sent away to visit their *Uncles*, that in the Absence of their Wives, reposing themselves a little, they may recover their decayed Strength by the Recruit of a fresh Supply, the more vigorous to return again, and face about to renew the duelling Shock and Conflict of an amorous Dalliance: Albeit (for the greater Part) they have neither *Uncle* nor *Aunt* to go to.

Just so did the King *Crackart*, after the Battle of the Cornets (2), not cashier us, (speaking properly) I mean me and the *Quail-piper*, but for our Refreshment remanded us to our Houses; and he is as yet seeking after

(2) *King Crackart, &c.*] *King Peto*, corruptly *Petaut* in the Original. King of the Beggars. The Author is thought to have an Eye to some Prince ill-provided of Cash, and as ill obeyed. Now the History of *France* of that Time, speaks of no King of that Monarchy to whom these two Qualities so exactly agree as *Charles VIII.* who, without Money, undertook a War in *Italy*, and whose Officers refused, with Impunity, to execute his Orders as soon as he had repassed the Mountains. This Prince after the Battle of the *Cornets* (or *St. Aubin du Cormier* in 1488.) was forced for Want of Money to discharge some Officers who had served him well there. One of which, might be some Soldier here called in Jest *Quail-piper*.

his own. My Grandfather's Godmother was wont to say to me when I was a Boy,

*Patenosters & Oraisons
Sont pour ceux-là qui les retiennent.
Un fiffre en fenaïsons
Est plus fort que deux qui en viennent.*

Not Orisons nor Paternotres
Shall ever disorder my Brain;
One Cadet to the Field as he flutters,
Is worth two when they end the Campaign.

That which prompteth me to that Opinion is, that the Vine-planters did seldom eat of the Grapes, or drink of the Wine of their Labour, till the first Year was wholly elapsed: During all which Time also the Builders did hardly inhabit their new structured dwelling Places, for fear of dying suffocated through Want of Respiration; as *Galen* hath most learnedly remarked, in the second Book of the *Difficulty of breathing*. Under favour, Sir, I have not asked this Question without *Cause* causing, and *Reason* truly very ratiocinant. Be not offended I pray you.

C H A P. VII.

How Panurge had a Flea in his Ear, and forbore to wear any longer his magnificent Codpiece.

PAnurge, the Day thereafter, caused pierce his right Ear, after the *Jewish* Fashion, and thereto clasped a little Gold Ring, of a Fearnly-like kind of Workmanship, in the Beazil or Collet whereof was set and inched a *Flea*; and to the end you may be rid of all Doubts, you are to know that the Flea was black. Q what a brave Thing it is, in every Case and Circumstance of a Matter, to be thoroughly well informed! The Sum of the Expence hereof being cast up, brought in, and laid down upon his Council-board Carpet, was

found to amount to no more quarterly than the Charge of the Nuptials of an *Hircanian* Tigress; even as you would say 609000 *Maravedis*. At these vast Costs and excessive Disbursements, as soon as he perceived himself to be out of Debt, he fretted much; and afterwards, as Tyrants and Lawyers use to do, he nourish'd and fed her with the Sweat and Blood of his Subjects and Clients.

He then took four *French* Ells of a coarse brown russet Cloth, and therein apparelling himself, as with a long, plain-seamed and single-stitched Gown, left off the wearing of his Breeches, and tied a Pair of Spectacles to his Cap. In this Equipage did he present himself before *Pantagruel*; to whom this Disguise appeared the more strange, that he did not, as before, see that goodly, fair and stately Codpiece, which was the sole Anchor of Hope, wherein he was wonted to rely, and last Refuge he had 'midst all the Waves and boisterous Billows, which a stormy Cloud in a cross Fortune would raise up against him. Honest *Pantagruel*, not understanding the Mystery, asked him by way of Interrogatory, what he did intend to personate in that new-fangled *Prosopopeia*? I have, answered *Panurge*, a Flea in mine Ear, and have a mind to marry. In a good Time! quoth *Pantagruel*; You have told me joyful Tidings; yet would not I hold a red hot Iron in my Hand for all the Gladness of them. But it is not the Fashion of Lovers to be accoutred in such dangling Vestments, so as to have their Shirts flagging down over their Knees, without Breeches, and with a long Robe of a dark brown mingled Hue, which is a Colour never used in *Tatarian* Garments amongst any Persons of Honour, Quality or Virtue. If some *Hetical* Persons and schismatical Sectaries have at any time formerly been so arrayed and clothed, (though many have imputed such a Kind of Dress to Cosenage, Cheat, Imposture, and an Affectation of Tyranny upon credulous Minds of the rude Multitude) I will nevertheless not blame them for it, nor in that Point judge rashly or finistrously of them; every one overflowing aboundeth in his own Sense and Fancy: Yea, in Things of a foreign Consideration, altogether extrinsical and indifferent, which in and of themselves are neither commendable nor bad, because they proceed not from the Inte-

rior of the Thoughts and Heart, which is the Shop of all Good and Evil. Of Goodness, if it be upright, and that its Affections be regulated by the pure and clean Spirit of Righteousness; and on the other side, of Wick- edness, if its Inclinations, straying beyond the Bounds of Equity be corrupted and depraved by the Malice and Suggestions of the Devil. It is only the Novelty and New-fangledness thereof which I dislike, together with the Contempt of common Custom, and the Fashion which is in use.

The Colour, answered *Panurge*, is convenient, for it is conform to that of my Council-Board Carpet, there- fore will I henceforth hold me with it, and more nar- rowly and circumspectly than ever hitherto I have done, look to my Affairs and Business. Seeing I am once out of *Debt*, you never yet saw Man more unpleasing than I will be, if God help me not. Lo here be my Specta- cles. To see me afar off, you would readily say, that it were Fryar *John Burges* (1). I believe certainly, that in the next ensuing Year, I shall once more preach the *Croisade*, *Bounce Buckram* (2). Do you see this Grey

(1) *Fryar John Burges*.] *Rabelais* mentions him again, lib. iv. chap. viii. He was in *Louis XI.* and *Charles VIII.*'s Time, a *Franciscan* Fryar, very zealous, and a great Instrument in establishing several Houses of his Order. The *Cordeliers* of *Lyons*, among others, owe to him their Settlement in the *Suburb de Veize*. He died in 1494 at *Lyons*, where his Body during the Civil Wars of Religion, was, 'tis said, dug up and flung into the *Saone*. *Menot* in the Year 1523, in a Lent Sermon, speaks of Fryar *John Bourgois* as of one whose Memory was then fresh. *Habetis bene*, says he, *Memoriam Sanctorum virorum, scilicet Fratris Antonii Farmier, Tisserandi, Fratris Joannis Burgensis, & tantorum qui dixerunt vobis modum quo- modo potuissetis evadere offensam Dei.* *Wadding*, in the *Annals* of his Order, speaks also of him.

(2) *Bounce Buckram*.] Instead of *Bounce Buckram*, it is in the Original, *Good b'ye Balls*: here *M. Le D. C.* observes that *Panurge*, encouraged by his Master, and newly wrapt up in a grey Rug-like Ha- bit, looks on himself as a second Fryar *John Burges*, a Favourite of *Charles VIII.* In chap. xvii. of lib. i. he boasts of having preach'd the *Croisade*. And now being on the Eve of an Engagement which many People look on as a *Cross*; he says he's going to *croisade* it a se- cond Time. And being fully bent on Marrying, as much a Monk as he is in his Habit, he takes his Leave of *Balls* of Snow, which after the Example of *St. Francis*, *Patriarch* of the Grey Fryars, had 'till then served him instead of Wife and Children.

Rug?

Rug? Doubt not but there lurketh under it some hid Property and occult Virtue, known to very few in the World. I did not take it on before this Morning; and nevertheless, am already in a Rage of Lust, mad after a Wife, and vehemently hot upon untying the Codpiece Point. I itch, I tingle, I wriggle, and long exceedingly to be married; that without the Danger of Cudgel-blows I may labour my female Copes-mate with the hard Push of a Bull-horned Devil (3). O the provident and thrifty Husband that I then will be! After my Death with all Honour and Respect due to my Frugality, will they burn the sacred Bulk of my Body, of purpose to preserve the Ashes thereof, in Memory of the choicest Pattern that ever was, of a perfectly wary, and compleat Householder. Cops-body, this is not the Carpet whereon my Treasurer shall be allowed to play false in his Accompts with me, by setting down an X for an V, or an L for an S (4); for in that case, should I make a Hail of Fifticuffs to fly into his Face. Look upon me (Sir) both be-

(3) *Bull-born'd Devil.*] Instead of labouring his Female like a *Bull-born'd Devil*, it is, like a Grey-Fryar-Devil (*en diable Bur*; *Bur* is their Habit, the Colour of a *Jack-ass*, *Bourique*) so to labour (or plough the *Parfly Bed*) is to do it like a *Franciscan Fryar*, or as the Saying is, like an *unsaddled Ass* (*en ane débâté*.) Again, *un Moine Bur*, from the Latin barbarous *Burrus*, deriv'd from the *High Dutch*, *Baur*, is a Servant Monk, a Lay-brother who digs in the Garden of the Convent.

(4) *L for an S.*] It is in the Original by lengthning the Letter *ff*, or *ff*. An Expression which is sometimes taken properly and sometimes figuratively. In the first Sense, it is a Trick of the Attorneys, some of whom, in copying or Ingrossing their Client's Business, do so lengthen out all the Letter; that have a Tail, as the *f*'s and the *s*'s, that in one Page there shan't be twelve Lines, nor above two or three Words in a Line, tho' by an Ordinance of Court, every Page ought to contain twenty Lines, and every Line five Words at least. In the second Sense, it is when a Tradesman charges to him who take up Goods from him, more Goods than he really had of him: and it is in this Sense that *Panurge* says his Treasurer shall not place to his Accompt the Children he may have got on the Body of his Master's Wife, Formerly in an Account they used to finish each Article with an *S*, which signifies more or less *Sous*, [Pence]. Now when the *S* was lengthned at the Bottom, thus *f*, with a small Stroke thro' the Middle, it made an *f*, which signifies *Franks*, i. e. *Livres*. Hence, to lengthen the *S*, signifies to be guilty of a Fraud in an Account. See *Furetiere* in the Letter *S*.

fore and behind, it is made after the Manner of a *Togæ* which was the ancient Fashion of the *Romans* in time of Peace. I took the Mode, Shape, and Form thereof in *Trajan's Column* at *Rome*, as also in the Triumphant Arch of *Septimus Severus*. I am tired of the Wars, weary of wearing Buff-coats, Cassocks, and Hoquetons: My Shoulders are pitifully worn, and bruised with the carrying of Harnes; let Armour cease, and the long Robe bear sway: At least it must be so for the whole Space of the succeeding Year, if I be married, as Yesterday, by the *Mosaick Law*, you evidenced. In what concerneth the Breeches, my great Aunt *Laurence* did long ago tell me, that the Breeches were only ordained for the Use of the Cod-piece, and to no other end; which I, upon a no less forcible Consequence, give Credit to, every whit as well, as to the Saying (5) of the fine Fellow *Galen*, who in his ninth Book *Of the Use and Employment of our Members*, alledgeth, That the Head was made for the Eyes: For Nature might have placed our Heads in our Knees or Elbows, but having before-hand determined that the Eyes should serve to discover Things from afar, she for the better enabling them to execute their designed Office, fixed them in the Head (as on the Top of a long Pole) in the most eminent Part of all the Body: No otherwise then we see the *Phares*, or high Towers erected in the Mouths of Havens, that Navigators may the further off perceive with ease the Lights of the nightly Fires and Lanterns, And because I would gladly, for some short while (a Year at least) take a little Rest and Breathing-time from the toilsome Labour of the military Profession; that is to say, be married, I have desisted from wearing any more a Cod-piece, and

(5) *As to the Saying of the fine Fellow Galen.*] The fine Fellow *Galen*, in French, *le gentil Falot Galen*, Γαληνός *Serenus*, from γέλαω *rideo*, according to *Eustathius*. In this Notion *Rabelais* calls *Galen gentil Falot*, which formerly signified a *gay pleasant Man*. *Falot* likewise means a *Cresset-light*, or a Moon as we call it; a Lantern fixt at the End of a long Pole: and *Galen* was indeed one of the greatest *Luminaries*, or *Pharos*, of the medicinal Art, and besides 'twas he that pleasantly said, the Head was posited at the very Top of the human Body, as a *Falot Lantern* is fixed on a Pole.

consequently have laid aside my Breeches : For the Cod-piece is the principal and most especial Piece of Armour that a Warriour doth carry ; and therefore do I maintain even to the Fire (exclusively, understand you me) that no *Turks* can properly be said to be armed Men in regard that Cod-pieces are by their Law forbidden to be worn.

C H A P. VIII.

Why the Cod-piece is held to be the chief (or rather first) Piece of Armour amongst Warriours.

WILL you maintain, quoth *Pantagruel*, that the Cod-piece is the first Piece of a military Harness ? It is a new Kind of Doctrine and very paradoxical : For we say, *at the Spurs begins the Arming of a Man* (1). Sir, I maintain it, (answered *Panurge*) and not wrongfully do I maintain it. Behold how Nature (2) having a fervent Desire after it's Production of Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Herbs, Sponges, and Plant-animals, to eternize, and continue them unto all Succession of Ages (in their several Kinds, or Sorts at least, although the Individuals perish) unruinable, and in an everlasting Being, hath most curiously armed and fenced their Buds, Sprouts, Shoots and Seeds, wherein the above-mentioned Perpetuity consisteth, by strengthening, covering, guarding, and fortifying them with an admirable Industry, with Husks, Cases, Scarfs, and Swads, Hulls, Cods, Stones, Films, Cartels, Shells, Ears, Rinds, Barks, Skins, Ridges, and

(1) *At the Spurs, &c.*] *Faucher* speaks of this Proverb in his *Treatise of Warfare*, chap. i. He says the Spurs used to be fastened in and made inseparable from the Greaves or Leg-harness : so that if a Man had put on his Helmet and Back and Breast-piece first, he could never have done the other ; his Head would have been so loaded and his Body so confin'd.

(2) *Nature, &c.*] See Preface to *Pliny's* VIIIth Book.

Prickles, which serve them instead of strong, fair, and *natural Cod-pieces* : As is manifestly apparent in Pease, Beans, Fafels, Pomegranates, Peaches, Cottons, Gourds, Pumpeons, Melons, Corn, Lemons, Almonds, Walnuts, Filberts, and Chestnuts ; as likewise in all Plants, Slips, or Sets whatsoever, wherein it is plainly and evidently seen, that the *Sperm* and *Semina* is more closely veiled, overshadowed, corroborated, and thoroughly harnessed than any other Part, Portion, or Parcel of the whole.

Nature nevertheless did not after that Manner provide for the sempiternizing of human Race : But on the contrary created Man naked, tender, and frail, without either offensive or defensive Arms : and that in the Estate of Innocence, in the first Age of all, which was the golden Season ; not as a Plant, but living Creature, born for Peace, not War, and brought forth into the World with an unquestionable Right and Title to the plenary Fruition and Enjoyment of all Fruits and Vegetables ; as also to a certain calm and gentle Rule and Dominion over all Kinds of Beasts, Fowls, Fishes, Reptils, and Insects. Yet afterwards it happening in the Time of the Iron Age, under the Reign of *Jupiter*, when to the Multiplication of mischievous Actions, Wickedness and Malice began to take root and footing within the then perverted Hearts of Men, that the Earth began to bring forth Nettles, Thistles, Thorns, Bryars, and such other stubborn and rebellious Vegetables to the Nature of Man ; nor scarce was there any Animal, which by a fatal Disposition did not then revolt from him, and tacitly conspire, and covenant with one another to serve him no longer, nor, as far as they had Ability to resist, to do him any Manner of Obedience, but rather (to the uttermost of their Power) to annoy him with all the Hurt and Harm they could. The Man then, that he might maintain his primitive Right and Prerogative, and continue his Sway and Dominion over all, both Vegetable and Sensitive Creatures ; and knowing of a Truth, that he could not be well accommodated as he ought, without the Servitude and Subjection of several Animals, berthought himself, that of Necessity he must needs put on Arms, and make Provision of
Harness

Harnes against Wars and Violence. By the holy Saint *Babingoose* (3), cried out *Pantagruel* you are become, since the last Rain (4) a great *Lifrelofre*, *Philosopher*, I should say. Take Notice, Sir, quoth *Panurge*, when Dame Nature had prompted him to his own arming, what Part of the Body it was, where, by her Inspiration, he clapped on the first Harnes: It was forsooth by the double Pluck (5) of my little Dog the *Ballock*, and good *Senor Don Priapos Stabo-stando*, which done, he was content, and fought no more. This is certified by the Testimony of the great *Hebrew* Captain Philosopher *Moses*, who affirmeth, That he fenced that Member with a brave and gallant Cod-piece, most exquisitely framed, and by right curious Devices of a notably pregnant Invention, made up and composed of *Fig-tree Leaves*, which by Reason of their solid Stiffness (6) incisory Notches, curled, frisking, sleeked Smoothness, large Ampleness, together with their Colour, Smell, Virtue, and Faculty, were exceeding proper, and fit for the covering and arming of the Sachels of Generation, the hideously big *Lorrain* Cullions being from thence only excepted; which swaggering down to the lowermost Bottom of the Breeches, cannot abide (for being quite out of all Order and Method) the stately Fashion of the high and lofty Cod-piece; as is manifest, by the Noble *Valentin Viardiere*, whom I found at *Nancie*, on the first Day of *May* (the more flauntingly to gallantize it afterwards) rubbing his *Ballocks*, spread out upon a Table after the Manner of a *Spanish* Cloak. Wherefore it

(3) *Saint Babingoose.*] One of the infinite Number of petty Saints they have in *Britany*, represented with a Goose by her Side.

(4) *Since the last Rain.*] During which he took the Opportunity to apply himself to the Study of the Secrets of Nature.

(5) *By the double Pluck.*] Sir *T. U.* mistakes here: this is no Oath; it should be *On, not by, the double Pluck*, i. e. he clapped his first Harnes on his *Whim-wham*, &c.

(6) *Of their solid Stiffness.*] It is in the Original, *Of their Propriety and solid Stiffness*, for as Mr. *le D. C.* tells us, The *Mahometan* Doctors say that the forbidden Fruit was the *Bananna* or *Indian Fig*, of which our first Parents had no sooner tasted, but espying their Nudities, they covered them with the Leaves of that Tree, which seemed created for that very Purpose.

is, that none should henceforth say, who would not speak improperly, when any Country-Bumpkin hyeth to the Wars, *have a Care* (my Royster, of the *Wine-pot*, that is the Scull, but *have a Care* (my Roster) of the *Milk-pot*; that is, the Testicles. By the whole Rabble of the horned Fiends of Hell, the Head being cut off, that single Person only thereby dieth: But if the Ballocks be marred, the whole Race of human Kind would forthwith perish, and be lost for ever.

This was the Motive which incited the goodly Writer *Galen* (7) *Lib. 1. De Spermate*, to aver with Boldness, *That it were better* (that is to say, a less Evil) *to have no Heart at all, than to be quite destitute of Genitories*: For in them is laid up, conserved, and put in store, as in a secessive Repository, and sacred Warehouse, the *Semina*, and original Source of the whole Offspring of Mankind. Therefore would I be apt to believe, for less than a hundred Franks, that those are the very same Stones, by means whereof *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* restored the human Race, in peopling with Men and Women, the World, which a little before that, had been drowned in the overflowing Waves of a poetical Deluge. This stirred up the valiant (8) *Justinian*, L. 1. 4. *De Cagotis tollendis* (9) to collocate his *Summum Bonum*, in *Braguibis*, & *Braguetis*. For this, and other Causes, the Lord *Humphrey de Merville* (10) following of his King

(7) *Galen*] It is in the Original, The gallant *Galen*: Alluding to *Γαλήνης* the Greek Name for *Galen*. *Γαλήνη* signifies *Sereneness*, *Tranquility*, especially of the Sea. Here therefore gallant *Galen* means, the *Serene*, *Agreeable Galen*. *Rabelais* often plays upon *Galen's* Name not by way of Banter, but to shew the Respect he had for him, as I once was about directing a Letter to our *Galen* thus; *To Dr. Mead, rectius MEDE, à MEDENDO; à MEDENDI peritiâ.*

(8) *Valiant*.] On Account of the Haughtiness of the Preamble to his Institutes.

(9) *De Cagotis tollendis*.] Towards the End of the Remarks on the viith chap. of lib. ii. there is one on the Title of this pretended Book.

(10) *Humphrey de Merville*.] Sir T. U. has christen'd him *Humphrey*, for *Rabelais* only calls him *Lord of Merville*. On which M. le D. C. makes this Remark. In the old Edition of *Rabelais* Ao. 1547, and in that of 1553, and in most of the others, and even in the

King to a certain warlike Expedition, whilst he was in trying upon his own Person a new Suit of Armour, for of his old rusty Harness (11) he could make no more use, by Reason that some few Years since, the Skin of his Belly (12) was a great way removed from his Kidneys, his Lady thereupon in the profound musing of a contemplative Spirit, very maturely considering that he had but small Care of the Staff of Love, and packet of Marriage, seeing he did no otherwise arm that part of the Body, than with Links of Mail, advised him to shield, fence, and gabionate it with a big tilting Helmet which she had lying in her Closet, to her otherways utterly unprofitable. On this Lady was penned these subsequent Verses; which are extant in the third Book of the *Shitbrana* of paultry Wenches.

*When Yoland saw her Spouse, equipt for Fight,
And, save the Cod-piece, all in Armour dight,
My Dear, she cry'd, Why, pray, of all the rest
Is that expos'd, you know I love the best?
Was she to blame for an ill-manag'd Fear,
Or rather pious, conscionable Care?
Wise Lady, She! in burly-burly Fight,
Can any tell where random Blows may light?*

the new ones, it is *Merveille*, which is the Name of an ancient and noble Family in *Milan*; one of which Family, in 1553, had his Head cut off in that City, where he was negotiating secretly for King *Francis I.* But the Abbot *Guyet* conjectures it should be read *Merville*, the Name of a Mannor or Lordship in the Neighbourhood of *Chartres*. And Indeed the Name is so spelt in the *Rabelais* of 1626, and in that Case, the Author might mean some Descendant of *William de Merville*, whom *Froissart* Vol. I. chap. cclxxiv. and cclxxx. tells us was one of the Marshalls *de l'Ost* (Army) which the King of *England* had in *Picardy* in 1370.

(11) *Rusty Harness.*] It should be *half-rusty*, à demy rouillé. To prevent the Armours rusting, they used to put 'em in the Bottom of a Coffer fill'd with Bran. See chap. xxii. *Tales of Eutrapel*.

(12) *The Skin of his Belly.*] *John de la Bruier Champier*, lib. iii. chap. iii. of his *De Re Cibaria*: *Novimus nostra memoria nobilissimum gentium viros, & in aula non infimum locum obtinentos, qui adeo tumidum & turgidum ventrem haberent, ut multis annis non licuerit pendenda contemplari.*

Leave

Leave off then, Sir, from being astonished, and wonder no more at this new Manner of Decking and Trimming up my self as you now see me.

C H A P. IX.

How Panurge asketh Counsel of Pantagruel whether he should marry, yea, or no.

TO this *Pantagruel* replying nothing, *Panurge* prosecuted the Discourse he had already broached, and therewithal fetching, as from the Bottom of his Heart, a very deep Sigh, said, My Lord and Master, you have heard the Design I am upon, which is to marry, if by some disastrous Mischance, all the Holes in the World be not shut up, stopped, closed, and bush'd. I humbly beseech you for the Affection, which of a long Time you have born me, to give me your best Advice therein. Then (answered *Pantagruel*) seeing you have so decreed and taken Deliberation thereon, and that the Matter is fully determined, what need is there of any further Talk thereof, but forthwith to put into Execution what you have resolved. Yea, but (quoth *Panurge*) I would be loth to act any Thing therein without your Counsel had thereto. It is my Judgment also (quoth *Pantagruel*) and I advise you to it. Nevertheless (quoth *Panurge*) if you think that it were much better for me to remain a Batchelor as I am, than to run headlong upon new hair-brain'd Undertakings of conjugal Adventure, I would rather choose *not to marry*. *Not marry then*, said *Pantagruel*. Yea, but (quoth *Panurge*) would you have me so solitarily drag out the whole Course of my Life, without the Comfort of a Matrimonial Consort? You know it is written, *Væ soli*; and a single Person is never seen to reap the Joy and Solace that is found among those that are *Wedlockt*. *Wedlock* is then in the Name of God, quoth *Pantagruel*. But if (quoth *Panurge*) my Wife should make me a Cuckold, as it is not unknown unto you, how this hath been a very plentiful Year in the Production of that

Kind

Kind of Cattle ; I should fly off the Hinges, and grow impatient, beyond all Measure and Mean. I love Cuckolds indeed at my Heart, for they seem unto me to be of a right honest Conversation, and I, truly, do very willingly frequent their Company : But should I die for it, I would not be one of their Number : that is a Point for me of a too sore prickling Point, and too hard a Knot. Not marry then (quoth *Pantagruel*) for without all Controversy, this Sentence of *Seneca* is infallibly true, *What thou to others shalt have done, others will do the like to thee.* Do you (quoth *Panurge*) aver that without all Exception ? Without all Exception (quoth *Pantagruel*) Ho, ho (says *Panurge*) by the Wrath of a Devil, his meaning is, either in *this World*, or in *the other*, which is to come. Yet seeing I can no more want a Wife, than a blind Man his Staff, for the Funnel must be in Agitation, without which Manner of Occupation I cannot live. Were it not a great deal better for me to apply and associate myself to some one honest, lovely, and virtuous Woman, than (as I do) by a new Change of Females every Day, run a Hazard of being Bastinadoed, or (which is worse) of the Great Pox, if not of both together : for never had I Enjoyment yet of an honest Woman, be it spoken by Leave and Favour of the Husbands. Husband then be, in God's Name, quoth *Pantagruel*. But if (quoth *Panurge*) it were the Will of God, and that my Destiny did unluckily lead me to marry an honest Woman who would beat me, I shou'd be stored with more than two third Parts of the Patience of *Job*, if I were not stark mad by it, and quite distracted with such rugged Dealings ; for it hath been told me, that those exceeding honest Women have ordinarily very perverse Head-pieces ; therefore is it that their Family lacketh not for good Vinegar (1). Yet in that Case should it go worse with me, if I did not then in such sort bang her Back and Breast, so thumpingly

(1) *Good Vinegar.*] Vinegar is still kept, by many People, in an almost round Earthen Jar, in a warm Place in the Corner of their Kitchen Chimney. *Rabelais* here makes an Allusion from that Vessel (*Tesla*) which is always warm, to the hot Head (*Tesle*) of a Woman, whose Presumption, because forsooth, she's a good Housewife, makes her oftentimes intolerable.

bethwack her Giblets, to wit, her Arms, Legs, Head, Lights, Liver, and Milt, with her other Intrails, and mangle, jag, and flash her Coats, so after the Cross-billet Fashion, that the greatest Devil of Hell should wait at the Gate for the Reception of her damned Soul. I could make a Shift for this Year to wave such Molestation and Disquiet, and be content to lay aside that Trouble, and engage not in it. *Engage not in it* then, answered *Pantagruel*. Yea, but (quoth *Panurge*) considering the Condition wherein I now am, out of Debt and Unmarried; mark what I say, free from all Debt, in an ill Hour (for were I deeply on the Score, my Creditors would be chary of my sweet Paternity) but being quit, and not married, no Body will be so regardful of me, or carry towards me a Love like that which is said to be in a Conjugal Affection. And if by some Mishap I should fall sick, I should be lookt to very waywardly. The wise Man saith, *Where there is no Woman* (I mean the Mother of a Family, and Wife in the Union of a lawful Wedlock) *the Crazy and Diseased are in danger of being ill used, and of having much Brabbling and Strife about them*; as by clear Experience hath been made apparent in the Persons of Popes, Legates, Cardinals, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Priests and Monks: but there, assure yourself, you shall not bind me. *Bind thee* then in the Name of God, answered *Pantagruel*. But if (quoth *Panurge*) being ill at Ease, and possibly thro' that Distemper, made unable to discharge the Matrimonial Duty that is incumbent to an active Husband, my Wife, impatient of that drooping Sicknefs, and faint Fits of a pining Languishment, should abandon and prostitute herself to the Embraces of another Man, and not only then not help and assist me in my Extremity and Need, but withal flout at, and make Sport of that my grievous Distress and Calamity; or peradventure, (which is worse) imbezzle my Goods, and steal from me, as I have seen it oftentimes befall unto the Lot of many other Men, it were enough to undo me utterly, to fill brimful the Cup of my Misfortune, and make me play the Mad-pate Reeks of a *Bedlamite*, or wild Bear. *Bear* without marrying then, (quoth *Pantagruel*). Yea, but (saith *Panurge*) I shall never by any other Means come

to

to have lawful Sons and Daughters, in whom I may harbour some hope of perpetuating my Name and Arms, and to whom also I may leave and bequeath my Inheritances and purchased Goods (of which latter Sort you need not doubt, but that in some one or other of these Mornings, I will make a fair and goodly Show), that so I may chear up and make merry, when otherways I should be plunged into a pievish Mood of pensive Sullenness, as I do perceive daily by the Carriage of your gracious Father towards you; as all honest Folks use to do at their own Homes, and private Dwelling-houses. Forbeing free from Debt, and yet not married, if casually I should fret and be angry, although the Cause of my Grief and Displeasure were never so just, I am afraid instead of Consolation, that I should meet with nothing else but Scoffs, Frumps, Gibes, and Mocks at my Misadventure. *Venture then in the Name of God, quoth Pantagruel, and thus have I given you my Advice (2).*

CHAP.

(2) *And thus have I given you my Advice.*] These Words I have added, for the Sake of inserting here, what *M. le D.C.* places at the Beginning of the Chapter, but that will break no Squares, it being a general Remark upon the whole. He observes, that throughout this Chapter, *Pantagruel* shews a great Stock of Complaisance for his Favourite, but at the same time a marvellous Irresolution as to what Course he would have his Servant steer. Now this falls out the more ingeniously, as *Rabelais* makes subservient to this Design, Two Passages, the one of *Poggius*, the other of *Erasmus*, which seem at first not possible to be brought in here by any Machine. The first is the *Echo*, in one of honest *Erasmus's* Colloquies: That Echo is imitated in *Pantagruel's* Answers, wherein the first Words are an Echo to the last Words of the Question *Panurge* puts to him. The second Passage is a Tale, which *Poggius* tells of a Magistrate; who, not having Capacity enough to determine a pecuniary Cause between two Litigants, alternately declared in Favour of him that spoke last. There is however a Passage of *Gello* in his *Cappricci del Bottajo*, so very like this Dialogue between *Pantagruel* and *Panurge*, that if I knew for a Certainty, that *Gello's* Book was publish'd first, I should not hesitate to believe our Author had only paraphras'd him. *Gello* speaking of *Aristotle's* Irresolution concerning the Immortality of the Soul. *Hai tu mai*, says he, *ragioni inteso d'uno che domandava consiglio à uno altro di torre moglie. E quando egli diceva, ella è bella, e colui diceva tola, e dipoi, quando egli diceva, ella è di cattivo sangue, egli rispondeva, non la torre, & se colui replicava, ella ha gran dota, e ridiceva tola, e se diceva dipoi ella è un po' superba, e rispondeva di*
nuova

CHAP. X.

How Pantagruel representeth unto Panurge, the Difficulty of giving Advice in the Matter of Marriage; and to that Purpose mentioneth somewhat of the (1) Homeric and Virgilian Lotteries.

YOUR Counsel (quoth *Panurge*) under your Correction and Favour, seemeth unto me not unlike to the (2) Song of Gammer *Yea-by-nay*; it is full of Sarcasms, Mock-

nuova non la torre, e così seguitava sempre di dire: si è no secondo che colui gli proponeva innanzi nuove ragioni. E così fa propriamente Aristotile, &c.

For the Benefit of such *English* Readers, as may not understand the above *Italian*, I shall give it in *English*, after having observ'd that Sir *T. U.* in his Translation has taken no notice of the *Echo* of this Chapter, (neither had I perhaps if *M. le D. C.* had not appriz'd me of it) I have made the *Echo* speak *English* as well as I could, and alter'd some other Places of Sir *T. U.*'s Translation, particularly one where *Pantagruel* is made to say, what *Panurge* should; and did say, and other contradictory Hastineses. But to return to *Il Gello*, or *The Gello*, or as the *Italians* proudly call their Authors, Singers, &c. *The Tasso*, *The Faustina*, &c.

' Did you never hear of a Man, who went to ask Advice of another, whether he should marry or not. The former, upon saying, the Woman was beautiful, the other said, Marry her: but afterwards when he said she came of a Bad Breed, the other answer'd, Don't marry her; but then when the other reply'd, she is a great Fortune; the other strait answer'd, Marry her; but when the Former told him she was somewhat termagant, the other said again, Don't Marry her: And thus he went on, Aying it, and Noing it as fast as the other alledg'd new Reasons, and laid before him different Arguments. Just so does *Aristotle*, &c.'

(1) *Homeric and Virgilian Lotteries.*] *Spartian*, in the Emperor *Adrian*'s Life, mentions this Custom of the Ancients, of inquiring after Futurity, by opening the Leaves of *Homer* or *Virgil* at Hap hazard. Afterwards the Christians retaining some Remnants of the *Pagan* Superstition, thought they did a mighty Business, in preserving the same Custom, to make use of the Holy Scripture only, and more especially the Psalms. And what is more surprizing, if we may credit *Agrippa* (c. 4. of his *Vanity of the Sciences*) several Members of the *Sorbonne* in his Time approv'd of this two-fold Piece of Impiety.

(2) *Song of Gammer Yea-by-nay.*] *Chanson de Ricochet*, an idle, endless, contradictory Song or Tale. Nothing has so much the Air

Mockqueries, bitter Taunts, nipping Bobs, derisive Quips, biting Jerks, and contradictory Iterations, the one Part destroying the other. (3) I know not (quoth *Pantagruel*) which of all my Answers to lay hold on; for your Proposals are so full of *ifs* and *buts*, that I can ground nothing on them, nor pitch upon any solid and positive Determination satisfactory to what is demanded by them. Are not you assured within yourself of what you have a mind to? The chief and main Point of the whole Matter lieth there; all the rest is meerly casual, and totally dependeth upon the fatal Disposition of the Heavens. We see some so happy in the Fortune of this Nuptial Encounter, that their Family shineth (as it were) with the radiant Effulgency of an Idea, Model or Representation of the Joys of Paradise; and perceive others again to be so unluckily match'd in the conjugal Yoak, that those very basest of Devils, which tempt the Hermits that inhabit the Deserts of *Thebais* and *Mont-ferrat*, are not more miserable than they. It is therefore expedient, seeing you are resolved for once to make a Trial of the State of Marriage, that, with shut Eyes, bowing your Head, and kissing the Ground, you put the Business to a Venture, and give it a fair Hazard, in recommending the Success of the Residue, to the Disposal of Almighty God. It lieth not in my Power to give you any other Manner of Assurance, or otherways to certify you of what shall ensue on this your Undertaking. Nevertheless, (if you think fit) this you may do: Bring hither *Virgil's Poems* (4), that after having opened

Air of such a Song, as *Raminogrobi's Rondeau*, in l. 3. c. 21. The Word *Ricochet*, as it means the Boys Sport of making Ducks and Drakes upon the Surface of the Water, by skimming on it thin Stones or Shells, which appear and disappear successively, comes, *M. L. D. C.* says, from *re* and *concha*.

(3) *I know not, &c.*] What Confusion is here, as the former Translator or Printer has manag'd it; and, indeed, in hundreds of Places, quite thro' the Book, from one End to t'other. It should run thus, *I know not*, added *Panurge* (not *Pantagruel*) *which of all your* (not my) *Answers to lay hold on. Good Reason why* (quoth *Pantagruel*) *Your Proposals are so full of ifs and buts, &c.*

(4) *Bring hither Virgil's Poems.*] In lieu of this Pagan Superstition, the French brought in another under the first Race of our Kings.

opened the Book, and with our Nails sever'd the Leaves thereof, three several times, we may according the Number agreed upon betwixt ourselves, explore the future Hap of your intended Marriage: For frequently, by a *Homerick* Lottery, have many hit upon their Destinies; as is testified in the Person of *Socrates*, who, whilst he was in Prison, hearing the Recitation of this Verse of *Homer* said of *Achilles*, in the Ninth of the *Iliads*,

Ἡμαῖ δὲ νῦν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἰθοίμεν.

We, the third Day, to fertile Pthia come.

Thereby foresaw that on the third subsequent Day he was to die: Of the Truth whereof he assured *Æschines*, (as *Plato* in *Critone*; *Cicero*, in *primo de Divinatione*; *Diogenes Laërtius*, and others, have to the full recorded in their Works.) The like is also witnessed by *Opilius Macrinus*, to whom, being desirous to know if he should be the *Roman* Emperor, besel, By chance of Lot, this Sentence in the eighth of the *Iliads*.

Ἦ γέρον, ἢ μάλα δὲ σε νέοι τέφρῃσι μαχηταί,
Σὴ δὲ εἴη λελυται, χαλεπὸν δὲ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει.

*Dotard, new Warriours urge thee to be gone:
Thy Life decays, and old Age weighs thee down.*

[In Fact, he being then somewhat ancient, had hardly enjoyed the Sovereignty of the Empire for the Space of fourteen Months, when by *Heliogabulus* (then both young and strong) he was dispossest'd thereof, thrust out of all, and killed (5).] *Brutus* also doth bear witness of ano-

Kings. They took three different Books of the Bible, the Prophets, for Example, the Gospels, and *St. Paul's* Epistles, and after placing them on an Altar, or the Shrine of some Saint, on the Opening these Books, they maturely consider'd what the Text said, which might be applicable to what they wanted to know. This Custom was abolish'd by *Louis the Debonnaire*. The Law runs in these Words, *Art. 46. of l. 4. of that Emperor's Ordinances: Ut nullus in Psalterio, vel Evangelio, vel aliis rebus sortiri præsumat, nec Divinationes aliquas observare.* To conclude, tho' *V, i, r, g, i, l*, was almost generally the Way of spelling that Word in *Politian's* Time, yet that able Critic prefers *V, e, r, g, i, l*, as agreeable to ancient Inscriptions.

(5) *Thrust out of all, and kill'd*] *M. Le Du Chat*, has nothing of what's mark'd between Bracketts []. But he says some of the latter Editions swell this Chapter with almost a Page and an half.

ther Experiment of this Nature, who willing, through this Exploratory Way by Lot, to learn what the Event and Issue should be of the *Pharsalian* Battle, wherein he perished, he casually encountred on this Verse, said of *Patroclus* in the sixteenth of the *Iliads*,

Ἄλλὰ με μοῖρ' ὀλοή, καὶ Λητοῦς ἐκτανευν υἱός.

Fate, and Latona's Son have shot me dead.

And accordingly *Apollo* was the Field-word in the dreadful Day of that Fight. Divers notable Things of old have likewise been foretold and known by casting of *Virgilian* Lots; yea, in Matters of no less Importance than the obtaining of the *Roman* Empire, as it happened to *Alexander Severus*, who trying his Fortune at the said Kind of Lottery, did hit upon this Verse, written in the Sixth of the *Æneids*,

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

Know, Roman, that thy Business is to Reign, &c.

He within very few Years thereafter was effectually and in good earnest created and installed *Roman* Emperor. A resembling Story thereto is related of *Adrian*, who being hugely perplexed within himself, out of a longing Humour to know in what Accompt he was with the Emperor *Trajan*, and how large the Measure of that Affection was, which he did bear unto him, had recourse after the Manner above specified, to the *Maronian* Lottery, which by hap-hazard tender'd him these Lines out of the Sixth of the *Æneids*,

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olive
Sacra ferens? nosco crines, incanaque menta
Regis Romani.*

But who is he, conspicuous from afar,
With Olive Boughs, that doth his Offerings bear?
By the white Hair, and Beard I know him plain,
The Roman King.

Shortly thereafter was he adopted by *Trajan*, and succeeded to him in the Empire. [Moreover (6) to the

(6) Moreover, &c.] What's mark'd between Bracketts [], is in *M. le D. C.*

Lot of the Praise-worthy Emperor *Claudius* besel this
Line of *Virgil*, written in the Sixth of his *Æneids*,

Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit æstas,

*Whilst the third Summer saw him Reign, a King
In Latium.*

And in effect he did not reign above two Years. To
the said (7) *Claudian* also, enquiring concerning his Brother
Quintilius, whom he propos'd as a Colleague with
himself in the Empire, happened the Response follow-
ing in the sixth of the *Æneids*,

Offendent terris hunc tantum fata.

— *Whom Fate let us see,*

And would no longer suffer him to be.

And it so fell out; for he was killed on the seventeenth
Day after he had attained unto the Management of the
Imperial Charge. The very same Lot also, with the
like misluck, did betide the Emperor *Gordian* the
Younger. To *Claudius Albinus*, being very solicitous to
understand somewhat of his future Adventures, did oc-
cur this Saying, which is written in the sixth of the
Æneids.

*Hic Rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
Sistet Eques, &c.*

*The Romans boiling with tumultuous Rage,
This Warriour shall the dangerous Storm assuage :
With Victories he the Carthaginian mawls,
And with strong Hand shall crush the Rebel Gauls.]*

Likewise when the Emperor *Claudius*, (8) *Aurelian's*
Predecessor, did with great Eagerness, research after the
Fate to come of his Posterity, his Hap was to alight on
this Verse in the first of the *Æneids*,

(7) *To the said Claudian*] I never heard of such an Emperor as
Claudian. The Reader will take notice that what's mark'd between
Bracketts [], is not in *M. le D. C's* Edition of *Rabelais*.

(8) *Aurelian's Predecessor.*] *Aurelian's* Predecessor (*Claudius*) must
be the same that's mentioned before, and call'd *Claudian* by Mistake.
This Predecessor of *Aurelian* did not reign quite two Years.

Hic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.

No Bounds are to be set, no Limits here.

Which was fulfilled by the goodly genealogical Row of of his Race (9) who succeeded him.

When Mr. Peter (10) Amy did in like Manner explore and make trial, if he should escape the Ambush of the *Hobgoblins*, who lay in wait all-to-bemawl him, he fell upon this Verse in the third of the *Aeneids*,

Hæu! fuge crudeles terras, fuge Littus avarum!

Oh flee the Bloody Land, the wicked Shoar.

Which Counsel he obeying, got forth with out of their Hands, safe and sound, and avoided all their Ambuscades.

Were it not to shun Prolixity, I could enumerate a thousand such like Adventures, which, conformable to the Dictate and Verdict of the Verse, have by that Manner of Lot-casting-encounter befallen to the curious Researchers of them. Do not you nevertheless imagine, lest you should be deluded, that I would upon this Kind of Fortune-flinging-Proof infer an uncontrollable, and not to be gainsaid Infallibility of Truth.

CHAP. XI.

How Pantagurel sheweth the Trial of one's Fortune by the throwing of Dice to be unlawful.

IT would be sooner done, quoth *Panurge*, and more expeditely, if we should try the Matter at the Chance of

(9) *Who succeeded him.*] I don't know of any of his Blood that succeeded him, for *Aurelian* and others that succeeded him, were most of them Foreigners.

(10) *Mr. Peter Amy.*] An intimate Friend of *Rabelais*, and like himself, a Cordelier, in 1520. About which Time, *William Budæus* wrote some Epistles in *Greek* and *Latin* to *Peter Amy*, who by the Contents of one of those Letters, appears to be even then very impatient

of three fair Dice. Quoth *Pantagruel*, that sort of *Lottery* is deceitful, abusive, illicitous, and exceeding scandalous; never trust in it; the accursed Book of the *Recreation of Dice* was a great while ago extogitated in *Achaia* near *Bourre*, by that ancient Enemy to Mankind, the infernal Calumniator, who before the Statue or Massive Image of the *Bourraic* (1) *Hercules* did of old, and doth in several Places of the World as yet, make many simple Souls to err and fall into his Snares. You know how my Father *Gargantua* hath forbidden it over all his Kingdoms and Dominions; how he hath caused to burn the Moulds and Draughts thereof, and altogether suppressed, abolished, driven forth and cast it out of the Land, as a most dangerous Plague and Infection to any well-polished State or Common wealth. What I have told you of *Dice*, I say the same of the Play at *Cockall*. It is a Lottery of the like Guile and Deceitfulness; and therefore do not, for convincing of me, alledge in Opposition to this my Opinion, or bring in the Example of the fortunate Cast of *Tiberius*, within the Fountain of *Appona* (2), at the Oracle of *Gerion* (3). These are the baited Hooks by which the Devil attracts and draweth unto him the foolish Souls of silly People into eternal Prediction.

Nevertheless to satisfy your Humour in some measure, I am content you throw three *Dice* upon this Table, that according to the Number of the Blots which shall happen to be cast up, we may hit upon a Verse of that Page, which in the setting open of the Book you shall have pitched upon.

tient to get out of the Clutches of the *Hobgoblins*, *Farsaders*, i. e. the *Cordeliers*, tho' he had been very far from consulting his Father, when he took on him the Habit of *St. Francis*. *Peter Amy*, *Rabelais* and *Budæus* had pursued the same Studies, and this latter held in high Estimation the two other, on Account of their singular Merit and great Learning.

(1) *Image of the Bourraic Hercules.*] See *Pausanias's Achaïcs*. *Leonius Thomæus* had wrote upon this Subject, even before *Rabelais*.

(2) *Appona.*] It should be *Aponus*, from the Greek *ἄρονος*, i. e. *dolore carens dict. quod morbis sine dolore remedium afferat*. A Fountain and Village in Italy (where *Liwy* was born) near *Padua*, with hot Waters good for several Diseases, says the *Cambridge Dict.*

(3) *Oracle of Gerion.*] See *Suetonius*, in the Life of *Tiberius*.

Have you any Dice in your Pockets? A whole Bagfull answered *Panurge*. That is Provision against the Devil (4), as is expounded by *Merlin Coccajus*, lib. ii. *De Patria Diabolorum*. The Devil would be sure to take me napping (5), and very much at unawares, if he should find me without Dice. With this the three Dice being taking out produced and thrown, they fell so pat upon the lower Points, that the Cast was *Five, Six and Five*. These are, quoth *Panurge*, *Sixteen* in all. Let us take the Sixteenth Line of the Page: the Number pleaseth me (6) very well; I hope we shall have a prosperous and happy Chance. May I be thrown amidst all the Devils of Hell, even as a great Bowl cast athwart at a Set of Nine-Pins, or a Cannon-ball shot among a Battalion of Foot, in Case so many Times I do not *boul* my future Wife the first Night of our Marriage. Of that, forsooth, I make no doubt at all, quoth *Pantagruel*, you needed not to have rapped forth such a horrid Imprecation, the sooner to procure Credit for the Performance of so small a Business, seeing possibly the first Bout will be *amiss*, and that you know is usually at Tennis called *Fifteen*. At the (7) next juggling Turn, you

(4) *Provision against the Devil.*] *C'est le verd du Diable*, which I should rather translate *Provision* (not *against* the Devil, but) *of the Devil's procuring*; for so I always thought a Bag of Dice to be, and so Mr. Du Chat apprehends *Rabelais* to have meant: for upon these Words, he says, that in a certain Religious Play, call'd *Our Saviour's Passion*, p. 237. *Satan* is brought in furnishing *Griffon* with the Dice, with which that Soldier was to win our Saviour's Garment.

(5) *Take me napping.*] *Me prendroit sans verd*. Take me *unprovided*, strictly, *without a green Leaf about me*: A Phrase deriv'd from a Sport in some Parts of *France*, which binds him that's taken without a green Leaf about him, to forfeit somewhat. *Rabelais* seems here not to be very clear in his Allusion.

(6) *The Number pleaseth me.*] The Commentator of the XXXIII. Decrees of Love, p. 295. of the Edition of 1546: *Horus Apollo lib. i. scribit Ægyptios cum voluptatem denotare velint, sextum decimum numerum insculpere, quod hac ætate juvenes cœundi voluptatem accipiunt.* *Pierius*, chap. xxx of the xxxviith. Book of his *Hieroglyphics*, has made the same Observation. See *Horus*, lib. i. n. 29. and 30.

(7) *At the next, &c.*] The Original only says, in the Morning, you will amend that Fault. *Au desjucher*, when the Birds come down

you may amend that Fault, and so compleat your Reckoning of *Sixteen*. Is it so, quoth *Panurge*, that you understand the Matter? and must my Words be thus interpreted? Nay, believe me, never yet was any *Solecism* committed by that valiant Champion, who often hath for me in *Belly-dale flood* Centry at the *Hypogastrian* Crany. Did you ever hitherto find me in the Confraternity of the Faulty? Never, I trow; never, nor ever shall, for ever and a Day. I do the Feat like a goodly Friar, or Father Confessor without Default: and therein am I willing to be judged by the Players. He had no sooner spoke these Words, than the Works of *Virgil* were brought in: but before the Book was laid open, *Panurge* said to *Pantagruel*, my Heart, like the (8) Furch of a Hart in Rut, doth beat within my Breast. Be pleased to feel and grope my Pulse a little on this Artery of my left Arm; at its frequent Rise and Fall you would say that they swinge and belabour me after the Manner of a Probationer posed, and put to a peremptory Trial in the Examination of his Sufficiency for the Discharge of the learned Duty of a Graduate in some eminent Degree in the College of the *Sorbonists*.

But would you not hold it expedient, before we proceeded any farther, that we should invoke *Hercules* and the *Tenetian* Goddeses, who in the Chamber of Lots are said to rule, sit in Judgment, and bear a Presidential Sway? Neither him nor them, answered *Pantagruel*, only set your Nails at work, and with them open the Leaves of the Book.

down from the Rooft or Perch (*juchoir*) whereon they rested all Night. *Marot* in his *Ballad* for *Christmas Day*:

Chantons Noël tant au soir qu'au desjucq.

It is a poetical Phrase for the Morning.

(8) *Like the Furch, &c.*] I know not what this *Furch* means. Perhaps it is *Scotch* for *Fork* (Sir *T. U.* being a *Scotchman*, as I suppose.) Then *Fork* may mean the *Horns*. However that be, the Similitude is as wide from that which *Rabelais* uses as the two Poles. He says *My Heart beats within my Breast, like the Mizzen-Sail of a Ship*. The *Mizzen*, i. e. the hindmost Sail, next the Ships Stern (for there is no Mast abaft the *Mizzen*) is continually agitated by some Wind, as the Heart of a timorous Person is by Fear.

C H A P. XII.

How Pantagruel doth explore by the Virgilian Lottery, what Fortune Panurge shall have in his Marriage.

THEN at the Opening of the Book in the Sixteenth Row of the Lines of the disclosed Page, did *Panurge* encounter upon this following Verse :

(1) *Nec Deus hunc mensa, Dea nec dignata cubili est.*

*The God him from his Table banished,
Nor would the Goddess have him in her Bed.*

This Response, quoth *Pantagruel*, maketh not very much for your Benefit or Advantage : for it plainly signifies and denoteth that your Wife shall be a Strumpet, and yourself by Consequence a *Cuckold*; the Goddess, whom you shall not find propitious nor favourable unto you, is *Minerva*, a most redoubtable and dreadful Virgin, powerful and fulminating Goddess, an Enemy to Cuckolds, and effeminate Youngsters, to Cuckold-makers, Adulterers and Adultresses : the God is *Jupiter*, a terrible and Thunder-striking God from Heaven ; and withal, it is to be remarked, that conform to the Doctrine of the ancient *Hetrurians*, the *Manubes* (for so did they call the darting Hurls, or slinging Casts of the *Vulcanin Thunderbolts*) did only appertain to her, and to *Jupiter* her Father Capital. This was verified in the Conflagration of the Ships of *Ajax Oileus*, nor doth this fulminating Power belong to any other of the *Olympic* Gods ; Men therefore stand not in such Fear of them. Moreover, I will tell you, and you may take it as extracted out of the profoundest Mysteries of Mythology, that when the Giants had enterprized the waging of a War against the Power of the Cœlestial Orbs, the Gods at first did laugh at those Attempts, and scorn'd such despicable Enemies, who were in their Conceit not strong enough

(1) *Nec Deus, &c.*] The last Verse of *Virgil*, IVth Eclogue.

to cope in Feats of Warfare with their Pages : but when they saw by the Gigantine Labour the high Hill *Pelion* set on lofty *Ossa*, and that the Mount *Olympus* was made shake, in order to be erected on the Top of both ; then did they all stand aghast.

Then was it that *Jupiter* held a Parliament, or general Convention, wherein it was unanimously resolved upon, and concluded, by all the Gods, that they should worthily and valiantly stand to their Defence. And because they had often seen Battles lost by the cumbersome Lets and disturbing Incumbrances of Women, confusedly huddled in amongst Armies, it was at that Time decreed and enacted, that they should expel and drive out of Heaven into *Egypt*, and the Confines of *Nile*, that whole Crew of Goddesses disguised in the Shapes of Weezils, Polcats, Bats, Shrew-mice, Ferrets, Fulmarts, and other such like odd Transformations, only *Minerva* was reserved to participate with *Jupiter* in the horrific fulminating Power ; as being the Goddess both of War and Learning, of Arts and Arms, of Council and Dispatch ; a Goddess armed from her Birth, a Goddess dreaded in Heaven, in the Air, by Sea and Land. By the *Belly of Saint Buff*, quoth *Panurge*, should I be *Vulcan*, whom the Poet blazons ! Nay, I am neither a Cripple, Coiner of false Money, nor Smith as he was.

My Wife possibly will be as comely and handsome as ever was his *Venus*, but not a Whore like her, nor I a Cuckold like him.

The crook-leg'd slovenly Slave, made himself to be declared a Cuckold by a definitive Sentence and Judgment, in the open View of all the Gods : for this Cause ought you to interpret the aforementioned Verse quite contrary to what you have said. This Lot importeth, that my Wife will be honest, virtuous, chaste, loyal, and faithful ; not armed, surly, wayward, cross, giddy, humorous, heady, hair-brain'd, or extracted out of Brains, as was the Goddess *Pallas* : nor shall this fair jolly *Jupiter* be my Corrival, he shall never dip (2) his Bread
in

(2) *He shall never dip, &c.*] He shall never, at my Cost, appease either his Hunger or Lecherous Thirst, by touching my Wife, tho'

in my Broth, though we should sit together at one Table.

Consider his Exploits and gallant Actions, he was the manifest Ruffian, Wencher, Whoremonger, and most infamous Cuckold-maker that ever breathed: he did always lecher it like a Boar, and no Wonder, for he was foster'd by a Sow in the Isle of *Candia* (3), (if *Agathocles* the *Babylonian* be not a Lyar) and more rammishly lascivious than a He-goat, whence it is that he is said by others, to have been suckled and fed with the Milk of the Goat *Amalthæa*. By the Virtue of *Acheron*, he stitch'd and bulled, in one Day, the third Part of the World, Beasts and People, Floods and Mountains, that was *Europa*.

For this grand subagitatory Atchievement, the *Ammonians* caused, draw, delineate, and paint him in the Figure and Shape of a *Ram*, ramming, and horned Ram. But I know well enough how to shield and preserve myself from that horned Champion: he will not, trust me, have to deal in my Person, with a fottish, dunfical *Amphytrion*; nor with a silly witlefs *Argus*, for all his hundred Spectacles; nor yet with the cowardly *Acrifus* (4),
the

we had but one Bed for us all three. *Conrad Strildiot*, in his Letter to *M. N. Ortwinus*: *Sed nunc audiui, qualiter debetis supponere uxorem Jo. Pfeff. causâ honestatis, quia est secreta & quasi honesta, & est bonum quando aliquis habet propriam in secreto, & dixit unus ad me, quod Jo. Pfeff. simul rixavit vobiscum dicens ad vos: D. Ort. ego vellem quod comederetis ex vestrâ patellâ & permetteretis me comedere ex meâ, & vos diu nonintelligistis, quia ille vir est valde subtilis, & semper loquitur ænigmaticè in proverbiiis, sed quidam amicus vester, sicut ego audiui ab aliis, exposuit nobis illa arcana verba dicens, ego vellem quod comederetis ex vestrâ patellâ, quod supponeretis vestram mulierem; & permetteretis me comedere ex meâ patellâ, i. e. non tangeretis uxorem meam, sed sineretis me eam tangere.*

(3) *Isle of Candia.*] *Rabelais* says upon *Diète* in *Candia*. See *Athenæus* lib. ix. cap. v. *Diète* is a Mountain of the Isle of *Creta* (*Candia*).

(4) *Cowardly Acrifus.*] *Hor.* lib. iii. Od. xvi.

*Si non Acrifum virginis abdita,
Custodem pavidum Jupiter & Venus
Risissent.*

Prætus and this *Acrifus*, being at War with each other invented
Bucklers

the simple Goofscap *Lycus* of *Thebes* ; the doating Block-head *Agenor* ; the phlegmatic (5) *Asopus* ; rough-footed *Lycæon* ; the luskish mishapen *Corytus* of *Tuscany* ; nor with the large-back'd and strong-rein'd *Atlas* : let him alter, change, transform, and metamorphose himself into a hundred various Shapes and Figures ; into a Swan, a Bull, a Satyr, a Shower of Gold, or into a Cuckow, as he did when he unmaiden'd his Sister *Juno* ; into an Eagle, Ram, or Dove, as when he was enamoured of the Virgin *Phœbia*, who then dwelt in the *Ægean* Territory ; into Fire, a Serpent ; yea, even into a Flea, into *Epicurean* and *Democratical* *Atomes*, or more *Magistro-nostrally*, into those sly Intentions of the Mind, which in the Schools are called *Second Notions*. I'll catch him in the Nick, and take him napping.

And would you know what I would do unto him, even that which *Saturn* did to his Father *Cælum* ; (*Seneca* foretold it of me, and *Lactantius* hath confirmed it). What the Goddess *Rhea* did to *Athys* ; I would make him two Stone lighter, rid him of his *Cyprian* Cymbals, and cut so close and neatly by his Breech, that there should not remain thereof so much as one small Hair, so cleanly would I shave him, and disable him for ever from being Pope ; for *Testiculos non habet*. Hold there, said *Pantagruel*, *Hoc*, soft and fair, my Lad, enough of that, cast up, turn over the Leaves, and try your Fortune for the second Time. Then did he fall upon this ensuing Verse.

Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis.

*His Joints and Members quake, he becomes pale,
And sudden Fear doth his cold Blood congeal.*

Bucklers and Targets (in *Fr. Pavois*.) This made *Horace* call him *Pavidus* and *Rabelais* Cowardly, *Cœüart*, not *Cornart*, Cuckoldly, as in the new Editions.

(5) *Pblegmatic Asopus*.] Not *Æsop*, as *Sir T. U.* and others have it. *Asopus* is a River in *Bœotia*, so called, some say, on account of the extreme Muddiness thereof. Now as a muddy Bottom is a Sign of a River's very slow and calm Current, *Rabelais* gives the Epithet of *Pblegmatic* to this River, which has been made a King of by the Poets and other Fabulous Writers.

This

This importeth, quoth *Pantagruel*, that she will soundly bang your Back and Belly. Clean and quite contrary, answered *Panurge*, it is of me that he prognosticates, in saying that I will beat her like a Tyger, if she vex me. Sir *Martin Wagstaff* will perform that Office, and in default of a Cudgel, the Devil gulp me, if I should not eat her up quick, as *Candaules* the *Lydian* King did his Wife, whom he ravened and devoured.

You are very stout, says *Pantagruel*, and courageous; *Hercules* himself durst hardly adventure to scuffle with you in this your raging Fury: nor is it strange; for (6) a *Jan* is worth two; and two in fight against *Hercules* are too strong. Am I a *Jan*? quoth *Panurge*. No, no, answered *Pantagruel*, my Mind was only running upon Lurch and Tricktrack. Thereafter did he hit at the third opening of the Book, upon this Verse:

Femineo Prædæ & spoliis ardebat amore.

*After the Spoil and Pillage, as in Fire,
He burnt with a strong Feminine Desire.*

This portendeth, quoth *Pantagruel*, that she will steal your Goods, and rob you. Hence this, according to these three drawn Lots, will be your future Destiny, (I clearly see it) you will be a Cuckold, you will be beaten, and you will be robbed. Nay, it is quite otherways, quoth *Panurge*, for it is certain that this Verse presageth, that she will love me with a perfect Liking, nor did the Satyr-writing Poet lye in Proof hereof, when he affirmed, That a *Woman burning with extream Affection, takes sometimes pleasure to steal from her Sweetheart*. And what I pray you? A Glove, a Point, or some such trifling Toy of no Importance, to make him keep a gentle kind of stirring in the Research and Quest thereof: in like Manner these small scolding Debates, and petty brabbling Contentions, which frequently we see spring up, and for a certain Space boil very hot betwixt a Couple of high-spirited Lovers, are nothing else but recreative Diversions for their Refreshment, Spurs

(6) *A Jan.*] *Cotgrave* says *Jan* is *French* for a Cuckold,

to, and Incentives of a more fervent Amity than ever. As for Example: We do sometimes see Cutlers with Hammers mawl their finest Whetstones, therewith to sharpen their Iron Tools the better.

And therefore do I think, that these three Lots make much for my Advantage; which if not, I from their Sentence totally *appeal*. There is no *Appealing*, quoth *Pantagruel*, from the Decrees of Fate or Destiny, of Lot, or Chance: as is recorded by our ancient Lawyers, witness *Baldus*, *Lib. ult. Cap. de Leg.* The Reason hereof is, Fortune doth not acknowledge a Superior, to whom an Appeal may be made from her, or any of her Substitutes. And in this Case the *Pupil* cannot be restored to his Right in full, as openly by the said Author is alledged in *L. dit. Prætor §. ult. ff. de minor.*

C H A P. XIII.

How Pantagruel adviseth Panurge to try the future Good or bad Luck of his Marriage by Dreams.

NOW seeing we cannot agree together in the Manner of expounding or interpreting the Sense of the *Virgilian* Lots, let us bend our Course another Way, and try a new Sort of *Divination*. Of what Kind, asked *Panurge*. Of a good, ancient, and authentic Fashion, answered *Pantagruel*, it is by *Dreams*: For in Dreaming, such Circumstances and Conditions being thereto adhibited, as were clearly enough described by *Hippocrates*, in *Lib. περὶ τῶν ἐνυπνίων*, by *Plato*, *Plotin*, *Iamblicus*, *Synefius*, *Aristotle*, *Xenophon*, *Galen*, *Plutarch*, *Artemidorus*, *Daldianus*, *Herophilus*, and others, the Soul doth often times foresee what is to come.

How true this is, you may conceive by a very vulgar and familiar Example; as when you see that at such a Time as sucking Babes, well nourished, fed and fostred with good Milk, sleep soundly and profoundly, the Nurses in the Interim get leave to sport themselves, and
are

are licentiated to recreate their Fancies at what Range to them shall seem most fitting and expedient; their Presence, Sedulity and Attendance on the Cradle being, during all that Space, held unnecessary.

Even just so, when our Body is at rest, that the Concoction is every where accomplished, and that, till it awake, it lacks for nothing, our Soul delighteth to disport itself, and is well-pleased in that Frolick to take a Review of it's native Country, which is the Heavens, where it receiveth a most notable Participation of it's first Beginning, with an Imbuement from it's divine Source, and in Contemplation of that infinite and intellectual Sphere, whereof the Center is every where, and the Circumference in no Place of the universal World, to wit, God, according to the Doctrine of *Hermes Trismegistus*, to whom no new Thing happeneth, whom nothing that is past escapeth, and unto whom all Things are alike present, remarketh not only what is *preterit*, and gone in the inferiour Course and Agitation of sub-lunary Matters, but withal taketh notice what is to come, then bringeth a Relation of those future Events unto the Body by the outward Senses and exterior Organs, it is divulged abroad unto the Hearing of others. Whereupon the Owner of that Soul deserveth to be termed a *Vaticinator*, or Prophet.

Nevertheless, the Truth is, that the Soul is seldom able to report those Things in such Sincerity as it hath seen them, by Reason of the Imperfection and Frailty of the corporeal Senses, which obstruct the effectuating of that Office; even as the Moon doth not communicate unto this Earth of ours, that Light which she receiveth from the Sun with so much Splendor, Heat, Vigour, Purity and Liveliness as it was given her. Hence it is requisite for the better Reading, Explaining and Unfolding of these *Somniatory Vaticinations* and Predictions of that Nature, that a dexterous, learned, skilful, wise, industrious, expert, rational and peremptory Expounder or Interpreter be pitched upon, such a one as by the *Greeks* is called *Onirocritic*, or (1) *Oniropolist*.

(1) *Oniropolist*,] From 'Ονειρος *Somnium* & Πολέω *Verbo*.

For this Cause *Heraclitus* was wont to say, that nothing is by Dreams revealed to us, that nothing is by Dreams concealed from us, and that only we thereby have a myſtical Signification and ſecret Evidence of Things to come, either for our own prosperous or unlucky Fortune, or for the favourable or diſaſtrous Succeſs of another. The ſacred Scriptures teſtify no leſs, and profane Hiſtories aſſure us of it, in both which are expoſed to our View a thouſand ſeveral Kinds of ſtrange Adventures, which have fallen pat according to the Nature of the Dream, and that as well to the Party Dreamer as to others. The *Atlantic* (2) People, and thoſe that inhabit the Land of *Thaſos* (one of the *Cyclades*) are of this grand Commodity deprived; for in their Countries none yet ever dreamed. Of this Sort *Cleon* of *Daulia*, (3) *Thraſymedes*, and in our Days the learned *Frenchman* (4) *Villanovanus*, neither of all which knew what Dreaming was.

Fail not therefore to-morrow, when the jolly and fair *Aurora* with her roſy Fingers draweth aſide the Curtains of the Night, to drive away the ſable Shades of Darkneſs, to bend your Spirits wholly to the Task of ſleeping ſound, and thereto apply your ſelf. In the mean while you muſt denude your Mind of every human Paſſion or Affection, ſuch as are Love and Hatred, Fear and Hope; for as of old the great Vaticinator, moſt famous and renowned Prophet *Proteus*, (5) was not able in his Diſguiſe or Transformation into Fire, Water, a Tyger, a Dragon, and other ſuch like uncouth Shapes and Viſors to preſage any thing that was to come, till he was re-

(2) *Atlantic.*] See *Herodotus*, l. iv. and *Pliny*, l. v. c. viii.

(3) *Thraſymedes.*] See *Plutarch*, in his Treatiſe of the Ceſſation of Oracles.

(4) *Villanovanus.*] *Arnauld de Velleneuve*. It is not certain, that he was a *Frenchman*, but *Rabelais*, to do Honour to *France*, will have it, with ſome others, that this Phyſician and Philoſopher was born at *Villeneuve* in the *Narbonneſe Gaul*, and that he took his Name therefrom. I know not how the Author came by his Information that *Villanovanus* never had any Dream. Perhaps *Villanovanus* ſays ſo himſelf in the Treatiſe of Dreams aſcribed to him by *J. Bullart* in his Academy of Sciences, &c.

(5) *Proteus.*] See lib. iv. of the *Odyſſies*.

stored to his own first natural and kindly Form : Just so doth Man ; for at his Reception of the Art of Divination, and Faculty of prognosticating future Things, that part in him which is the most divine, (to wit, the *vous*, or *Mens*) must be calm, peaceable, untroubled, quiet, still, hush'd, and not imbusied or distracted with foreign Soul-disturbing Perturbations. I am content, quoth *Panurge*. But I pray you, Sir, must I this Evening, e're I go to Bed, eat much or little ? I do not ask this without Cause : For if I sup not well, large, round and amply, my sleeping is not worth a Turnep ; all the Night long I then but doze and rave, and in my slumbering Fits talk idle Nonsense, my Thoughts being in a dull brown Study, and as deep in their Dumps as is my Belly hollow.

Not to sup, answered *Pantagruel*, were best for you, considering the State of your Complexion, and healthy Constitution of your Body. A certain very ancient Prophet named *Amphiaraus*, wished such as had a mind by Dreams to be imbued with any Oracles, for four and twenty Hours to taste no Victuals, and to abstain from Wine (6) three Days together ; yet shall not you be put to such a sharp, hard, rigorous and extream sparing Diet.

I am truly right apt to believe, that a Man whose Stomach is repleat with various Cheer, and in a manner surfeited with Drinking, is hardly able to conceive aright of spiritual Things ; yet am not I of the Opinion of those, who after long and pertinacious Fastings, think by such means to enter more profoundly into the Speculation of celestial Mysteries. You may very well remember how my Father *Gargantua* (whom here for Honour Sake I name,) hath often told us, that the Writings of abstinent, abstemious, and long-fasting *Hermits*, were every whit as saltless, dry, jejune and insipid, as were their Bodies when they did compose them. It is a most difficult thing for the Spirits to be in a good plight, serene and lively, when there is nothing in the Body but a Kind of Voidness and Inanity : Seeing the

(6) *Three Days.*] See *Philostrophus*, l. ii. c. xi. of *Apollonius's* Life.

Philosophers with the Physicians jointly affirm, that the Spirits which are stiled *animal*, spring from, and have their constant Practice in, and through the *arterial Blood*, refin'd and purify'd to the Life within the *admirable Net*, which wonderfully framed lieth under the *Ventricles* and Tunnels of the Brain. He gave us also the Example of the Philosopher, who, when he thought most seriously to have withdrawn himself unto a solitary Privacy, far from the rustling Clutterments of the tumultuous and confused World, the better to improve his *Theory*, to contrive, comment (7) and ratiocinate, was, notwithstanding his uttermost Endeavours to free himself from all untoward Noises, surrounded and environ'd about so with the barking of Curs, howling of Wolves, neighing of Horses, bleating of Sheep, (8) barring of Elephants, hissing of Serpents, braying of Asses, chirping of Grasshoppers, cooing of Turtles, prating of Parrots, tatling of Jackdaws, grunting of Swine, girning of Boars, yelping of Foxes, mewwing of Cats, cheeping of Mice, squeaking of Weasils, croaking of Frogs, crowing of Cocks, kekling of Hens, calling of Partridges, chanting of Swans, chattering of Jays, pieping of Chickens, singing of Larks, cackling of Geese, chattering of Swallows, clucking of Moorfowls, cucking of Cuckows, bumbling of Bees, ram-mage of Hawks, chirming of Linots, croaking of Ravens, screeching of Owls, whicking of Pigs, gusking of Hogs, curring of Pigeons, grumbling of Cushet-doves, howling of Panthers, curkling of Quails, chirping of Sparrows, crackling of Crows, nuzzing of Camels, wheening of Whelps, buzzing of Dromedaries, mumbling of Rabets, cricking of Ferrets, humming of Wasps, mioling of Tygers, bruzzing of Bears, sussing of Kitnings, clamring of Scarfes, whimpring of Fullmarts, boing of Buffalos, warbling of Nightingales, quavering of Meavises, drintling

(7) *Comment.*] This is indeed the Word *Rabelais* uses, but the new Editions have it *contempler* (to contemplate,) not *commenter* (to comment.)

(8) *Barring of Elephants.*] *John Kalb*, or *Calf*, l. ii. of the *Epistles Obsc.* *Virg.* speaking of an Elephant, which out of Reverence to the Pope his Master, wou'd *Barr*, i. e. *Bray*, and bend the Knee before his Holiness; says, *Et quando vidit Papam, tunc gemiculavit, & dixit cum terribili voce, bar, bar, bar.*

of

of *Turkies*, coniating of *Storks*, frantling of *Peacocks*, clattering of *Magpies*, murmuring of *Stock-doves*, crouting of *Carmorants*, cigling of *Locusts*, charming of *Beagles*, guarring of *Puppies*, snarling of *Messens*, rantling of *Rats*, guerieting of *Apes*, snuttering of *Monkies*, pioling of *Pelicanes*, quecking of *Ducks*, yelling of *Wolves*, roaring of *Lions*, neighing of *Horses*, crying of *Elephants*, hissing of *Serpents*, and wailing of (9) *Turtles*, that he was much more troubled, than if he had been in the middle of the Crowd at the Fair of *Fontenay* or *Niort*.

Just so is it with those who are tormented with the grievous Pangs of Hunger ; the Stomach begins to gnaw (and bark as it were) the Eyes to look dim, and the Veins, by greedily sucking some Refection to themselves from the proper Substance of all the Members of a fleshly Consistence, violently pull down and draw back that vagrant, roaming Spirit, careless and neglecting of his Nurse and natural Host, which is the Body. As when a Hawk upon the Fift, willing to take her Flight by a soaring aloft into the open spacious Air, is on a sudden drawn back by a Leash tied to her Feet.

To this Purpose also did he alledge unto us the Authority of *Homer*, the Father of all Philosophy, who said, that the *Grecians* did not put an end to their mournful Mood for the Death of *Patroclus*, the most intimate Friend of *Achilles*, till Hunger in a Rage declared herself, and their Bellies protested to furnish no more Tears unto their Grief. For from Bodies emptied and macerated by long Fasting, there could not be such supply of Moisture and brackish Drops, as might be proper on that Occasion.

Mediocrity at all times is commendable ; nor in this Case are you to abandon it. You may take a little Supper, but thereat must you not eat of a (10) *Hare*, nor of any other Flesh : You are likewise to abstain from Beans ; from the *Preak*, (by some called the *Polyp*) as
also

(9) *Wailing of Turtles.*] What's in *Italick* is not in the Original.

(10) *A Hare, &c.*] *John de la Bruyere Champiar*, l. xiii. chap. xxiv. of his *de re Cibaria* : *Cato ille celebratissimus familiam brassica, as-leporina (teste Plutarcho) alebat, unde somnia varia tumultuosaque continebant.* *Pythagoras* said as much of Beans. The same *la Bruyere*,

also from Coleworts, Cabbage, and all other such like windy Victuals, which may endanger the troubling of your Brains, and the dimning or casting a Kind of Mist over your animal Spirits: For as a Looking-glass cannot exhibit the Semblance or Representation of the Object set before it, and exposed, to have it's Image to the Life expressed, if that the polish'd Sleekedness thereof be darken'd by gross Breathings, dampish Vapours, and foggy, thick, infectious Exhalations; even so the Fancy cannot well receive the Impression of the Likeness of those Things, which *Divination* doth afford by Dreams, if any Way the Body be annoyed or troubled with the fumiſh Steam of Meat, which it had taken in a while before; because betwixt these two there still hath been a mutual Sympathy and Fellow-feeling, of an indissolubly-knit Affection. You shall eat good (11) *Eusebian* and Bergamot-Pears, one Apple of the short-shank Pepin-kind, a Parcel of the little (12) Plums of *Tours*, and some few Cherries of the Growth of my Orchard: Nor shall you need to fear, that thereupon will ensue droubtful Dreams, fallacious, uncertain, and not to be trusted to; as by some *Peripatetic* Philosophers hath been related; for that, say they, Men do more copiously in the Season of Harvest feed on Fruitages, than at any other time. The same is mystically taught us by the ancient Prophets and Poets, who alledge, *That all vain and deceitful Dreams lie hid and in covert under the Leaves which are spread on the Ground*: by Reason that the Leaves fall from the Trees, in the autumnal Quarter: for the natural Fervour, which abounding in ripe, fresh, recent Fruits, cometh by the Quickness of

Bruyere, l. vii. ch. ii. *Pythagoram illum primum Philosophum à fabarum esu omnino abstinuisse, multorum monumentis traditur: quod videlicet sensus obtundi eo cibo existimaret, somno & sopitis tumultuosa somnia excutari & mentem quoque variè perturbari.*

(11) *Eusebian*.] It should be *Crustumian*, or *Crustumenian*, or *bon chretien* Pears, tho' *Rabelais* calls them *Apples*, by Mistake surely, as Sir T. U. does *Eusebian* Pears.

(12) *Plums of Tours*] Damsons. There are black, red and violet colour'd ones, *John de la Bruyere Champier*. l. xi. c. xiv. of his *de re Cibariâ*: *Damascena Turonica Gallis acceptissima & laudatissima, quorum aliqua nigra sunt, alia rubent, alia violacea cernuntur. Deportantur siccata in omnem ferè Galliam.*

it's Ebullition, to be with Ease evaporated into the animal Parts of the dreaming Person (the Experiment is obvious in *most*) is a pretty while before it be expired, dissolved and evanished. As for your Drink, you are to have it of the pure, fair Water of my Fountain (13).

The Condition, quoth *Panurge*, is somewhat hard: nevertheless, cost what Price it will, or whatsoever come of it, I heartily condescend thereto; protesting, that I will to morrow break my Fast betimes, after my somniatory Exercitations; furthermore, I recommend myself to *Homer's* two Gates, to *Morpheus*, to *Iselon*, to *Phantasus*, and unto *Phobetor*. If they in this my great Need succour me, and grant me that Assistance which is fitting, I will in honour of them all, erect a jolly, genteel Altar, composed of the softest Down. [*If* (14) *I were now in Laconia, in the Temple of Juno, betwixt Oetile and Thalamis, she suddenly would disintangle my Perplexity, resolve me of my Doubts, and chear me up with fair and jovial Dreams in a deep Sleep.*] Then did he say thus unto *Pantagruel*: Sir, were it not expedient for my Purpose, to put a Branch or two of curious *Laurel* betwixt the Quilt and Bolster of my Bed, under the Pillow on which my Head must lean? There is no need at all of that, quoth *Pantagruel*, for besides that it is a Thing very superstitious, the Cheat thereof hath been at large discovered unto us, in the Writings of *Serapion*, *Ascalonites*, *Antiphon*, *Philochorus*, *Artemon*, and *Fulgentius Planciades*. I could say as much to you of (15) the left Shoulder of a Crocodile, as also of a Camelion, without Prejudice be it spoken to the Credit which is due to the Opinion of (16) old *Democritus*; and likewise of the Stone of the *Bactrians*, called (17)

(13) *Fair Water of my Fountain.*] Probably *Fontaine-bleau* (i. e. *bell eau*, corruptly *bleau*) a Hamlet so call'd, as is commonly suppos'd, on account of the great Number of fine Springs of Water running thro' it, in all Parts. See *Du Chesne's* Antiquities of *Meslin*.

(14) *If &c.*] What's in *Italic*, is not in *D. C's Rabelais*.

(15) *The left Shoulder, &c.*] See *Pliny*, l. xxviii. c. viii.

(16) *Old Democritus.*] See *Pliny* in the same Place, and *Aulus Gellius*, l. x. ch. xii.

(17) *Eumetrides.*] See *Pliny*, l. xxxvii. ch. x.

Eumetrides, and of the (18) *Hammonian Horn*: for so by the *Æthiopians* is termed a certain precious Stone, coloured like Gold, and in the Fashion, Shape, Form, and Proportion of a Ram's Horn, as the Horn of *Jupiter Hammon* is reported to have been: they over and above assuredly affirming, that the Dreams of those who carry it about them are no less veritable and infallible, than the Truth of the divine Oracles. Nor is this much unlike to what *Homer* and *Virgil* wrote of these two *Gates of Sleep*: to which you have been pleased to recommend the Management of what you have in hand. The one is of *Ivory*, which letteth in confused, doubtful, and uncertain Dreams; for thro' *Ivory*, how small and slender it soever be, we can see nothing, the Density, Opacity, and close Compactedness of it's material Parts, hindering the Penetration of the visual Rays, and the Reception of the Specieſſes of such Things as are visible: the other is of *Horn*, at which an Entry is made to sure and certain Dreams, even as through *Horn*, by Reason of the diaphanous Splendor, and bright Transparency thereof, the Species of all Objects of the Sight distinctly pass, and so without Confusion appear, that they are clearly seen. Your meaning is, and you would thereby inter, quoth *Friar John*, that the Dreams of all horned Cuckolds (of which Number *Panurge*, by the Help of God, and his future Wife, is without Controversy to be one) are always true and infallible.

C H A P. XIV.

Panurge's Dream, with the Interpretation thereof.

AT Seven o'Clock of the next following Morning, *Panurge* did not fail to present himself before *Panagruel*, in whose Chamber were at that time *Epistemon*,

(18) *Hammonian Horn*, or *Horn of Hammon*.] See *Pliny* in the same Place.

Friar *John of the Funnels*, *Ponocrates*, *Eudemon*, *Carpalim*, and others, to whom, at the Entry of *Panurge*, *Pantagruel* said, *Lo, here cometh our Dreamer*. That Word, quoth *Epistemon*, in ancient Times cost very much, and was dearly sold to the Children of *Jacob*. Then, said *Panurge*, I have been plunged into my Dumps so deeply, as if I had been lodged with Gaffer *Noddy-cap*: dreamed indeed I have, and that right lustily; but I could take along with me no more thereof, that I did goodly understand, save only, that I in my Vision had a pretty, fair, young, gallant, handsome Woman, who no less lovingly and kindly treated and entertained me, hug'd, cherish'd, cocker'd, dandled, and made much of me, as if I had been another neat dillidarling Minion, like *Adonis*: never was Man more glad than I was then: my Joy at that time was incomparable; she flattered me, tickled me, stroaked me, groped me, frizled me, curled me, kissed me, embraced me, laid her Hands about my Neck, and now and then made, jestingly, pretty little Horns above my Forehead: I told her in the like Disport, as I did play the Fool with her, that she should rather place and fix them in a little below mine Eyes, that I might see the better what I should stick at with them: for being so situated, (1) *Momus* then would find no Fault therewith, as he did once with the Position of the Horns of Bulls. The wanton, toying Girl, notwithstanding any Remonstrance of mine to the contrary, did always drive and thrust them further in: yet thereby (which to me seemed wonderful) she did not do me any hurt at all. A little after, though I know not how, I thought I was transform'd into a *Tabor* or Drum, and she into a *Chough* or *Madge-bowlet*.

My sleeping there being interrupted, I awaked in a start, angry, displeased, perplexed, chafing, and very wroth. There have you a large Platter full of Dreams, make thereupon good Chear, and, if you please, spare not to interpret them according to the Understanding

(1) *Momus*.] See *Aristotle, de partibus Animalium*, and *Lucian's Nigrinus*.

which you may have in them. Come (2) *Carpalim*, let us to Breakfast. To my Sense and Meaning, quoth *Pantagruel*, if I have Skill or Knowledge in the Art of Divination by Dreams, your Wife will not really, and to the outward Appearance of the World, plant, or set Horns, and stick them fast in your Forehead, after a visible Manner, as Satyrs use to wear and carry them; but she will be so far from preserving herself loyal in the Discharge and Observance of a conjugal Duty, that on the contrary she will violate her plighted Faith, break her Marriage Oath, infringe all matrimonial Tyes, prostitute her Body to the Dalliance of other Men, and so make you a Cuckold. This Point is clearly and manifestly explained and (3) expounded by *Artemidorus*, just as I have related it. Nor will there be any Metamorphosis, or Transmutation made of you into a *Drum* or *Tabor*, but you will surely be as soundly beaten, as e'er was *Tabor* at a merry Wedding: nor yet will she be changed into a *Chough*, or *Madge-bowlet*, but will steal from you, chiefly in the Night, as is the Nature of that thievish Bird. Hereby may you perceive your *Dreams* to be in every Jot conform and agreeable to the *Virgilian* Lots: a Cuckold you will be, beaten and robbed. Then cried out Friar *John* with a loud Voice, He tells the Truth upon my Conscience, thou wilt be a Cuckold, an honest one, I warrant thee; O the brave Horns that will be borne by thee! Ha, ha, ha. Our good Master *de Cornibus* (4), God save thee, and shield

(2) *Carpalim*.] It is in some Editions, Monsieur Master *Carpalim*. He might be some Counsellor of a Sovereign or supreme Court.

(3) *Expounded by Artemidorus*.] *Memini me apud Artemidorum antiquum auctorem legisse, eum qui somniarit arietem ad se venire, futurum esse ut ejus uxor mæchetur*, says the *Scaligerana*, at the Word *Cornard*, i. e. Cuckold. Which is tantamount to the Note made by the Abbot *Guyet*, in the Margin of his *Rabelais* here, that *Artemidorus* says, *Who dreams of Horns will be a Cuckold*.

(4) Our good Master *de Cornibus*.] Not *De Cornelius*, as Sir *T. U.* has it. It is the Latin Name of a *Franciscan* Friar, otherwise call'd *Peter Cornu*, or *Corne*. He was a Doctor of *Paris*, and Contemporary with *Rabelais*, who, for what he says of this Man, did not deserve, any more than *Joachim de Bellay* (who likewise speaks of him in his *Patrimachia*) to be call'd a Libertine, as they both are by

shield thee; Wilt thou be pleased to preach but two Words of a Sermon to us, and I will go through the Parish-Church to gather up Alms for the Poor.

You are, quoth *Panurge*, very far mistaken in your Interpretation; for the Matter is quite contrary to your Sense thereof; my Dream presageth, that I shall by Marriage be stored with Plenty of all manner of Goods, the hornifying of me shewing, that I shall possess a *Cornucopia*, that *Amalthæan* Horn, which is called, *The Horn of Abundance*, whereof the Fruition did still portend the Wealth of the Enjoyer. You possibly will say, that they are rather like to be Satyr's Horns; for you of these did make some mention. *Amen, Amen, (5) Fiat, fiat, ad Differentiam Papæ.* Thus shall I have my *Touch-her-home* still ready; (6) my *Staff of Love* sempiternally in a good Case, will, Satyr-like, be never toiled out; a Thing which all Men wish for, and send up their Prayers to that Purpose, but such a Thing as nevertheless is granted but to a few; hence doth it follow by a Consequence as clear as the Sun-beams, that I shall never be in the Danger of being made a Cuckold; for the Defect hereof is, *Causa sine qua non*; yea, the sole

by *Moreri* upon this Account (*at the Word Cornu.*) This Mr. Horne dy'd at *Paris*, in 1542, and the same Year came out a Collection of Epitaphs upon him, one of which runs thus,

*Must we, alas! O Doctor optime,
Must we lose you hinc temporibus?
In our great Necessity, Doctoregogie,
You do leave us plenos mæroribus.*

See more in *Naudæus* and *La Caille*.

(5) *Fiat, fiat, ad differentiam Papæ.*] This in the former Translation runs *Fiat, fiat*, which is all wrong. *Siat* is no Word at all: neither should it be *Fiat* twice; but *Fiatur*, after the first *Fiat*. Because, as *M. D. C.* observes, *Panurge* at first says *Fiat*, a Word used by the Pope at the Bottom of such Petitions as he vouchsafes to give a favourable Answer to. But then *Rabelais* corrects himself, out of pure Respectfulness, and says *Fiatur*, in the *Macaronic* Style. *Merlin Cocaye Macaronic. 4. Supplicat ut præstum, præstum vindicta fiat.*

(6) *My Staff of Love, &c.*] *Le Violet en point.* *My Lance coucht.* *Violet* (tho' it signifies many Things, and among the rest a Man's Peace-Maker) has all the Air of a small Lanée, and may not improperly be derived from *Veru* (a Spit in *Latin*) or *Verou* a small Dart in the *Languedochian* Dialect.

Cause

Cause (as many think) of making Husbands Cuckolds. What makes poor scoundrel Rogues to beg, I pray you? Is it not because they have not enough at home, wherewith to fill their Bellies and their Poaks. What is it makes the Wolves to leave the Woods? Is it not the Want of Flesh Meat? What maketh Women Whores? You understand me well enough. And herein I submit my Opinion to the Judgment of learned Lawyers, Presidents, Counsellors, Advocates, Procurers, Attorneys, and other Glossers and Commentators on the venerable Rubric, *De Frigidis, & Maleficiatis*. You are in truth, Sir, as it seems to me (excuse my Boldness if I have erred or transgressed) in a most palpable and absurd Error, to attribute my Horns to Cuckoldry: *Diana* wears them on her Head after the Manner of a *Crescent*, is she a *Cucquean* for that? How the Devil can she be cuckolded, who never yet was married? Speak somewhat more correctly, I beseech you, lest she being offended, furnish you with a Pair of Horns, shapen by the Pattern of those which she made for *Actæon*. The goodly *Bacchus* also carries Horns; *Pan*, *Jupiter Hammon*, with a great many others, are they all Cuckolds? If *Jove* be a Cuckold, *Juno* is a Whore: this follows by the Figure *Metalepsis*: As to call a Child in the Presence of his Father and Mother, (7) a Bastard, or Whore's Son, is tacitly and under-board, no less than if he had said openly, the Father is a Cuckold, and his Wife a Punk. Let our Discourse come nearer to the Purpose: The Horns that my Wife did make me are Horns of Abundance, planted and grafted in my Head for the Increase and Shooting up of all good Things: this will I affirm for Truth, upon my Word, and pawn my Faith and Credit both upon it; as for the rest, I will be no less joyful, frolick, glad, cheerful, merry, jolly, and gamesome, than a well-bended *Tabor* in the Hands of a good Drummer, at a Nuptial Feast, still making a Noise, still rowling, still buzzing and cracking. Believe me, Sir, in that consisteth none of my least good Fortunes. And my Wife will be jocund, feat, compt, neat, quaint, dainty, trim, trick'd

(7) *A Bastard.*] *Avoistre*, an old French Word for a Child got in *Avouerie* (as *Chaucer* calls it) i. e. *Adultery*.

up, brisk, smirk and smug, even as a pretty little *Cornish Chough*: who will not believe this, let *Hell* or the *Gallows* be the Burden of his *Christmas Carol*.

I remark, quoth *Pantagruel*, the last Point or Particle which you did speak of, and having seriously conferred it with the first, find that at the Beginning you were delighted with the Sweetness of your Dream; but in the End and final Closure of it you startlingly awaked, and on a sudden, were forthwith vexed in Choler, and annoyed. Yea, quoth *Panurge*, the Reason of that was, because I had fasted too long. Flatter not yourself, quoth *Pantagruel*, all will go to ruin: know for a certain Truth, that every Sleep that endeth with a Starting, and leaves the Person irksome, grieved, and fretting, doth either signify a present Evil, or otherways presageth, or portendeth a future imminent Mishap: To signify an Evil, that is to say, to shew some Sicknes hardly curable, a kind of pestilentious, or malignant Bile, Botch or Sore, lying and lurking, hid, occult, and latent within the very Center of the Body, which many times doth, by the means of Sleep, (whose Nature is to reinforce and strengthen the Faculty and Vertue of Concoction) begin according to the Theorems of Physic to declare itself, and moves toward the outward Superficies. At this sad stirring is the Sleeper's Rest and Ease disturbed and broken, whereof the first feeling and stinging Smart admonisheth, that he must patiently endure great Pain and Trouble, and thereunto provide some Remedy: as when we say proverbially to incense Hornets, to move a stinking Puddle, and to awake a sleeping Lion, instead of these more usual Expressions, and of a more familiar and plain Meaning, to provoke angry Persons, to make a Thing the worse by meddling with it, and to irritate a testy cholerick Man when he is at quiet. On the other Part, to presage or foretel an Evil, especially in what concerneth the Exploits of the Soul, in Matter of *Somnial Divinations*, is as much as to say, as that it giveth us to understand, that some dismal Fortune or Mischance is destinated and prepared for us, which shortly will not fail to come to pass. A clear and evident Example hereof is to be found in the Dream, and dreadful awaking of *Hecuba*, as likewise in that of *Euridice*,

Euridice, the Wife of *Orpheus*, neither of which was no sooner finished, saith *Ennius*, but that incontinently thereafter they awaked in a Start, and were affrighted horribly; thereupon these Accidents ensued, *Hecuba* had her Husband *Priamus*, together with her Children, slain before her Eyes, and saw then the Destruction of her Country; and *Euridice* died speedily thereafter, in a most miserable Manner. *Aeneas* dreaming that he spoke to *Hector* a little after his Decease, did on a sudden in a great Start awake, and was afraid: now hereupon did follow this Event; *Troy* that same Night was spoil'd, sack'd and burnt. At another Time the same *Aeneas*, dreaming that he saw his familiar *Geniuses* and *Penates*, in a ghastly Fright and Astonishment awaked, of which Terror and Amazement the Issue was, that the very next Day subsequent, by a most horrible Tempest on the Sea, he was like to have perished, and been cast away. [Moreover (8), *Turnus* being prompted, instigated, and stirred up, by the fantastic Vision of an infernal Fury, to enter into a bloody War against *Aeneas*, awaked in a Start, much troubled and disquieted in Spirit, in sequel whereof, after many notable and famous Routs, Defeats and Discomfitures in open Field, he came at last to be killed in a single Combat, by the said *Aeneas*. A thousand other Instances I could afford, if it were needful, of this Matter.] Whilst I relate these Stories of *Aeneas*, remark the Saying of *Fabius Pictor*, who faithfully averred, that nothing had at any Time befallen unto, was done, or enterprized by him, whereof he *previously* had not notice, and before-hand foreseen it to the full, by sure Predictions, altogether founded on the Oracles of *Somnial Divination*. To this there is no Want of pregnant Reasons, no more than of Examples: for if Repose and Rest in Sleeping be a special Gift and Favour of the Gods, as is maintained by the Philosophers, and by the Poet attested (9) in these Lines:

(8) *Moreover Turnus.* What's between these Marks [] is not in *M. D. C's Rabelais*.

(9) *Attested.* Virg. *Aeneid*. II.

Tempuserat quo prima quies, &c.

*Then Sleep, that heavenly Gift, came to refresh,
Of humane Labourers, the wearied Flesh.*

Such a Gift of Benefit can never finish or terminate in Wrath and Indignation, without portending some unlucky Fate, and most disastrous Fortune to ensue; other-ways it were a Molestation, and not an Ease; a Scourge and not a Gift, at least, proceeding from the Gods above, but from the infernal Devils our Enemies, according to the common vulgar Saying; *εχθρῶν ἀδωρα δῶρα.*

Suppose the Lord, Father, or Master of a Family, sitting at a very sumptuous Dinner, furnished with all manner of good Cheer, and having at his Entry to the Table his Appetite sharp set upon his Victuals, whereof there was great Plenty, should be seen rise in a Start, and on a sudden sling out of his Chair, abandoning his Meat, frightened, appalled, and in a horrid Terror, who should not know the Cause hereof would wonder, and be astonished exceedingly: but what? he heard his Male Servants cry, *Fire, fire, fire, fire*; his Serving Maids and Women yell, *Stop Thief, stop Thief*; and all his Children shout as loud as ever they could, *Murder, Murder, Murder*. Then was it not high Time for him to leave his Banqueting, for Application of a Remedy in haste, and to give speedy Order for succouring of his distressed Household? Truly, I remember, that the *Cabalists* and *Massorets*, Interpreters of the Sacred Scriptures, in treating how with Verity one might judge of Angelical Apparitions, (because oftentimes the *Angel* of *Satan* is disguised and transfigured into an *Angel* of Light) said, that the Difference of these two mainly did consist in this: the favourable and comforting *Angel* useth in his appearing unto Man at first to terrify and hugely affright him; but in the End he bringeth Consolation, leaveth the Person who hath seen him, joyful, well pleased, fully content, and satisfied: on the other side, the *Angel* of Perdition, that wicked, devilish, and malignant Spirit, at his Appearance unto any Person, in the Beginning cheereth up the Heart of his Beholder, but at last forsakes him, and leaves him troubled, angry, and perplexed.

C H A P. XV.

Panurge's Excuse and Exposition of the Monastic Mystery concerning Pouder'd Beef.

THE Lord save those who see, and do not hear, quoth *Panurge*, I see you well enough, but know not what it is that you have said : the Hunger-starved Belly wanteth Ears : for lack of Victuals, before God, I roar, bray, yell and fume as in a furious Madness. I have performed too hard a Task to-day, an extraordinary Work indeed : he shall be craftier, and do far greater Wonders than ever did Mr. *Muslb*, who shall be able any more this Year to bring me on the Stage of Preparation for a dreaming Verdict. Fie ; not to sup at all, that is the Devil. Pox take that Fashion. Come Fryar *John*, let us go break our Fast ; for if I hit on such a round Refection in the Morning, as will serve thoroughly to fill the Mill-hopper and Hogshide of my Stomach, and furnish it with Meat and Drink sufficient, then at a Pinch, as in the Case of some extreme Necessity which presseth, I could make a shift that Day to forbear dining. But not to sup : a Plague rot that base Custom, which is an Error offensive to Nature. [That (1) *Lady* made the Day for Exercise, to travel, work, wait on and labour in each his Negotiation and Employment ; and that we may with the more Fervency and Ardour prosecute our Business, she sets before us a clear burning Candle, to wit, the Sun's Resplendency : and at Night when she begins to take the Light from us, she thereby tacitly implies no less, than if she would have spoken thus unto us : *My Lad's and Lasses*, all of you are good and honest Folks, you have wrought well to-day, toiled and turmoiled enough, the Night approacheth, therefore cast off these moiling Cares of yours, desist from all your swinging painful Labours, and set your Minds how to refresh your Bodies in the renewing of their Vigour

(1) *That Lady, &c.* Nothing of what's between these Marks [] is in M. D. C's Edition.

with good Bread, choice Wine, and store of wholesome Meats; then may you take some Sport and Recreation, and after that lie down and rest yourselves, that you may strongly, nimbly, lustily, and with the more Alacrity to-morrow attend on your Affairs as formerly.

Falconers in like Manner, when they have fed their Hawks, will not suffer them to fly on a full Gorge, but let them on a Pearch abide a little, that they may rouse, bait, tour, and soar the better. That good Pope, who was the first Institutor of Fasting, understood this well enough; for he ordained that our *Fast* should reach but to the Hour of *Noon*; all the Remainder of that Day was at our Dispose, freely to eat and feed at any Time thereof. In antient Times there were but few that dined, as you would say, some Church men, Monks and Canons; for they have little other Occupation; each Day is a Festival unto them; who diligently heed the Claustral Proverb, *De missa ad mensam*. They do not use to linger and defer their sitting down and placing of themselves at Table, only so long as they have a mind in waiting for the coming of the Abbot; so they fell to without Ceremony, Terms or Conditions; and every Body supped, unless it were some vain, conceited, dreaming Dotard. Hence was a Supper called *Cæna*, which sheweth that it was *common* to all Sorts of People. Thou knowest it well, Friar *John*. Come let us go, my dear Friend, in the Name of all the Devils of the Infernal Regions, let us go, the Gnawings of my Stomach, in this Rage of Hunger, are so tearing, that they make it bark like a Mastiff. Let us throw some Bread and Beef into his Throat to pacify him, [as once the *Sibyl* did to *Cerberus*.] Thou likest best *Monastical Brewees*, the Prime, the Flower of the Pot. I am for the solid, principal Verb that comes after: the good brown Loaf, always accompanied with a round Slice of the *Nine-lecture-pounded Labourer*. I know thy Meaning, answered Fryar *John*, this Metaphor is extracted out of the *Claustral Kettle*; the *Labourer* is the Ox, that hath wrought and done the Labour; after the Fashion of *Nine Lectures*, that is to say, most exquisitely well and thoroughly boil'd. These holy religious Fathers, by a certain Cabalistic Institution of the Antients,

tients, not written, but carefully by *Tradition* conveyed from Hand to Hand, rising betimes to go to Morning Prayers, were wont to flourish that their matutinal Devotion with some certain notable Preambles before their Entry into the Church, *viz.* They dinged in the Dunge-ries, pissed in the Pisseries, spit in the Spiteries, melodiously coughed in the Cougheries, and doted in their Doterics, that to the Divine Service they might not bring any Thing that was unclean or foul.

These Things thus done, they very zealously made their Repair to the *Holy Chapel*, (for so was, in their Canting Language, termed the *Convent Kitchen*) where they with no small Earnestness, had Care that the *Beef Pot* should be put on the Crook for the Breakfast of the Religious *Brothers* of our Lord and Saviour; and the Fire they would kindle under the Pot themselves. Now the *Mattins* consisting of *Nine Lessons*, was so incumbent on them, that they must have risen the sooner for the more expedite dispatching of them all. The earlier that they rose, the sharper was their Appetite, and the Barkings of their Stomachs, and the Gnawings increased in the like Proportion, and consequently made these Godly Men thrice more a hungred and a thirst, than when their *Mattins* were *hem'd* over only with three Lessons.

The more betimes they rose, by the said Cabal the sooner was the *Beef Pot* put on; the longer that the Beef was on the Fire, the better it was boiled; the more it boiled, it was the tenderer; the tenderer that it was, the less it troubled the Teeth, delighted more the Palate, less charged (2) the Stomach, and nourished our good *Religious* Men the more substantially; which is the only End and prime Intention of the first *Founders*, as appears by this, That *they eat not to live, but live to eat*, and in this World have nothing but their Life. Let us go, *Panurge*.

Now have I understood thee, quoth *Panurge*, my Plushcod Friar, my Caballine and Claustral Ballock. I

(2) *Less charged the Stomach.*] In *Francis* the First's Time Powder'd Beef was much in vogue, even at Gentlemen's Tables. But much more in the Convents, where, that it might digest the better with People that led an unactive Life, they boil'd it almost to Rags.

freely quit the Costs, Interest and Charges, seeing you have so egregiously commented upon the most especial Chapter of the *Culinary* and *Monastic Cabal*. Come along, my *Carpalim*, and you Friar *John*, my inseparable Friend. Good (3.) Morrow to you all, my good Lords: I have dreamed enough to drink. Let us go. *Panurge* had no sooner done speaking, than *Epistemon* with a loud Voice said these Words: It is a very ordinary and common Thing amongst Men to conceive, foresee, know and presage the Misfortune, bad Luck or Disaster of another; but to have the Understanding, Providence, Knowledge and Prediction of a Man's own Mishap is very scarce and rare to be found any where. This is exceeding judiciously and prudently deciphered by *Æsop* in his Apologues, who there affirmeth, That every Man in the World carrieth about his Neck a Wallet, in the Fore-bag whereof were contained the Faults and Mischances of others, always exposed to his View and Knowledge; and in the other Scrip thereof, which hangs behind, are kept the Bearers proper Transgressions, and inauspicious Adventures, at no Time seen by him, nor thought upon, unless he be a Person that hath a favourable Aspect from the Heavens.

CHAP. XVI.

How Pantagruel advised Panurge to consult with the Sibyl of Panzoust.

A Little while thereafter *Pantagruel* sent for *Panurge*; and said to him, The Affection which I bear you being now inveterate, and settled in my Mind by a long Continuance of Time, prompteth me to the serious Consideration of your Welfare and Profit; in Order whereto remark what I have thought thereon: it hath been told me that at *Panzoust* (1) near *Crouly*,

(3.) Good Morrow.] Scarce was *Panurge* out of Bed.

(1) *Panzoust*.] Parish in the Precinct of *Poitiers*.

dwelleth a very famous *Sibyl*; who is endowed with the Skill of foretelling all Things to come. Take *Epeftimon* in your Company, repair towards her, and hear what she will say unto you. She is poffibly, quoth *Epeftimon*, fome *Canidia* (2), *Sagana* or *Pythoniſſe*, either whereof with us is vulgarly called a *Witch*. I being the more eaſily induced to give Credit to the Truth of this Character of her; that the Place of her Abode is vilely ſtained with the abominable Repute of abounding more with *Sorcerers* and *Witches* then ever did the Plains of *Theſſaly* (3). I ſhould not, to my Thinking, go thither willingly, for that it ſeems to me a Thing unwarrantable, and altogether forbidden in the Law of *Mofes*. We are not *Jews*, quoth *Pantagruel*, nor is it a Matter judiciously confeſſ'd by her, nor authentically proved by others that ſhe is a *Witch*. Let us for the preſent ſuſpend our Judgment, and defer'till after you return from thence, the ſifting and garb'ling of thoſe Niceties. How know we but that ſhe may be an Eleventh *Sibyl*, or a Second *Cassandra*? But although ſhe were neither, and ſhe did not merit the Name or Title of any of theſe renowned Prophetesses, what Hazard, in the Name of God, do you run, by offering to talk and confer with her of the instant Perplexity and Perturbation of your Thoughts? Seeing eſpecially (and which is moſt of all) ſhe is in the Eſtimation of thoſe that are acquainted with her, held to know more, and to be of a deeper Reach of Underſtanding, than is either customary to the Country wherein ſhe liveth, or to the Sex whereof ſhe is. What Hinderance, Hurt, or Harm doth the laudable Deſire of Knowledge bring to any Man, were it from a Sot, a Pot, a Fool, a Stool, a Winter-Mittain, a Trundle for a Pully, the Lid of a Goldſmith's Crucible, an Oil-Bottle, or old Slipper? You may (4) remember to have read, or heard at leaſt, that *Alexander the Great*, immediately after his having obtained a glorious Victory over the King *Darius* at *Abela*, refuſed in the Preſence

(2) *Canidia*, &c.] Famous *Sorceresses*, mentioned by *Horace*.

(3) *Theſſaly*.] See *Erasmus's Adages*, at the Word *Tbſſala mulier*.

(4) *You may remember*.] See *Lucian's ridiculous Orator*.

of the splendid and illustrious Courtiers that were about him, to give Audience to a poor certain despicable Fellow, who, through the Solicitations and Mediation of some of his Royal Attendants was admitted humbly to beg that Grace and Favour of him : but sore did he repent, although in vain, a Thousand and ten Thousand Times thereafter, the surly State which he then took upon him to the Denial of so just a Suit, the Grant whereof would have been worth unto him the Value of a Brace of potent Cities. He was indeed victorious in *Persia*, but withal so far distant from *Macedonia*, his Hereditary Kingdom, that the Joy of the one did not expel the Grief, which through Occasion of the other he had inwardly conceived : for not being able with all his Power to find or invent a convenient Mean and Expedient, how to get or come by the Certainty of any News from thence ; both by Reason of the huge Remoteness of the Places from one to another ; as also, because of the impeditive Interposition of many great Rivers, the interjacent Obstacle of divers wild Deserts, and obstructive Interjection of sundry almost inaccessible Mountains : Whilst he was in this sad quandary and solicitous Pensiveness, which, you may suppose, could not be of a small Vexation to him ; considering that it was a Matter of no great Difficulty to run over his whole Native Soil, possess his Country, seize on his Kingdom, install a new King on the Throne, and plant thereon Foreign Colonies, long before he could come to have any Advertisement for it. For obviating the Jeopardy of so dreadful Inconveniency, and putting a fit Remedy thereto, a certain *Sydonian* Merchant of a low Statuſe, but high Fancy, very poor in Shew, and to outward appearance of little or no Account, having presented himself before him, went about to affirm and declare, that he had excogitated and hit upon a ready Mean and Way, by the which those of his Territories at home should come to the certain Notice of his *Indian* Victories, and himself be perfectly informed of the State and Condition of *Ægypt* and *Macedonia* within less than five Days. Whereupon the said *Alexander*, plunged into a sullen Ahimadvertency of Mind, through his rash Opinion of the Improbability of performing a so strange

and

and impossible-like Undertaking, dismissed the Merchant without giving Ear to what he had to say, and vilify'd him. What could it have cost him to hearken unto what the honest Man had invented and contrived for his Good? What Detriment, Annoyance, Damage or Loss, could he have undergone to listen to the Discovery of that Secret which the good Man would have most willingly revealed unto him? Nature, I am persuaded, did not, without a Cause, frame our Ears open, putting thereto no Gate at all, nor shutting them up with any manner of Inclosures, as she hath done unto the Tongue, the Eyes, and other such out-jetting Parts of the Body: The Cause, as I imagine, is, to the End, that every Day and every Night, and that continually, we may be ready to hear, and by a perpetual Hearing apt to learn: for of all the Senses, it is the fittest for the Reception of the Knowledge of Arts, Sciences and Disciplines; and it may be, that Man was an Angel, (that is to say, a Messenger sent from God) as *Raphael* was to *Toby*. Too suddenly did he condemn, despise and misregard him; but too long thereafter, by an untimely and too late Repentance did he do Penance for it. You say very well, answered *Ephesemon*, yet shall you never for all that induce me to believe, that it can tend any Way to the Advantage or Commodity of a Man, to take Advice and Counsel of a *Woman*, namely, of such a Woman, and the Woman of such a *Country*. Truly I have found, (quoth *Panurge*, a great deal of Good in the Counsel of *Women*, chiefly in that of the Old Wives amongst them; who for every Time I consult with them, I readily get a Stool or two extraordinary, to the Solace of my Bumbgut Passage. They are as Slothounds in the Infallibility of their Scent, and in their Sayings no less Sententious than the Rubrics of the Law. Therefore in my Conceit it is not an improper Kind of Speech to call them *Sage* or *Wise Women*. In Confirmation of which Opinion of mine, the customary Style of my Language alloweth them the Denomination of *Presage Women*. The Epithet of *Sage* is due unto them, because they are surpassing dextrous in the Knowledge of most Things. And I give them the Title of *Presage*, for that they

Divinely

Divinely foresee, and certainly *foretel* future Contingencies, and Events of Things to come. Sometimes I call them not *Maunettes* (5), but *Monettes*, from their wholesome *Monitions* like the *Roman Juno*. Whether it be so, ask *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*, *Empedocles*, and our Master (6) *Ortuinus*. I furthermore praise and commend above the Skies, the ancient memorable Institution of the pristine *Germans*, who ordained the Responses and Documents of *Old Women* to be highly extolled, most cordially revered, prized at a Rate, in nothing inferior to the Weight, Test and Standard of the *Sanctuary*: and as they were respectfully prudent in receiving of these sound Advices, so by honouring and following them did they prove no less fortunate in the happy Success of all their Endeavours. Witness the Old Wife *Aurinia* (7), and the good Mother *Vellede*, in the Days of *Vespasian*. You need not any Way doubt, but that Feminine Old Age is always fructifying in Qualities *Sublime*, I would have said *Sybilline*. Let us go, by the Help; let us go, by the Virtue of God; let us go. Farewel, *Friar John*, I recommend the Care of my *Codpiece* to you. Well, quoth *Epistemon*, I will follow you, with this Protestation nevertheless, that if I happen to get a sure Information, or otherways find, that she doth use any Kind of Charm or Enchantment in her Responses, it may not be imputed to me for a Blame to leave you at the Gate of her House, without accompanying you any further in.

(5) *Maunettes*.] Sluts. *Malè nitidae*.

(6) *Master Ortuinus*.] The same to whom the famous Epistles *Obscurorum virorum* are address'd. In one of them, a certain Person, called *Conrad Strildriot*, tells *Ortuinus*, that his not sticking to some Old Woman, as he did, the said Doctor had given Offence to, and scandaliz'd the whole City of *Cologne*, in getting *Henry Quantel* the Bookseller's Maid with Child. Perhaps *Rabelais* here would give us to understand that *Ortuinus*, grown wiser and more cautious by the Noise this Affair had made, e'en followed his Old Nurse's Counsel, who was continually preaching to him to have to do with no other Woman but herself.

(7) *Aurinia*.] *Tacitus* mentions both these in his *de Moribus Germanorum*.

CHAP. XVII.

How Panurge spoke to the Sybil of Panzoust.

THeir Voyage was Six Days Journeying. On the Seventh was shewn unto them the House of the *Vaticinatress* standing on the knap or top of a Hill, under a large and spacious Walnut-Tree. Without great difficulty they entred into that straw-thach'd Cottage, scurvily built, naughtily moveabled, and all besmoaked. It matters not; quoth *Epistemon*; *Heraclitus*, the grand *Scotist*, and tenebrous darksome Philosopher, was nothing astonish'd at his Introit in such a coarse and paulty Habitation; for he did usually shew forth unto his Sectators and Disciples, *That the Gods made as cheerfully their Residence in these mean homely Mansions, as in sumptuous, magnific Palaces*, replenish'd with all manner of Delight, Pomp, and Pleasure. [I withal (1) do really believe, that the Dwelling-place of the so famous and renowned *Hecate*, was just such another petty Cell as this is, when she made a Feast therein to the valiant *Theseus*.] And that of no other better Structure was the Cott or Cabin of *Hyreus*, or *Oenopion*, wherein *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury* were not ashamed, all three together, to harbour and sojourn a whole Night, and there to take a full and hearty Repast; for the Payment of the Shot they thankfully piss'd *Orion*.

They found the old Woman sitting in a Corner of her Chimney. Upon which, says *Epistemon*, she is indeed a true *Sybil*, and the lively Pourtrait of one represented by the (2) τῇ καμνωῖ of *Homer*. The old Hag was in a pitiful

(1) *I withal, &c.*] This Period is not in M. D. C's Edition of *Rabelais*.

(2) Τῇ καμνωῖ.] It shou'd be Γυνὴ (not Τῇ) Καμνωῖ. Most of the Modern Editors of *Rabelais*, (from whence Sir T. U. made his Translation) by Mistake took Γυνὴ the Dative Case of Γυνῆς an old Woman, for the Pronoun Τῇ and so likewise did the Dutch Scholiast. The

pitiful bad Plight and Condition, in matter of the outward State and Complexion of her Body, the ragged and tatter'd Equipage of her Person, in the point of Accoutrement, and beggarly poor Provision of Fare for her Diet and Entertainment ; for she was ill apparrelled, worse nourished, Toothless, Blear-eyed, Crook-shoulder'd, snotty, her Nose still dropping, and herself still drooping, faint, and pithless. Whilst in this wofully wretched case she was making ready for her Dinner, Porridge of wrinkled green Colworts, with a Sword of yellow Bacon, mixed with a twice before cooked sort of watrish, unfavoury (3) poor Broth, extracted out of bare and hollow Bones. *Epistemon* said, By the Cross of a Groat, we are to blame, nor shall we get from her any Response at all : For we have not brought along with us the *Branch of Gold*.³ I have, quoth *Panurge*, provided pretty well for that, for here I have it within my Bag, in the Substance of a Gold Ring, accompanied with some fair Pieces of small Money. No sooner were these words spoken, when *Panurge* coming up towards her, after the Ceremonial Performance of (4) a profound and humble Salutation, presented her with six Neats-Tongues dried in the Smoke, a great

The Words are *Homer's* in his *Odyss.* l. xviii. ver. 27. Γρηὶ Κάρυνοϊ ἴσος or *vetula fuliginosa similis*, a Comparison made by that scurrilous Scrub *Irus*, who being deceiv'd by the piteous Mien and Dress of *Ulysses*, likens that great Man to an old Woman, who not having once quitted her Fireside during the whole Winter, had been all that time a Smoak drying herself in the Chimney-corner.

(3) *Poor Broth, &c.*] *Savorados*: a *Limosin* Word, (says *Cotgrave*) for this same Bone-broth ; not very *Savoury* I reckon, for all it's Name : But 'tis spoken, I suppose, by way of Abuse, (Catachrestically) as the *Latins* sometimes call a Swimming-place (*Notatoria*) by the Name of a Fish-pond (*Piscina*), when there's not a Fish in it.

(4) *Profound Salutation.*] This way of saluting is according to the Rules, as *Verville*, in his *le Moien de parvenir*, asserts. His Words are, ' when the Gentleman was going to make a very low Bow to the Lady, *Pray Sir*, said she, *forbear your Compliments* : ' *None of your Hat* ; *I beseech you be covered*, Sir. *Pray Madam*, ' says he, *forbear Curtzing* : *None of your Buttocks* ; *I beseech you, stand upright, Madam.* Thus the Men Salute with their Hat, and the Women with their Breech.

Butter-pot full of (5) fresh Cheefe, a Boracho furnished with good Beverage, and a Rams Cod stored with Single Pence, newly coined : At last he, with a low Bow, put on her *Medical* Finger, a pretty handsome Golden Ring, whereinto was writ artificially incased a precious Toadstone of *Beausse*. This done, in a few Words, and very succinctly did he set open, and expose unto her the motive Reason of his coming, most civilly and courteously entreating her that she might be pleased to vouchsafe to give him an ample and plenary Intelligence, concerning the future good Luck of his intended Marriage.

The old Trot for a while remained silent, pensive, and girning like a Dog ; then, after she had set her withered Breech upon the Bottom of a Bushel, she took into her Hands three old Spindles, which when she had turned and whirled betwixt her Fingers very diversly, and after several Fashions, she pryed narrowly into, by the Tryal of their Points ; the sharpest whereof she retained in her Hand, and threw the other two under a Stone Trough ; after this took a pair of Yarn Windles or Reels which she nine times unintermittedly veered, and frisked about ; then at the ninth Revolution or Turn, without touching them any more, maturely perpending the Manher of their Motion, she very demurely waited on their Repose and Cessation from any further stirring. In sequel whereof, she pull'd off one of her wooden Pattens, put her Apron over her Head, as a Priest use to do his *Amice*, when he is going to sing *Mafs*, and with a kind of antick, gaudy, (6) party colour'd String, knit it under her Neck. Being thus covered and muffled, she whiffed off a lusty good

(5) *Fresh Cheefe*.] *Coscotons* in the Original, which tho' *Cotgrave*, calls *Fresh Cheefe* and likewise *Curds*, is quite another sort of Belly-timber, according to the *Sieur Mouette's* Description of it in the Account he gives of his Captivity at *Fez* and *Morocco*. It is an *African Olla podrida*, and promises to be a very good Dish. The Natives call it *Cuscusu*. If the Reader has no mind to go and eat it on the Spot, he may see a Receipt how to make it here, in *D. C's* Notes on l. i. c. xxvii. of *Rabelais*.

(6) *Party colour'd String*.] The Equipage of the old Heathen Sorceresses. See *Lucian's* false Prophet.

Draught

Draught out of the Borachoe, took three several Pence forth of the Ram-Cod Fob, put them into so many Walnut-shells, which she set down upon the bottom of a Feather pot, and then after she had given them three Whisks of a Broom-besom a-thwart the Chimney, casting into the Fire half a Bevin of long Heather, or Furz, together with a Branch of dry Laurel, she observed with a very hush, and coy Silence, in what form they did burn, and saw, that although they were in a Flame, they made no Kind of Noise, or crackling Din; hereupon she gave a most hideous horribly dreadful Shout, muttering betwixt her Teeth some few barbarous words, of a strange Termination.

This so terrified Panurge, that he forthwith said to Epistemon, the Devil mince me into a Gally-mafry, if I do not tremble for fear. (7) *I do not think but that I am now enchanted; for she uttereth not her Voice in the Terms of any Christian Language. O look, I pray you, how she seemeth unto me, to be by three full Spans higher than she was, when she began to hood herself with her Apron. What meaneth this restless wagging of her slouchy Chaps? What can be the Signification of the uneven shrugging of her hulchy Shoulders? to what end doth she quaver with her Lips, like a Monkey in the dismembering of a Lobster?* My Ears through horror glow; ah! how they tingle. I think I hear the skreaking of *Procerpina*; the Devils are breaking loose to be all here. O the foul, ugly, and deformed Beasts! Let us run away! by the Hook of God, I am like to die for fear! I do not love the Devils; they vex me, and are unpleasant Fellows. Now let us fly, and betake us to our heels. Farewel Gammer; Thanks and Grammercy for your Goods. I will not marry, no, believe me, I will not; I fairly quit my Interest therein, and totally abandon and pronounce it, from this time forward, even as much as at present. With this, as he endeavoured to make an Escape out of the Room, the old Crone did anticipate his Flight, and make him stop; the way how she prevented him was this: Whilst in

(7) *I do not, &c.*] What's in Italick is not in D. C's Edition.

her Hand she held the Spindle, she hurry'd out to a back-yard close by her Lodge, where after she had peeled off the Barks of an old Sycamore, three several times, she very summarily, upon eight Leaves which dropt from thence, wrote with the Spindle-point some curt, and briefly couched Verses, which she threw into the Air, then said unto them, Search after them if you will; find them if you can; the fatal Destinies of your Marriage are written in them.

No sooner had she done thus speaking, when she did withdraw herself unto her lurking Hole, where on the upper Seat of the Porch, she tucked up her Gown, her Coats and Smock, as high as her Armpits, and gave them a full inspection of the *Nockandroe* (8) which being perceived by *Panurge*, he said to *Epistemon*, Gods Bodkins, I see the (9) *Sybil's Hole*, where many have perish'd: let's fly this Hole. She suddenly then bolted the Gate behind her and was never since seen any more. They jointly ran in haste after the fallen and dispersed Leaves, and gathered them up at last; though not without great Labour and Toyl, for the Wind had scattered them amongst the Thorn-bushes of the Valley. When they had ranged them each after other in their due places, they found out their Sentence, as it is metrifid in this Octastick:

(10) *Thy Fame upheld,*
Even so, so:
And she with Child
Of thee: No.
Thy Good End
Suck she shall,
And slay thee, Friend,
But not all.

CHAP.

(8) *The Nockandroe.*] *Le Cul, &c. i. e.* The Devils Arse in the Peak and the Peak beyond.

(9) *The Sybil's Hole.*] Virgil *Ænead*, l. 6.

..... *horrendæque procul secreta Sibylla*
Antrum immane petit.

(10) *Thy Fame upheld,*] These two *Lilliputian* Lines are wrong
Even so, so:] in the *English*, and should run thus, as
the Reader will see presently.

Thy

C H A P. XVIII.

How Pantagruel and Panurge did diversly expound the Verses of the Sybil of Panzouft.

THE Leaves being thus collected, and orderly disposed, *Epistemon* and *Panurge* returned to *Pantagruel's* Court, partly well pleased, and other part discontented: glad for their being come back, and vexed for the trouble they had sustained by the way, which they found to be craggy, rugged, stony, rough, and ill adjusted. They made an ample and full Relation of their Voyage unto *Pantagruel*; as likewise of the Estate and Condition of the *Sybil*. Then having presented to him the Leaves of the *Sycamore*, they shew him the short and twattle Verses that were written in them. *Pantagruel* having read and considered the whole Sum and Substance of the Matter, fetch'd from his Heart a deep and heavy Sigh, then said to *Panurge*: You are now, forsooth, in a good taking, and have brought your Hogs to a fine Market: the Prophecy of the *Sybil* doth explain and lay out before us, the very same Predictions which have been denoted, foretold, and prefigured to us by the Decree of the *Virgilian Lots*, and the Verdict of your own proper *Dreams*: to wit, that you shall be very much disgraced, shamed, and discredited by your Wife: for that she will make you a *Cuckold* in prostituting herself to others, being big with Child by another than you; will steal from you a great deal of

*Thy Fame will be Shell'd,
By her, I trow, &c.*

T'esgouffera
De renom.
Engroissera,
De toy; non.
Te sucera
Le bon bout.
T'escorchera,
Mais non tout.

These are the 8 Verses, which must be read in this Order. They were traced on so many *Sycamore* Leaves.

your

your Goods, and will beat you, scratch, and bruise you even to plucking the Skin in apart from off you; will leave the Print of her Blows in some Member of your Body. You understand as much, answered *Panurge*, in the veritable Interpretation, and expounding of recent Prophecies, (1) as a Sow in the matter of Spicery. Be not offended (Sir, I beseech you) that I speak thus boldly; for I find myself a little in Choler, and that not without Cause, seeing it is the Contrary that is true take heed, and give attentive Ear unto my words: The old Wife said, that as the Bean is not seen till first it be unhuskt, and that it's Swad or Hull be *shaled*, and *pilled* from off it: so is it that my Virtue and transcendent Worth will never come by the *Mouth of Fame*, to be blazed abroad proportionable to the height, extent, and measure of the Excellency thereof, until previously, I get a Wife, and make the full half of a married Couple. How many times have I heard you say, that the Function of a Magistrate, or Office of Dignity, discovereth the Merits, Parts, and Endowments of the Person so advanced and promoted, and what is in him: that is to say, we are then best able to judge aright of the Deservings of a Man, when he is called to the Management of Affairs: for when before he lived in a private Condition, we could have no more certain Knowledge of him, than of a *Bean* within his *Husk*. And thus stands the first Article explained: otherways could you imagine, that the good Fame, Repute, and Estimation of an Honest Man, should depend upon the Tail of a Whore?

Now to the meaning of the second Article: My Wife will be *with Child*, (here lies the prime Felicity of Marriage) but not of me. Copsody, that I do be-

(1) *As a Sow in the matter of Spicery.*] A Proof that Swine are dainty mouth'd upon Occasion, but above all very quick scented, is their being made use of (by tying a String to their Leg) to find out where Truffles lie in the Ground, which they wou'd presently devour as soon as they have rooted them out, were they not muzzled. So that the Proverb which speaks Ironically of a Sow's Taste for Spicery, is not properly to be understood of Aromatics, but only Sugar-plums and other Sweet-meats which they no more value than they do a Pearl.

lieve indeed : It will be of a pretty little Infant : O how heartily I shall love it ! I do already dote upon it ; for it will be my dainty Fedle-darling, my gentiel Dilliminion. From thenceforth no Vexation, Care, or Grief, shall take such deep Impression in my Heart, how hugely great or vehement soever it otherways appear ; but that it shall evanish forthwith, at the sight of that my future Babe ; and at the hearing of the Chat and Prating of it's Childish Gibbridge : And blessed be the Old Wife. By my truly, I have a mind to settle some good Revenue or Pension upon her, out of the readiest Increase of the Lands of my *Salmigondinois* ; not an inconstant, and uncertain Rent-seek, like that of witless, giddy-headed *Bachelors*, but sure and fixed, of the nature of the well-paid Incomes of *Regenting Doctors*.

If this Interpretation doth not please you, think you my Wife will *bear me* in her Womb ? conceive with me ? be of me delivered, as Women use in Childbed to bring forth their Young Ones ? so as that it may be, said *Panurge* is a second *Bacchus*, he hath been twice born ; he is re-born, as was *Proteus*, one time of *Thetis*, and secondly, of (2) the Mother of the Philosopher *Apollonius*. As were the (3) two *Palici* near the Flood *Simaethos*, in *Sicily*. His Wife was big of Child with him. In him is renewed and begun again the (4) *Palintocy* of the *Megarians*, and the *Palingenesie* of *Democritus*. Fie upon such Errors ; to hear Stuff of that nature rends mine Ears.

The Words of the third Article are : *She will suck me at my best End*. Why not ? that pleaseth me right well. You know the thing, I need not tell you, that it is my intercrural Pudding with one End. I swear and pro-

(2) *The Mother, &c.*] See *Philostratus*, l. i. c. iii. of *Apollonius's* Life.

(3) *The two Palici.*] The two *Palici* or *Palisci* : Two Brethren, the Sons of *Jupiter* and of the Nymph *Thalia* or *Ætna*, who for fear of *Juno*, desired the Earth to open and hide her ; so it did, and there she was ten Months, and then it let her out again, and she brought forth her Children ; whence they were call'd *Palici*, ἀπὸ τοῦ πάλιν ἔκισθαι. *Camb. Dict. Macrob. Saturn.* l. v. c. xxix.

(4) *The Palintocy.*] See *Plutarch* in his Questions about *Greek Affairs*.

mise, that in what I can, I will preserve it sappy, full of juice, and as well victualled for her use as may be ; she shall not *suck* me, I believe, in vain, nor be destitute of her Allowance ; there shall her *justum* both in Peck and Lippy be furnished to the full eternally. You expound this Passage allegorically, and interpret it to Theft and Larceny. I love the Exposition, and the Allegory pleaseth me ; but not according to the Sense whereto you stretch it. It may be that the Sincerity of the Affection which you bear me, moveth you to harbour in your Breast those refractory Thoughts concerning me, with a Suspicion of my Adversity to come. We have this Saying from the Learned, *That a marvelously fearful thing is Love, and that true Love is never without Fear.* But, Sir, according to my Judgment, you do understand both of and by yourself, that here *Stealth* signifieth nothing else, no more than in a thousand other places of *Greek* and *Latin*, Old and Modern Writings, but the sweet Fruits of amorous Dalliance, which *Venus* liketh best, when reap'd in secret, and cull'd by fervent Lovers filchingly.

Why so ? I prithee tell : Because when the Feat of the loose coat Skirmish happeneth to be done under-hand and privily, between two Doors athwart the Steps of a Pair of Stairs, lurkingly, and in covert, behind a Suit of Hangings, or close hid and trussed upon an unbound Faggot, it is more pleasing to the *Cyprian* Goddesses, (and to me also, I speak this without Prejudice to any better, or more sound Opinion) than to perform that Culbusting Art, after the *Cynic* manner, in the view of the clear Sun-shine, or in a rich Tent, under a precious stately Canopy, within a glorious and sublime Pavilion, or yet on a soft Couch, betwixt rich Curtains of Cloth of Gold, without Affrightment, at long intermediate Respits, enjoying of Pleasures and Delights a Belly-full, all at great ease, with a huge fly-flap Fan of Crimson Sattin, and a Bunch of Feathers of some *East India* Ostrich, serving to give Chace unto the Flies all round about : whilst, in the Interim, the Female picks her Teeth with a stiff Straw, pick'd even then from out of the bottom of the Bed she lies on.

If you be not content with this my Exposition, are you of the mind that my Wife will *suck* and sup me up as People use to gulp and swallow Oysters out of the Shell? Or as the *Cilician* Women, according to the Testimony of (5) *Dioscorides*, were wont to do the Grain of *Alkermes*? Assuredly that is an Error. Who seizeth on it, doth neither gulch up, nor swallow down; but takes away what hath been packed up, catcheth, snatcheth, and plies the Play of *Hey-pas, Repas*.

The fourth Article doth imply, That my Wife will *slay* me, but *not at all*. O the fine Word! You interpret this to beating Strokes and Blows. Speak wisely: Will you eat a Pudding? Sir, I beseech you to raise up your Spirits above the low-sized Pitch of earthly thoughts unto that height of sublime Contemplation, which reacheth to the Apprehension of the Mysteries and Wonders of dame Nature. And here be pleased to condemn yourself, by a renouncing of those Errors which you have committed very grossly, and somewhat perversly, in expounding the Prophetic Sayings of the Holy *Sybil*. Yet put the Case (albeit I yield not to it) that by the Instigation of the Devil, my Wife should go about to wrong me, make me a Cuckold downwards to the very Breech, disgrace me otherways, steal my Goods from me; yea, and lay violently her Hands upon me; she nevertheless should fail of her Attempts, and not attain to the proposed End of her unreasonable Undertakings. The Reason which induceth me hereto, is grounded totally on this last Point, which is extracted from the profoundest Privacies of a monastick Pantheology. The good Friar *Arthur Wagtaile* told me once, upon a *Monday* Morning, as we were (if I have not forgot) eating a Bushel of Trotter-pies; and I remember well it rained hard: God give him the good-morrow. The Women at the Beginning of the World, or a little after, conspired to *slay* the Men quick, because they found the Spirit of Mankind inclined to domineer it, and bear rule over them upon the Face of the whole Earth. In pursuit of this their Resolution, they promised, swore, and covenanted amongst themselves by the pure Faith

(5) *Dioscorides*.] L. iv. c. lxiii.

they owe to the nocturnal Sanct *Rogero*. But O the vain Enterprizes of Women! O the great Fragility of that Sex Feminine! They did begin to *slay* the Man, or (6) *pill* him, as says *Catullus*, at that Member which of all the Body they loved best; to wit, the nervous and cavernous Cane; and that above five thousand Years ago; yet have they not of that small Part alone slayed any more till this Hour but the Head. In meer Despite whereof the *Jews* snip off that Parcel of the Skin in Circumcision, chusing far rather to be called Clip-yard, and Rascals, than to be *slayed* by Women, as are other Nations. My Wife, according to this Female Covenant, will *slay* it to me, if it be not so already. I heartily grant my Consent thereto, but will not give her leave to *slay* it all: Nay, truly will I not, my noble King. Yea, but, quoth *Epistemon*, you say nothing of her most dreadful Cries and Exclamations, when she and we both saw the Laurel-bough burn without yielding any Noise or Crackling. You know it is a very dismal Omen, and inauspicious Sign, unlucky Indice, and Token formidable, bad, disastrous, and most unhappy, as is certified by *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, the quick Philosopher *Porphyrus*, *Eustathius* on the *Iliads* of *Homer*, and by many others.

Verily, verily, quoth *Panurge*, brave are the Allegations which you bring me, and Testimonies of two-footed Calves. These Men were Fools, as they were Poets; and Dotards, as they were Philosophers; full of Folly, as they were of Philosophy.

(6) *Pill bim.*] *Catullus*, Epigr. lix. speaking of his faithless, false hearted *Lesbia*,

*Nunc in quadriuiis, & angiportis,
Glabris magnanimos Remi nepotes.*

C H A P. XIX.

How Pantagruel praiseth the Counsel of Dumb Men.

P*antagruel*, when this Discourse was ended, held for a pretty while his Peace, seeming to be exceeding sad and pensive, then said to *Panurge*, the malignant Spirit misleads, beguileth and seduceth you. I have read that in Times past the surest and most veritable Oracles were not those which either were delivered in Writing, or uttered by Word of Mouth in speaking : for many times, in their Interpretation, right witty, learned, and ingenious Men have been deceived thro' Amphibologies, Equivox, and Obscurity of Words, no less than by the Brevity of their Sentences. For which Cause *Apollo* the God of Vaticination, was surnamed (1) *Λοξίας*. Those which were represented then by Signs and outward Gestures were accounted the truest and the most infallible. Such was the Opinion of *Heraclitus* : And *Jupiter* did himself in this Manner give forth in *Amon* frequently Predictions : nor was he single in this Practice ; for *Apollo* did the like amongst the *Affyrians*. His prophesying thus unto those People, moved them to paint him with a large long Beard, and Cloaths befitting an old settled Person, of a most sedate, stayed and grave Behaviour ; not naked, young and beardless, as he was pourtrayed most usually amongst the *Grecians*. Let us make Trial of this Kind of Fatidicency ; and go you to take Advice of some dumb Person without any speaking. I am content, quoth *Panurge*. But, says *Pantagruel*, it were requisite that the Dumb you consult with be such as have been deaf from the Hour of their Nativity, and consequently dumb ; for none can be so lively, natural, and kindly dumb, as he who never heard.

How is it, quoth *Panurge*, that you conceive this Matter ? If you apprehend it so, that never any spoke, who had not before heard the Speech of others, I will

(1) *Λοξίας*.] See the *Saturnalia* of *Macrobius*, l. i. c. xvii.

from that Antecedent bring you to infer very logically a most absurd and paradoxical Conclusion. But let it pass; I will not insist on it. You do not then believe (2) what *Herodotus* wrote of two Children, who at the special Command and Appointment of *Psammeticus* King of *Ægypt*, having been kept in a petty Country Cottage, where they were nourished and entertained in a perpetual Silence, did at last, after a certain long Space of Time, pronounce this Word *Bee*, which in the *Phrygian* Language signifieth *Bread*. Nothing less, quoth *Pantagruel*, do I believe, than that it is a meer abusing of our Understandings, to give Credit to the Words of those, who say that there is any such thing as a Natural Language. All Speeches have had their primary Origin from the arbitrary Institutions, Accords and Agreements of Nations in their respective Condescendments to what should be noted and betokened by them. An articulate Voice (according to the Dialecticians) hath naturally no Signification at all; for that the Sense and Meaning thereof did totally depend upon the good Will and Pleasure of the first Deviser and Imposer of it. I do not tell you this without a Cause; for *Bartholus*, *Lib. v. de Verb. Oblig.* very seriously reporteth, that even in his Time there was in *Eugubia*, one named *Sir Nello de Gabrielis*, who although he by a sad Mischance became altogether deaf, understood nevertheless every one that talked in the *Italian* Dialect, howsoever he expressed himself; and that only by looking on his external Gestures, and casting an attentive Eye upon the divers Motions of his Lips and Chaps. I have read, I remember also, in a (3) very literate and eloquent Author, that *Tyridates* King of *Armenia*, in the Days of *Nero*, made a Voyage to *Rome*, where he was received with great Honour and Solemnity, and with all Manner of Pomp and Magnificence: yea, to the end there might be a sempiternal Amity and Correspondence preserved betwixt him and the *Roman* Senate, there was no remarkable Thing in the whole City, which was

(2) *What Herodotus wrote, &c.*] In the Beginning of l. ii.

(3) *A very literate, &c.*] *Lucian*, in his Dialogue of Dancing. See *Suetonius*, *Pliny* and *Tacitus*, on this *Armenian* King's visiting *Nero*.

not shown unto him. At his Departure the Emperor bestowed upon him many ample Donations of an inestimable Value : And besides, the more intirely to testify his Affection towards him, heartily entreated him to be pleased to make choice of any whatsoever Thing in *Rome* was most agreeable to his Fancy ; with a Promise juramentally confirmed, that he should not be refused of his Demand. Thereupon, after a suitable Return of Thanks for so gracious an Offer, he required a certain *Jack-pudding*, whom he had seen to act his part most egregiously upon the Stage, and whose meaning (albeit he knew not what it was he had spoken) he understood perfectly enough by the Signs and Gesticulations which he had made. And for this Suit of his, in that he asked nothing else, he gave this Reason, That in several wide and spacious Dominions, which were reduced under the Sway and Authority of his Sovereign Government, there were sundry Countries and Nations much differing from one another in Language, with whom, whether he was to speak unto them, or give any Answer to their Requests, he was always necessitated to make use of divers Sorts of *Truchmen* and Interpreters : Now with this Man alone, sufficient for supplying all their places, will that great Inconveniency hereafter be totally removed ; seeing he is such a fine Gesticulator, and in the Practice of *Chirology* an Artift so compleat, expert and dextrous, that with his very Fingers he doth speak. Howsoever you are to pitch upon such a dumb one as is deaf by Nature, and from his Birth ; to the End that his Gestures and Signs may be the more naturally and truly prophetic, and not counterfeited by the intermixture of some adulterate Lustre and Affectation. Yet whether this dumb Person shall be of the Male or Female Sex is in your Option, lieth at your Discretion, and altogether dependeth on your Election.

I would more willingly, quoth *Panurge*, consult with and be advised by a dumb Woman, were it not that I am afraid of two Things. The first is, that the greater part of Women, whatever it be that they see, do always represent unto their Fancies, think and imagine, that it hath some Relation to the sugred entring of the goodly *Itthyballas*, and grafting in the Cleft of the overturned Tree,

Tree, the quick-set Imp of the Pin of Copulation. Whatever Signs, Shews or Gestures we shall make, or whatever our Behaviour, Carriage or Demeanour shall happen to be in their View and Presence, they will interpret the whole in Reference to the act of *Androgynation*, and the culbatizing Exercise, by which means we shall be abusively disappointed of our Designs, in regard that she will take all our Signs for nothing else but Tokens and Representations of our Desire to entice her unto the Lifts of a *Cyprian* Combat or Catsenconny Skirmish. Do you remember (4) what happened at *Rome* two hundred and threescore Years after the Foundation thereof? A young *Roman* Gentleman encountering by chance at the Foot of Mount *Celion*, with a beautiful *Latin* Lady, named *Verona*, who from her very Cradle upwards had always been both deaf and dumb, very civilly asked her, (not without a Chironomatic Italianising of his Demand, with various Jestigation of his Fingers, and other Gesticulations, as yet customary amongst the Speakers of that Country) (5) what Senators in her Descent from the Top of the Hill she had met with going up thither. For you are to conceive, that he knowing no more of her Deafness than Dumbness, was ignorant of both. She in the mean Time, who neither heard nor understood so much as one Word of what he had said streight imagin'd, by all that she could apprehend in the lovely Gesture of his manual Signs, that what he then required of her was, what herself had a great mind to, even that which a young Man doth naturally desire of a Woman. Then was it, that by Signs (which in all Occurrences of venereal Love are incomparably more attractive, valid and efficacious than Words) she beckoned to him to come along with her to her House; which when he had done, she drew him aside to a privy Room, and then made a most lively alluring Sign unto him, to shew that the Game did please her. Whereupon, with-

(4) *What happen'd, &c.*] The Ground-work and Substance of this story is taken from *Guevara*, ch. xxxvii. of the original *Spanish* of the fabulous Life he has given the World of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*. See more of this in *D. C.*

(5) *What Senators.*] It is in the Original, *What Hour of the Day it was by the Clock of the Tarpean Rock.*

out any more Advertifement, or fo much as the uttering of one Word on either fide, they fell to, and brin-guardifed it luftily.

The other Cause of my being averfe from confulting with dumb Women, is, that to our Signs they would make no Answer at all, but fuddenly fall backwards in a divarication Pofture, to intimate thereby unto us the Reality of their Consent to the fupposed Motion of our tacit Demands. Or if they fhould chance to make any Contre-figns refponfory to our Propofitions, they would prove fo foolifh, impertinent, and ridiculous, that by them ourfelves fhould eafily judge their Thoughts to have no Excurfion beyond the duffling Academy. You know very well how at *Brignoles* (6) when the religious Nun, Sifter *Fatbum*, was made big with Child by the young *Stiffy-stand-to't*, her Pregnancy came to be known, and ſhe cited by the *Abbeſs*, and in a full Convention of the Convent, accuſed of Inceſt. Her Excufe was, that ſhe did not conſent thereto, but that it was done by the Violence and impetuous Force of the Friar *Stiffy-stand-to't*. Hereto the *Abbeſs* very auſterely replying, thou naughty wicked Girl, why didſt thou not cry, a Rape, a Rape, then ſhould all of us have run to thy Succour. Her Answer was, that the Rape was committed in the *Dorter*, where ſhe durſt not cry, becauſe it was a Place of ſempiternal Silence. But, quoth the *Abbeſs* thou naughty Wench, why didſt not thou then make ſome Sign to thoſe that were in the next Chamber beſide thee ! To this ſhe answered, that with her Buttocks ſhe made a Sign unto them, as vigorously as ſhe could, yet never one of them did ſo much as offer to come to her Help and Aſſiſtance. But, quoth the *Abbeſs*, thou ſcurvy Baggage, why didſt not thou tell it me immediately after the Perpetration of the Fact, that ſo we might orderly, regularly and canonically have accuſed him ? I

(6) *When the religious Nun, &c.*] This ſtory was publickly told, tho' not with ſo much additional Circumſtance as *Rabelais* tells it, by a *Dominican* Friar, a Co-temporary of *Erasmus*. He told it to his Auditory in Order to divert them after a melancholy Sermon he had been preaching to them on a *Good-Friday*. See *Erasmus* in his *Colloquy*, intituled, *Ichthyophagia*, and l. ii. of his *de Arte Conci-enandi*.

would have done so, had the case been mine, for the clearer Manifestation of mine Innocency. I truly, Madam, would have done the like with all my Heart and Soul, quoth Sister *Fatbum*, but that fearing I should remain in Sin, and in the Hazard of eternal Damnation, if prevented by a sudden Death, I did confess myself to the Father Friar before he went out of the Room, who for my Penance enjoined me not to tell it, or reveal the Matter unto any. It were a most enormous and horrid Offence, detestable before God and the Angels, to reveal a Confession: such an abominable Wickedness would have possibly brought down Fire from Heaven, wherewith to have burnt the whole Nunnery, and sent us all headlong to the bottomless Pit, to bear Company with *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*. You will not, quoth *Pantagruel*, with all your Jestings make me laugh; I know that all Monks, Friars, and Nuns, had rather violate and infringe the highest of the Commandments of God, than break the least of their provincial Statutes.

Take you therefore *Goatsnose*, a Man very fit for your present Purpose; for he is, and hath been, both dumb and deaf from the very remotest Infancy of his Childhood.

CHAP. XX.

How Goatsnose by Signs maketh Answer to Panurge.

Goatsnose being sent for, came the Day thereafter to *Pantagruel's* Court; at his Arrival to which *Panurge* gave him a fat Calf, the half of a Hog, two Punchions of Wine, one Load of Corn, and thirty Franks of small Money: then having brought him before *Pantagruel*, in Presence of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, he made this Sign unto him. He yawned a long Time, and in yawning made, without his Mouth with the Thumb of his right Hand, the Figure of the Greek Letter *Tau* by frequent Reiterations. Af-

terwards he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven-wards, then turned them in his Head like a She-goat in the painful Fit of an abortive Birth, in doing whereof he did cough and sigh exceeding heavily: this done, after that he had made Demonstration of the Want of his Codpiece, he from under his Shirt took his Placket-racket in a full Gripe, making it therewithal clack very melodiously betwixt his Thighs: then no sooner had he with his Body stooped a little forwards, and bowed his left Knee, but that immediately thereupon holding both his Arms on his Breast, in a loose faint-like Posture, the one over the other, he paused a while. *Goatsnose* looked wistfully upon him, and having heedfully enough viewed him all over, he lifted up into the Air his left Hand, the whole Fingers whereof he retained Fift-ways closed together, except the Thumb and the Fore-finger, whose Nails he softly joined and coupled to one another. I understand, quoth *Pantagruel*, what he meaneth by that Sign: it denotes *Marriage*, and withal the Number *Thirty*, according to the Profession of *Pythagorians*. You will be *Married*. Thanks to you, quoth *Panurge*, in turning himself towards *Goatsnose*, my little Sewer, pretty Master's-mate, dainty Baily, curious Sergeant marshal, and jolly Catchpole-leader. Then did he lift higher up than before his said left Hand, stretching out all the five Fingers thereof, and severing them as wide from one another as he possibly could get done. Here, says *Pantagruel*, doth he more amply and fully insinuate unto us, by that Token which he sheweth forth of the *Quinary Number*, that you shall be *Married*. Yea, that you shall not only be affianced, betrothed, wedded, and *married*, but that you shall furthermore cohabit, and live jollily and merrily with your Wife; for *Pythagoras* called *Five* the *Nuptial Number*, which together with *Marriage*, signifieth the *Consummation* of Matrimony, because it is composed of a *Ternary*, the first of the odd, and *Binary*, the first of the even Numbers, as of a (1) Male and Female knit and united together. In very deed it was the Fashion of old in the City of *Rome* at Marriage

(1) *As of a Male, &c.*] See *Plutarch* in his Questions concerning Roman Affairs.

Festivals to light *five* Wax Tapers, nor was it permitted to kindle any more at the magnificent Nuptials of the most Potent and Wealthy; nor yet any fewer at the penurious Weddings of the poorest and most abject of the World. Moreover in Times past the Heathen, or *Paynims*, implored the Assistance of *five* Deities, or of one Deity helpful (at least) in *five* several good Offices to those that were to be married: of this Sort were the Nuptial *Jove*; *Juno*, President of the Feast; the fair *Venus*; *Pitbo*, the Goddess of Eloquence and Persuasion; and *Diana*, whose Aid and Succour was required to the Labour of Child-bearing. Then shouted *Panurge*, O the gentile *Goatsnose*, I will give him a Farm near *Cinais*, and a Wind-mill hard by *Mirebalis*. Hereupon the dumb Fellow sneezeth with an impetuous Vehemency, and huge Concussion of the Spirits of the whole Body, withdrawing himself in so doing with a jerking Turn towards the left Hand. By the Body of a Fox new slain, quoth *Pantagrue*, what is that? this maketh nothing for your Advantage; for he betokeneth thereby that your *Marriage* will be inauspicious and unfortunate. This sneezing (according to the Doctrine of (2) *Terpsion*) is the *Socratic* Demon: which if done towards the right Side, it imports and portendeth; that boldly, and with all Assurance, one may go whither he will, and do what he listeth, according to what Deliberation he shall be pleased to have thereupon taken: his Entries in the Beginning, Progress in his Proceedings, and Success in the Events and Issues will be all lucky, good, and happy. The quite contrary thereto is thereby implied and presaged, if it be done towards the left (3). You, quoth *Panurge*, do take always the Matter at the worst, and continually, like another *Davus* casteth in new Disturbances and Obstructions; I believe nothing of the Matter, nor ever yet did I know this old poultry *Terpsion* worthy of Citation, but in Points only of Cosenage and Imposture. Nevertheless, quoth *Pantagrue*, *Cicero* hath written I

(2) *Terpsion*.] See *Plutarch*, in his Treatise of *Socrates's* Demon.

(3) *Towards the left*.] This was the Doctrine of the *Greeks*, but that of the *Romans* was clean contrary. See *Cicero*, l. ii. de *Divinatione*.

know not what (4) to the same Purpose in his *Second Book of Divinations*.

Panurge then turning himself towards *Goatnose* made this Sign unto him. He inverted his Eye-lids upwards, wrenched his Jaws from the right to the left Side, and drew forth his Tongue half out of his Mouth; this done, he posited his left Hand wholly open (the Mid-finger wholly excepted, which was perpendicularly placed upon the Palm thereof) and set it just in the Room where his Codpiece had been. Then did he keep his right Hand altogether shut up in a Fist, save only the Thumb, which he streight turned backwards directly under the right Arm-pit, and settled it afterwards on that most eminent Part of the Buttocks which the *Arabs* call the *Al-Katim*. Suddenly thereafter he made this Interchange; he held his right Hand after the Manner of the left, and posited it on the Place wherein his Codpiece sometime was, and retaining his left Hand in the Form and Fashion of the right, he placed it upon his *Al-Katim*.— This altering of Hands did he reiterate nine several Times; at the last whereof, he resealed his Eye-lids in their own first natural Position. Then doing the like also with his Jaws and Tongue, he did cast a squinting Look upon *Goatnose*, diddering and shivering his Chaps, as Apes use to do, and Rabbits, whilst almost starved with Hunger, they are eating Oats in the Sheaf.

Then was it that *Goatnose* lifting up into the Air his right Hand wholly open and displayed, put the Thumb thereof, even close into its first Articulation, between the two third Joints of the middle and Ring Fingers, pressing about the said Thumb thereof very hard with them both, and whilst the remainent Joints were contracted and shrunk in towards the Wrist, he stretched forth with as much Straitness as he could, the fore and little Fingers. That Hand thus framed and disposed of, he laid and posited upon *Panurge's* Navel, moving withal continually the afore said Thumb, and bearing up,

(4) *I know not what, &c.*] *Quæ si suscipiamus*, says *Cicero* there, *pedis offensio nobis, & abruptio corrigiæ, & sternutamenta erunt observanda*. Which, from his Principles, does not suppose that any Presages can be grounded on Sneezing at all, much less upon Sneezing either on the right or left Hand,

supporting,

supporting, or under-propping that Hand upon the above specified, and fore and little Fingers, as upon two Legs. Thereafter did he make in this Posture his Hand by little and little, and by Degrees and Pauses, successively to mount from athwart the Belly to the Stomach, from whence he made it to ascend to the Breast, even upwards to *Panurge's* Neck, still gaining Ground, till having reached his Chin he had put within the Concave of his Mouth his aforementioned Thumb; then fiercely brandishing the whole Hand, which he made to rub and grate against his Nose, he heaved it further up, and made the Fashion, as if with the Thumb thereof he would have put out his Eyes. With this *Panurge* grew a little angry, and went about to withdraw, and rid himself from this ruggedly untoward dumb Devil. But *Goatsnose* in the mean time prosecuting the intended Purpose of his *prognosticatory Response*, touched very rudely with the abovementioned shaking Thumb, now his Eyes, then his Forehead, and after that, the Borders and Corners of his Cap. At last *Panurge* cried out, saying, Before God, Master-Fool, if you do not let me alone, or that you will presume to vex me any more, you shall receive from the best Hand I have a Mask, wherewith to cover your rascally scoundrel Face, you poultry shitten Varlet. Then said Fryar *John*, he is deaf, and doth not understand what thou sayest unto him. *Bulliblack*, make Sign to him of a Hail of Fisticuffs upon the Muzzle.

What the Devil, quoth *Panurge*, means this busy restless Fellow? What is it that this Polypragmonetic Ardelione to all the Fiends of Hell doth aim at? He hath almost thrust out mine Eyes, as if he had been to poach them in a Skillet with Butter and Eggs. By God, *da Jurandi*, I will feast you with Flirts and Raps on the Snout, interlarded with a double Row of Bobs and Finger Filipings? Then did he leave him in giving him by way of *Salvo* a Volley of Farts for his Farewel. *Goatsnose* perceiving *Panurge* thus to slip away from him, got before him, and by meer Strength enforcing him to stand, made this Sign unto him. He let fall his right Arm towards his Knee on the same Side as low as he could, and raising all the Fingers of that Hand into a

close Fist, past his dexter Thumb betwixt the foremost and Mid-fingers thereto belonging. Then scrubbing and swinging a little with his left Hand alongst, and upon the uppermost, in the very Bought of the Elbow of the said dexter Arm, the whole Cubit thereof by Leisure fair, and softly, at these thumpatory Warnings, did raise and elevate itself even to the Elbow, and above it, on a sudden did he then let it fall down as low as before : and after that, at certain Intervals and such Spaces of Time, raising and abasing it, he made a Shew thereof to *Panurge*. This so incensed *Panurge*, that he forthwith lifted his Hand to have stricken the dumb Royster, and given him a sound Whirret on the Ear, but that the Respect and Reverence which he carried to the Presence of *Pantagruel* restrained his Choler, and kept his Fury within Bounds and Limits. Then said *Pantagruel*, If the bare Signs now vex and trouble you, how much more grievously will you be perplexed and disquieted with the real Things, which by them are represented and signified. All Truths agree, and are consonant with one another ; this dumb Fellow prophesieth and foretellet that you will be *married, cuckolded, beaten and robbed*. As for the Marriage, quoth *Panurge*, I yield thereto, and acknowledge the Verity of that Point of his Prediction ; as for the rest I utterly abjure and deny it ; and believe Sir, I beseech you, if it may please you so to do, that *in the Matter of Wives and Horses (5), never any Man was predestinated to a better Fortune than I.*

C H A P. XXI.

How Panurge consulteth with an old French Poet, named Raminagrobis.

I Never thought, said *Pantagruel*, to have encountered with any Man so headstrong in his Apprehensions, or

(5) *In the Matter of Wives and Horses, &c.*] Alluding to a Proverb, *That there's more Deceit in Women and Horses than in any other Creatures whatever*, See *Laurence Joubert's Vulgar Errors*, Part I. l. v. c. iv.

in his Opinions so wilful, as I have found you to be, and see you are. Nevertheless, the better to clear and extricate your Doubts, let us try all Courses, and leave no Stone unturned, nor Wind unfailed by. Take good Heed to what I am to say unto you. The *Swans*, which are Fowls consecrated to *Apollo*, never chant but in the Hour of their approaching Death, especially in the *Meander* Flood, which is a River that runneth along some of the Territories of *Phrygia*. This I say, because *Elianus* and *Alexander Myndius* write, that they had seen several Swans in other Places die, but never heard any of them sing or chant before their Death. However, it passeth for current that the imminent Death of a Swan is prefaged by his foregoing Song, and that no Swan dieth until previously he have sung.

After the same Manner *Poets*, who are under the Protection of *Apollo*, when they are drawing near their latter End, do ordinarily become Prophets, and by the Inspiration of that God sing sweetly, in vaticinating Things which are to come. It hath been likewise told me frequently, That old decrepit Men upon the Brinks of *Charon's* Banks, do usher their Decease with a Disclosure, all at ease (to those that are desirous of such Informations) of the determinate and assured Truth of future Accidents and Contingencies. I remember also that *Aristophanes*, in a certain Comedy of his calleth old Folks *Sybils*. *Ὁ δὲ γέρον Σιβυλλιάς*, for as when being upon a Pier by the Shore, we see afar-off Mariners, Seafaring Men, and other Travellers amongst the curled Waves of *Azure Thetis* within their Ships, we then consider them in Silence only, and seldom proceed any further than to wish them a happy and prosperous Arrival: but when they do approach near to the Haven, and come to wet their Keels within their Harbour, then both with Words and Gestures we salute them, and heartily congratulate their Access safe to the Port wherein we are ourselves. Just so the Angels, Heroes, and good Demons (according to the Doctrine of *Platonics*) when they see Mortals drawing near unto the Harbour of the Grave, as the most sure and calmest Port of any, full of Repose, Ease, Rest, Tranquillity; free from the Troubles and Sollicitudes of this tumultuous and tempestuous World;

World ; then is it that they with Alacrity hail and salute them, cherish and comfort them, and speaking to them lovingly, begin even then to bless them with Illuminations, and to communicate unto them the abstrusest Mysteries of Divination. I will not offer here to confound your Memory by quoting antic Examples of *Isaac*, of *Jacob*, of *Patroclus* towards *Hector*, of *Hector* towards *Achilles*, of *Polymnestor* towards *Agamemnon*, of *Hecuba*, of the *Rhodian* celebrated by *Possidonius*, of *Calanus* (1) the *Indian* towards *Alexander the Great*, of *Orodes* (2) towards *Mezentius*, and of many others ; it shall suffice for the present, that I commemorate unto you the learned and valiant Knight and Cavalier *William* of *Bellay*, late Lord of *Langcy*, who died on the Hill of *Tarrara*, the Tenth of *January*, in the *Climacteric* Year of his Age, and of our Supputati-on 1543, according to the *Roman* Account. The last three or four Hours of his Life he did imploy in the serious Utterance of a very pithy Discourse, whilst with a clear Judgment, and Spirit void of all Trouble, he did foretel several important Things, whereof a great deal is come to pass, and the rest we wait for. Howbeit, his *Prophecies* did at that Time seem unto us somewhat strange, absurd, and unlikely ; because there did not then appear any Sign of Efficacy enough to engage our Faith to the Belief of what he did prognosticate.

We have here near to the Town of *Villomere*, a Man that is both *Old* and a *Poet*, to wit, *Raminagrobis* (3), who to his Second Wife espoused my Lady *Broadfow* (4), on whom he begot the fair *Basche*. It hath been

(1) *Calanus*.] See *Plutarch* in *Alexander's* Life.

(2) *Orodes*.] See l. x. of the *Æneid*.

(3) *Raminagrobis*.] See *Du Chat* on the Etymology and Meaning of *Raminagrobis*, by which *Rabelais* understood *William Cretin* a famous Poet, in the Reigns of *Charles VIII.* *Louis XII.* and *Francis I.* The Verses which follow below are actually at the End of *Cretin's* Works, and he address'd them to *Christopher de Refuge* who had consulted him about his intended Marriage : but that *Rabelais* can mean no other than *Cretin*, is evident from what *Pasquier* and *Menage* say of him. See more in *M. D. C's* Notes on this Place.

(4) *Lady Broadfow*.] This is all an allegorical Satyr on the before-mentioned Poet's equivocal Way of Writing. See *D. C.* at large, in *loc.*

told me, he is a dying, and so near his latter End, that he is almost upon the very last Moment, Point, and Article thereof; repair thither as fast as you can, and be ready to give an attentive Ear to what he shall *chant* unto you: it may be, that you shall obtain from him what you desire, and that *Apollo* will be pleased, by his Means, to clear your Scruples. I am content, quoth *Panurge*, let us go thither, *Epistemon*, and that both instantly in all haste, least otherways his Death prevent our Coming. Wilt thou come along with us, *Friar John*? Yes, that I will, quoth *Friar John* right heartily to do thee a Courtesy, my Billy-ballocks; for I love thee with the best of my Milt and Liver. Thereupon, incontinently, without any farther lingring to the Way, they all three went, and quickly thereafter (for they made good Speed, arriving at the Poetical Habitation, they found the jolly old Man, albeit in the Agony of his Departure from this World, looking chearfully, with an open Countenance, splendid Aspect, and Behaviour full of Alacrity. After that *Panurge* had very civilly saluted him, he in a free Gift did present him with a Gold Ring, which he even then put upon the Medical Finger of his left Hand, in the Collet or Bezle whereof was inched an Oriental Saphire, very fair and large. Then, in Imitation of *Socrates*, did he make an Oblation unto him of a fair *White Cock*; which was no sooner set upon the Tester of his Bed, then that with a high raised Head and Crest, lustily shaking his Feather-Coat, he crowed *stentoriphonically* loud. This done, *Panurge* very courteously required of him, that he would vouchsafe to favour him with the Grant and Report of his Sense and Judgment, touching the future Destiny of his intended *Marriage*. For Answer hereto, when the honest Old Man had forthwith commanded Pen, Paper, and Ink to be brought unto him, and that he was at the same Call conveniently served with all the three, he wrote these following Verses:

Take, or not take her,

Off, or on:

Handy dandy is your Lot.

When her Name you write, you blot.

Ti

'Tis undone, when all is done,
 Endeed e're it was begun :
 Hardly Gallop if you Trot,
 Set not forward when you Run,
 Nor be single, tho' alone,
 Take, or not take her.

Before you eat, begin to fast;
 For what shall be was never past.
 Say, unsay, gainsay, save your Breath :
 Then wish at once her Life and Death.
 Take, or not take her.

These Lines he gave out of his own Hands unto them, saying unto them, *Go my Lads in Peace, the great God of the highest Heavens be your Guardian and Preserver ; and do not offer any more to trouble or disquiet me with this or any other Business whatsoever. I have this same every Day (which is the last both of May and of me) with a great deal of Labour, Toil, and Difficulty, chased out of my House a rabble of filthy, unclean and plaguily pestilentious Rake-hells, black Beasts, dusk, dun, white, Ash-coloured, speckled, and a foul Vermine of other Hues, whose obtrusive Importunity would not permit me to die at my own Ease: for by fraudulent and deceitful Pricklings, ravenous, Harpy-like Graspings, waspish Stingings, and such-like unwelcome Approaches, forged in the Shop of I know not what Kind of Insatiabilities ; they went about to withdraw, and call me out of those sweet Thoughts, wherein I was already beginning to repose myself, and acquiesce in the Contemplation and Vision, yea, almost in the very Touch and Taste of the Happiness and Felicity which the good God hath prepared for his faithful Saints and Elect in the other Life, and State of Immortality. Turn out of their Courses, and eschew them ; step forth of their Ways, and do not resemble them ; mean while, let me be no more troubled by you, but leave me now in Silence, I beseech you.*

C H A P. XXII.

*How Panurge patrocينات and defendeth the
Order of the begging Friars.*

Panurge, at his issuing forth of *Raminagrobis's* Chamber, said, as if he had been horribly affrighted, By the Virtue of God, I believe that he is an *Heretic*; the Devil take me, if I do not; he doth so villainously rail at the *Mendicant* Friars, and *Jacobins*: who are the two Hemispheres of the Christian World; by whose Gyronomic Circumbilivaginations, as by two celivagous Filopendulums, all the autonomic Metagrobolism of the *Romish* Church, when tottering and emblustricated with the Gobble-gabble Gibbrish of this odious Error and Heresy, is homocentrically poised. But what Harm in the Devil's Name, have these poor Devils the *Capucins* and *Minims* done unto him? Are not these beggarly Devils sufficiently wretched already? Who can imagine that these poor Snakes, the very Extracts of *Ichthyophagy*, are not thoroughly enough besmoaked and besmeared with Misery, Distress, and Calamity? Dost thou think, Friar *John*, by thy Faith, that he is in the State of Salvation? He goeth, before God, as surely damned to thirty thousand Baskets full of Devils, as a Pruning-Bill to the lopping of a Vine-Branch.

To revile with opprobrious Speeches the good and courageous *Props* and *Pillars of the Church*, is that to be called a *Poetical Fury*? I cannot rest satisfied with him, he sinneth grossly, and blasphemeth against the true Religion. I am very much offended at his scandalizing Words, and contumelious Obloquy. I do not care a Straw, quoth Friar *John*, for what he hath said; for although every Body should twit and jerk them, it were but a just Retaliation, seeing all Persons are served by them with the like Sauce: therefore do I pretend no Interest therein. Let us see nevertheless what he hath written. Panurge very attentively read the Paper, which the old Man had penned, then said to his two Fellow-Travelers, *The poor Drinker doteth*: howsoever, I excuse

I excuse him ; for that I believe he is now drawing near to the End, and final Closure of his Life : Let us go make his *Epitaph*.

By the Answer which he hath given us, I am not, I protest, one Jot wiser than I was. Harken here, *Epistemon*, my little Bully, dost not thou hold him to be very resolute in his *Responsory* Verdicts ? He is a witty, quick, and subtle Sophister. I will lay an even Wager, that he is a miscreant Apostate. By the Belly of a stalled Ox, how careful he is not to be mistaken in his Words ! He answered but by *Disjunctives*, therefore can it not be true which he saith ; for the Verity of such like Propositions is inherent only in one of it's two Members. O the cozening Prater that he is ! I wonder if *Santiago of Bressure* be one of these cogging Shirks. Such was of old, quoth *Epistemon*, the Custom of the grand Vaticinator and Prophet *Tiresias*, who used always (by Way of a Preface) to say openly and plainly, at the Beginning of his Divinations and Predictions, that *what he was to tell would either come to pass, (1) or not* : And such is truly the Stile of all prudently-presaging Prognosticators. He was nevertheless, quoth *Panurge*, so unfortunately misadventrous in the Lot of his own Destiny, that *Juno* thrust out both his Eyes.

Yes, answered *Epistemon*, and that meerly out of a Spight and Spleen, for having pronounced his Award more veritably than she, upon the Question which was merrily proposed by *Jupiter*. But, quoth *Panurge*, what Arch-Devil is it that hath possesst this Master *Raminagrobis*, that so unreasonably, and without any Occasion, he should have so snappishly, and bitterly inveighed against these poor honest Father, *Jacobins*, *Minors* and *Minims* ? It vexeth me grievously, I assure you ; nor am I able to conceal my Indignation ; (2) his Soul goeth infallibly to thirty thousand Panniers full of Devils.

(1) Or not.] Horace's Sat. l. ii. Sat. v.

Quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.

(2) His Soul.] *Son Asne*, his Ass in the Original. See this taken notice of elsewhere.

I understand you not, quoth *Epistemon*, and it disliketh me very much, that you should so absurdly and perversly interpret that of the Friar *Mendicants* which by the harmless *Poet* was spoken of black Beasts, dun, and other Sorts of other coloured Animals. He is not in my Opinion guilty of such a sophistical and fantastical Allegory, as by that Phrase of his to have meant the *Begging Brothers*; he in down right Terms speaketh absolutely and properly of Fleas, Punies, Handworms, Flies, Gnats, and other such-like scurvy Vermine, whereof some are black, some dun, some ash-coloured, some tawny, and some brown and dusky, all noisome, molesting, tyrannous, cumbersome, and unpleasing Creatures, not only to sick and diseased Folks, but to those also who are of a sound and vigorous, and healthful Temperament and Constitution. It is not unlike, that he may have the *Ascarids* and the *Lumbrics*, and Worms within the Intrails of his Body. Possibly doth he suffer (as is frequent and usual amongst the *Egyptians*, together with all those who inhabit the *Erythræan* Confines, and dwell along the Shores and Coasts of the Red-Sea) some sour Prickings, and smart Stings in his Arms and Legs of those little speckled Dragons, which the *Arabians* call (3) *Meden*. You are to blame for offering to expound his Words otherwise, and wrong the ingenious *Poet*, and outrageously abuse and miscall the said Fraters, by an Imputation of Baseness undeservedly laid to their Charge. We still should in such like Discourses of fatiloquent Soothsayers, interpret all Things to the best. Will you teach me, quoth *Panurge*, how to discern Flies among Milk, or shew your Father the Way how to beget Children: He is, (4) by the Virtue of God, an *arrant Heretic*, a *resolute formal Heretic*; I say, a *rooted*, (5) *riveted*, *combustible Heretic*, one as fit

(3) *Meden*.] *Venæ Medini*. A Distemper so call'd from the Town of *Medina*, where it is common. *Avicenna* speaks of it.

(4) *By the Virtue of God*.] This Oath in the Original is, *by the Virtue of an Ox*: *par ta Vertu Beuf*. Suppose we say, *By Ox Cheek and Marrow-Bones*. It would answer better to the Jocularity of the Original, and give no Offence to any, the most scrupulous Reader.

(5) *Riveted*, &c.] The *Dutch* Scholiast has a very curious historical Remark upon this Passage, but *M. Moitteux* having translated it, and

fit to burn as *the little wooden Clock at Rochel*. His Soul goeth to thirty thousand Carts full of Devils. Would you know whither? *Cocks-Body*, my Friend, streight under *Proserpina's* Close-stool, to the very middle of the self-same infernal Pan, within which she, by an excrementitious Evacuation voideth the fecal Stuff of her finching Clysters, and that just upon the left Side of the great Cauldron of three Fathom height, (6) hard by the Claws and Talons of *Lucifer*, in the very darkest of the Passage which leadeth towards the black Chamber of *Demigorgon*. Oh the Villain!

CH A P. XXIII.

How Panurge maketh the Motion of a Return to Raminagrobis.

LET us return, quoth *Panurge*, not ceasing to the uttermost of our Abilities, to ply him with wholesome Admonitions, for the Furtherance of his Salvation. Let us go back for God's Sake, let us go in the Name

and inserted it among his Notes, all I shall say here is, that the meaning of the Word *riveted* Heretic is two fold, *Clavelé* is the French Word. So a *riveted* Heretic may, says *M. du Chat*, signify here an *Heretic Contagious, Infectious*, as Sheep that have the *Scab*, (*Claveau*). Or else, adds he, it may allude to the Old Practice of driving a *Nail* quite thro' the Leaves of Heretical Books; and then *riveting* or clinching it. *Res autem eò deducta est*, says *Robert Gaguin* to *William Fichet*, in the *xxi. Epistle*, *ut Nominalibus veluti Elephantiarum pruritu pestilentibus indictum sit exilium; quorum celebriores libros, quos è Bibliothecis Pontificum distrabi nefas erat, ferro & Clavis tanquam compedibus, ne intro spectenter, vinctos esse, jussit Rex Ludovicus*. See *Naudæus*, Addition to *Louis XIth's Life*, p. 194.

(6) *Hard by the Claws, &c.*] The Book of *Conformities* relates that a certain Devil, who had taken the Shape of one *Madam Zantexa* of *Ravenna*, had told *Messire James* a *Bolonian Priest*, by Way of Secrecy, that *Francis D'Assise* was in *Lucifer's Place* in Heaven. (See *Wier. Domonolog.*) *Raminagrobis* had been raving against the Monks, and particularly the *Franciscans*. With an Eye to the Story above, *Rabelais* places him in Hell below *Proserpine*, and within the Reach of *Lucifer's Claws*.

of God: It will be a very meritorious Work and of great Charity in us to deal so in the Matter, and provide so well for him, that albeit he come to lose both Body and Life, he may at least escape the Risk and Danger of the eternal Damnation of his Soul. We will by our holy Persuasions bring him to a Sense and Feeling of his Escapes, induce him to acknowledge his Faults, move him to a cordial Repentance of his Errors, and stir up in him such a sincere Contrition of Heart for his Offences, as will prompt him with all Earnestness to cry Mercy, and to beg Pardon at the Hands of the good *Fathers*, as well of the Absent, as of such as are present: whereupon we will take Instrument formally and authentically extended, to the End he be not, after his Decease, declared an *Heretic*, and condemned, as were the *Hobgoblins of the Provost's Wife of Orleans*, to the undergoing of such Punishments, Pains and Tortures, as are due to, and inflicted on those that inhabit the horrid Cells of the infernal Regions: and withal incline, instigate, and persuade him to bequeath, and leave in Legacy (by way of an Amends and Satisfaction for the Outrage and Injury done) to those good *Religious Fathers* throughout all the Convents, Cloysters, and Monasteries of this Province, many (1) *Pitances*, a great deal of *Mass-singing*, store of *Orbits*, and that sempiternally, on the Anniversary Day of his Decease every one of them all be furnished with a quintuple Allowance: and that the great Borrachoe replenished with the best Liquor, trudge apace along the Tables, as well of the young Duckling, Monkito's, Lay-Brothers, and lowermost Degree of the Abbey-Lubbards, as of the learned Priests, and reverend Clerks. The very meanest of the *Novices*, and *Mitiants* unto the Order being equally admitted to the Benefit of those funeral and obsequial Festivals, with the aged Rectors, and

(1) *Pitances*.] An Allowance of Victuals over and above Bread and Wine. Thus *Antony du Pinet* l. v. c. xix. and l. xviii. c. xii. of his Translation of *Pliny*, gives the Appellative *Pitance* of Figs and Beans. The Word originally comes from the Peoples *Piety* in giving to the poor Mendicants in their Neighbourhood wherewithal to subsist. *Du Gange* under the Word *Pietancia*, and *Menage* under the Word *Pitance*.

professed Fathers; this is the surest ordinary Means, whereby from God he may obtain Forgiveness.

Ho, ho, I am quite mistaken, I digress from the Purpose, and fly out of my Discourse, as if my Spirits were a Wool-gathering. The Devil take me, if I go thither. Virtue, God, the Chamber is already full of Devils. O what a swinging, thwacking Noise is now amongst them! O the terrible Coyl that they keep! Harken, do you not hear the rustling thumping Bustle of their Stroaks and Blows, as they scuffle with one another, like true Devils indeed, who shall gulp up the *Raminogrobis* Soul, and be the first Bringer of it, whilst it is hot, to Monsieur *Lucifer*. Beware, and get you hence: for my Part, I will not go thither; the Devil roast me if I go. Who knows but that these hungry mad Devils may in the Haste of their Rage and Fury of their Impatience, take a *Quid* for a *Quo*, and instead of *Raminagrobis* snatch up poor *Panurge* frank and free? Though formerly, when I was deep in Debt, they always failed. Get you hence: I will not go thither. Before God, the very bare Apprehension thereof is like to kill me. To be in the Place where there are greedy, famished, and hunger-starved Devils; amongst factious Devils: admitt trading and trafficking Devils: O the Lord preserve me! Get you hence, I dare pawn my Credit on it, that no *Jacobi*, *Cordelier*, *Carmelite*, *Capucin*, *Theatin*, or *Minim*, will bestow any personal-Presence at his Interment. The wiser they, because he hath ordained nothing for them in his latter Will and Testament.

The Devil take me, if I go thither; if he be damned, to his own Loss and Hindrance be it. What the Deuce moved him to be so snappish and depravedly bent against the good Fathers of the true Religion? Why did he cast them off, reject them, and drive them quite out of his Chamber, even in that very Nick of Time when he stood in greatest Need of the Aid, Suffrage, and Assistance of their devout Prayers, and holy Admonitions? Why did not he by Testament leave them, at least, some jolly Lumps and Cantles of substantial Meat, a Parcel of Cheek-puffing Victuals, and a little Belly-Timber, and Provision for the Guts of these poor Folks, who have nothing but their Life in this World.

Let

Let him go thither, who will; the Devil take me, if I go; for if I should, the Devil would not fail to snatch me up. *Cancro*: ho, the Pox! Get you hence, Fryar *John*; art thou content that Thirty Thousand Waineload of Devils should get away with thee at this same very Instant? If thou be, at my Request, do these three Things: *First*, Give me thy Purse; for besides, that thy Money is marked with Crosses, and the Cross is an Enemy to Charms, and the same may befall to thee, which not long ago happened to *John Dodin*, Collector of the Excise of *Coudary*, at the Ford of *Vede*, when the Soldiers broke the Planks: This Money'd Fellow meeting at the very Brink of the Bank of the Ford, with Fryar *Adam Crank-cod* (2), a *Franciscan Observantin* of *Mirebeau*, promised him a new Frock, provided, that in the transporting of him over the Water, he would bear him upon his Neck and shoulders, after the Manner of carrying dead Goats: for he was a lusty, strong-limb'd, sturdy Rogue.

The Condition being agreed upon, Fryar *Crank-cod* trusseth himself up to his very Ballocks, and layeth upon his Back like a fair little Saint *Christopher*; the Load of the said Supplicant *Dodin*, and so carry'd him gayly and with a good Will; as *Aeneas* bore his Father *Anchises* through the Conflagration of *Troy*, singing in the mean while a pretty *Ave maris Stella*. When they were in the very deepest Place of all the Ford, a little above the Master-Wheel of the Water-Mill, he asked if he had any Coin about him. Yes, quoth *Dodin*, a whole Bag full; and that he needed not to mistrust his Ability in the Performance of the Promise, which he had made unto him, concerning a new Frock. How! quoth Friar *Grankcod*, thou knowest well enough, that by the express Rules, Canons and Injunctions of our Order, we are forbidden to carry (3) on us any Kind of Money: thou

(2) *Adam-Crank-cod*.] In the Original it means strictly *Adam-Bean-stap*, for *Causcoil* in upper *Languedoc*, signifies a *Bean-shell* or *Cod*. By this coin'd Name. *Rabelais* intends a Monk who by his Nudities represented the first Man, before the Fall.

(3) *To carry about us any Money*.] *Erasmus* in his Praise of folly; *Rursum alios qui pecuniae contactum ceu Aconitum horreant, nec à mulierum contactu temperantes*. A Passage which the Painter *Holbein* hath illustrated

thou art truly unhappy, for having made me in this Point to commit a heinous Trespass. Why didst thou not leave thy Purse with the Miller? Without Fail thou shalt presently receive thy Reward for it; and if ever hereafter I may but lay hold upon thee within the Limits of our Chancel at *Mirebeau*, thou shalt have the *Miserere* even to the *Vitulos*. With this suddenly discharging himself of his Burthen, he throws me down your *Dodin* headlong.

Take Example by this *Dodin*, my dear Friend Friar *John*, to the End that the Devils may the better carry thee away at thine own Ease. Give me thy Purse. Carry no Manner of Cross upon thee. Therein lieth an evident and manifestly apparent Danger: For if you have any Silver coined with a Cross upon it, they will cast thee down headlong upon some Rocks as the Eagles use to do with the Tortoises for the breaking of their Shells, as the bald Pate of the Poet *Eschilus* can sufficiently bear Witness. Such a Fall would hurt thee very sore, my Sweet Bully, and I should be sorry for it; or otherwise they will let thee fall, and tumble down into the high swollen Waves of some capacious Sea, I know not where; but I warrant thee far enough hence, (as *Icarus* fell) which from thy Name would afterwards get the Denomination of the *Funnelian* Sea.

Secondly, Be out of Debt: For the Devils carry a great liking to those that are out of Debt. I have sore felt the Experience thereof in mine own Particular; for now the lecherous Varlets are always wooing me, courting me, and making much of me, which they never did when I was all to Pieces. The Soul of one in Debt is insipid, dry, and no Meat for the Devil.

Thirdly, With thy Cowl and thy *Domino de Grobis*, return to *Raminagrobis*; and in case, being thus qualified, thirty Thousand Boats full of Devils forthwith come not to carry thee quite away, I shall be content to be at the Charge of paying for the Pinte and Fagot. Now if for the more Security thou wouldst have some

illustrated with the Print of a *Franciscan* Fryar groping a young Wench's Bubbies with his left Hand, while he is so scrupulous as to tell over some Money with a Bodkin's Point in the other Hand.

Associate to bear thee Company, let not me be the Comrade thou searchest for, think not to get a Fellow Traveller of me; nay, do not, I advise thee for the best. Get you hence; I will not go thither; the Devil take me if I go. Notwithstanding all the Fright that you are in, quoth Friar *John*, I would not care so much, as might possibly be expected I should, if I once had but my Sword in my Hand. Thou hast verily hit the Nail on the Head, quoth *Panurge*, and speakest like a Learned Doctor, subtil, and well skilled in the Art of Devilry.

At the Time when I was a Student in the University of *Toulouse* (4), that same Reverend Father in the Devil, *Picatrix* (5), Rector of the Diabolical Faculty, was wont to tell us, that the Devils did naturally fear the bright glancing of Swords, as much as the Splendour and Light of the Sun. In Confirmation of the Verity whereof he related this Story, That *Hercules*, at his Descent into Hell to all the Devils of those Regions, did not by half so much terrify them with his *Club* and *Lyon's Skin*, as afterwards *Aeneas* did with his clear shining Armour upon him, and his Sword in his Hand well furnished and unruined, by the Aid, Council and Assistance of the *Sybilla Cumana*. That was perhaps the Reason why the Senior *John James Trivulfe* (6), whilst he was a dying at *Chartres*, called for his Cutlafs,

(4) *Toulouse*] In the Original it is, *when I went to School at Tollette*, by which is meant *Toledo* in Spain.

(5) *Picatrix*.] A sham Name for the Spanish Author of four trifling Books relating to the famous Magicians of Antiquity in 1256. The Doctrine that assigns an aerial Substance to the Devils, was taught in the Grottoes near *Toledo* till 1492, when the Schools of the *Arabians* in Spain were put an End to, as well as the Reign of that People there. *Aggripa*, who spoke of *Picatrix* before *Rabelais*, tells us, that That Spaniard's Work was dedicated to King *Alphonso*.

(6) *John James Trivulfe*.] See *Mezeray* in 1518; also *Guichardin's Italian Wars*. This Lord made his own Epitaph. . . . Here resteth one that never rested before, *John James Trivulfe*. And the Reason of his thus flourishing and pushing with his Sword on his right Hand and left, just before he dy'd, was probably, that his Epitaph might not be charged with a Lye. (He was a brave Man, and accordingly *Moreri* speaks well of him.) His Name, in Italian, for he was a *Milanese*, was *Giouanni Jacomo di Trivulcio*,

and

and died with a drawn Sword in his Hand, laying about him alongst and athwart around the Bed, and every where within his Reach, like a stout, doughty, valorous and Knight-like Cavalier. By which resolute Manner of Fence he scared away and put to Flight all the Devils that were then lying in wait for his Soul at the Passage of his Death. When the *Massorets* and *Cabalists* are asked, Why it is that none of all the Devils do at any Time enter into the Terrestrial Paradise? Their Answer hath been, is, and will be still, That there is a *Cberubin* standing at the Gate thereof, with a Flame-like glistering Sword in his Hand. Although to speak in the true *Diabological* Sense or Phrase of *Toledo*, I must needs confess and acknowledge, that veritably the Devils cannot be killed, or die by the Stroke of a Sword. I do nevertheless avow and maintain, according to the Doctrine (7) of the said *Diabology*, that they may suffer a Solution of Continuity, and (as if with thy Sabre thou shouldst cut athwart the Flame of a burning Fire, or the gross opacous Exhalations of a thick and obscure Smoak) cry out, like very Devils, at their Sense and Feeling of this Dissolution, which in real Deed I must aver and affirm is devilish, painful, smarting and dolorous.

When thou seest the impetuous Shock of two Armies, and vehement Violence of the Push in the horrid Encounter with one another; dost thou think, *Ba'ockassô*, that so horrible a Noise as is heard there, proceedeth from the Voice and Shouts of Men? The dashing and joulting of Harness? The clattering and clashing of Armies? The hacking and flashing of Battle-Axes? The jostling and crashing of Pikes? The bustling and breaking of Lances? The Clamour and Skrieks of the Wounded? The Sound and Din of Drums? The Clangour and Shrilness of Trumpets? The neighing and rushing in of Horses? with the fearful Claps and thundering of all Sorts of Guns, from the double Cannon to the Pocket Pistol inclusively? I cannot, goodly, deny, but that in these various Things which I have re-

(7) *The Doctrine, &c.*] *Cælius Rhodiginus* tells us, This Doctrine had a great many Defenders in his Time,

heard,

heard, there may be somewhat occasionative of the huge Yell and Tintamarre of the two engaged Bodies.

But the most fearful and tumultuous Coil and Stir, the terriblest and most boisterous Garboil and Hurry, the chiefest rustling *Black Santus* of all, and most principal Hurly Burly (8), springeth from the grievously plangorous Howling and Lowing of Devils, who Pell-mell, in a hand-over-head Confusion, waiting for the poor Souls of the maimed and hurt Soldiery, receive un-awares some Stroaks with Swords, and so by those Means suffering a Solution of, and Division in, the *Continuity* of their aërial and invisible Substances : as if some Lac-

(8) *Hurly Burly.*] *Vacarme* in French ; so called, says M. D. C. from *Bacchi Carnem*. *Carnem*, must be an Error of the Press, for *Carmen*. But such Errors, tho' material in themselves, may very well be forgiven our Learned Editor, considering how seldom they have escaped him : not above a dozen Times in all the Six Volumes ; once by putting *jocatur* for *nugatur*, in quoting *Beza's* famous Epigram upon *Rabelais*. (N. B. *Jocatur*, tho' good *Latin*, is bad *Verse*.)

Qui sic jocatur, tractantem ut seria vincat :

Seria quum faciet, dic, rogo, Quantus erit ?

Anglicè,

He who a Tale so learnedly cou'd tell,

That no True Hist'ry e'er pleas'd half so well ; }

How much in Serious Things wou'd he excel ! }

Again, in dividing the Word *σαυρούμενον* and making two Words of it, in the Epigram upon one *Diophon*, who had so strong a Tincture of Ambition, that being condemned to be hang'd, he dy'd with Envy as soon as he saw that the Gibbet which was prepared for him, was not so high built as his Fellow Rogues.

Μαυροτέρῳ σαυρῶ σαυρού μενον ἄλλον ἑαυτοῦ

Ὁ Φθονερός Διοφῶν ἐλγὺς ἰδὼν, ἐτάκη.

Anglicè,

Soon as a Gallows, *Diophon* espy'd,

Higher than His, with Envy burst, he dy'd.

But the greatest Oversight of all, and which 'tis fit those who are possessed of that *French* Edition as well as of M. M. . . 's 8vo Edition should be set right in, is the Quotation from *Plutarch*, about the Physician,

Who boasts of healing Poor and Rich,

Yet is himself all over Itch.

Plutarch has it,

Ἰατρὸς ἄλλων, αὐτὸς ἔλκεσι βρύων.

Whereas Mr. D. C. as well as M. M. . . x have omitted *ἔλκεσι*, and one of them has it *Γιτρὸς* instead of *Ἰατρὸς*.

key, snatching at the Lardslices stuck in a Piece of Roast-meat on the Spit, should get from Mr. *Greazyfist* (9) a good Rap on the Knuckles with a Cudgel, they cry out and shout like Devils. Even as *Mars* did, when he was hurt by *Diomedes* at the Siege of *Troy*, who (as *Homer* testifieth of him) did then raise his Voice more horrifically loud, and sonorerously high, than ten Thousand Men together would have been able to do. What maketh all this for our present Purpose? I have been speaking here of well-furbish'd Armour and bright shining Swords. But so is it not (*Friar John*) with thy Weapon; for by a long Discontinuance of Work, Cessation from Labour, desisting from making it officiate, and putting it into that Practice wherein it had been formerly accustomed; and in a Word, for Want of Occupation, it is, upon my Faith, become more rusty than the Key-hole of an old Poudering-Tub. Therefore it is expedient that you do one of these two Things, either furbish your Weapon bravely, and as it ought to be, or otherwise have a Care that in the rusty Case it is in, you do not presume to return to the House of *Raminagrobis*. For my Part, I vow I will not go thither, the Devil take me if I go.

CHAP. XXIV.

How Panurge consulteth with Epistemon.

HAVING left the Town of *Villaumere*, as they were upon their Return towards *Pantagruel*, *Panurge* in addressing his Discourse to *Epistemon*, spoke thus: My most antient Friend and Gossip, thou seest the Perplexity of my Thoughts, and knowest many Remedies

(9) *Greazyfist*.] Master *Hordoux* in the Original, from the Latin *Horridus*, or else from *Hors*, out, away, begone, from his driving out of the Kitchen such as incommode him in his culinary Affairs, whether Man or Beast. Thus, adds M. du C. by way of Joke, when a young School-boy is bid to decline *Hordicus*, the Lad no sooner comes to the Genitive Case, but he finds he must get away. (*Hordici*, *Hors d'ici*.)

for the Removal thereof ; art thou not able to help and succour me ? *Epistemon* thereupon taking the Speech in hand, represented unto *Panurge*, how the open Voice and common Fame of the whole Country did run upon no other Discourse, but the Derision and Mockery of his new Disguise ; wherefore his Counsel unto him was, that he would in the first Place be pleased to make Use of a little *Helebore*, for the purging of his Brain of that peccant Humour, which thro' that extravagant and fantastick Mummery of his, had furnished the People with a too just Occasion of flouting and gibing, jeering and scoffing him ; and that next he would resume his ordinary Fashion of Accoutrement, and go Apparalled as he was wont to do. I am (quoth *Panurge*) my dear Gossip *Epistemon*, of a Mind and Resolution to Marry, but am afraid of being a Cuckold, and to be unfortunate in my Wedlock : for this Cause have I made a Vow to young St. *Francis*, (who at *Plessis les Tours* is much revered of all Women, earnestly cried unto by them, and with great Devotion ; for he was the first Founder of the Confraternity of good Men, (*Bons-hommes* (1) whom they naturally covet, affect and long for) I say I have vow'd to him to wear Spectacles in my Cap, and to carry no Codpiece in my Breeches, until the present Inquietude and Perturbation of my Spirits be fully settled.

Truly (quoth *Epistemon*) that is a pretty jolly Vow, of Thirteen to a Dozen : It is a Shame to you, and I wonder much at it, that you do not return unto your self and recal your Senses from this their wild swerving and straying abroad to that Rest and Stillness which becomes a virtuous Man. This whimsical Conceit of yours, brings me to the Remembrance of a solemn Promise, made by the *Shagbaired Argives* (2), who having in their Controversy against the *Lacedemonians* for

(1) *Bons-hommes*.] The *Bons Hommes*, who were instituted by *Francis de Paula*, surnamed *The Younger*, in contradistinction to *Francis d'Assize*, are the same as the *Minims* : but here *Rabelais* speaks of Leprous Persons, who have large Talents for Venereal Exercises. Formerly Lepers were called *Bons hommes*, and are still called so in Germany.

(2) *Argives*.] See *Herodotus*, l. i.

the Territory of *Thyræa* lost the Battle, which they hoped should have decided it for their Advantage, *vowed* to carry never any Hair on their Heads, 'till they had recovered the Loss of both their Honour and Lands : as likewise to the Memory of the *Vow* of a pleasant *Spaniard* called *Michael Doris*, who *vowed* to carry in his Hat a Piece of the Shin of his Leg, 'till he should be revenged of him who had struck it off. Yet do not I know which of these two deserveth most to wear a Green and Yellow Hood with a Hares Ears tied to it, either the aforesaid vain-glorious *Champion*, or that *Enguerrant* (3) who having forgot the Art and Manner of writing Histories, set down by the *Samosatian* Philosopher, maketh a most tediously long Narrative and Relation thereof: For at the first reading of such a profuse Discourse, one would think it had been broached for the introducing of a Story of great Importance and Moment concerning the waging of some formidable War, or the notable Change and Mutation of potent States and Kingdoms; but in Conclusion, the World laughed at the capricious *Champion*, at the Man who had affronted him, as also at their Scribler *Enguerrant*, more driveling at the Mouth than a Mustard-pot. The Jest and Scorn thereof is not unlike to that of the Mountain of *Horace*, which by the Poet was made to cry out and lament most enormously as a Woman in the Pangs and Labour of Child-birth, at which deplorable and exorbitant Cries and Lamentations the whole Neighbourhood being assembled in Expectation to see some marvellous monstrous Production, could at last perceive no other but a paultry ridiculous Mouse.

Your mousing, quoth *Panurge*, will not make me leave my musing why Folks should be so frumpishly disposed, seeing I am certainly persuaded that some flout, who merit to be flouted at; yet as my *Vow* imports so

(3) *Enguerrant*.] *Eguerrant Monfretet*, in the Second Chapter of his Chronicle, relates the Story, which takes up several Pages without coming to the Point, by making the Parties spend four Years in going to and fro, and not doing any thing at all but rail and wrangle. The *Spaniard* was an *Arragonefe* named *Michael d' Oris*, the *Englisbman* was one Sir *John Pendergrafs*.

will I do. It is now a long time since, by (4) *Jupiter Philos*, we did swear Faith and Amity to one another: Give me your Advice, *Billy*, and tell me your Opinion freely, Should I marry or no? Truly, quoth *Epistemon*, the Case is hazardous, and the Danger so eminently apparent, that I find myself too weak and insufficient to give you a punctual and peremptory Resolution therein; and if ever it was true, that the (5) *Judgment is difficult* (in Matters of the Medicinal Art, as was said by *Hippocrates*, of *Lango*) it is certainly so in this Case. True it is that in my Brain there are some rowling Fancies, by means whereof somewhat may be pitched upon of a seeming Efficacy to the disintangling your Mind of those dubious Apprehensions wherewith it is perplexed; but they do not thoroughly satisfy me. (6) Some of the *Platonic Sect* affirm, that whosoever is able to see his proper *Genius*, may know his own Destiny. I understand not their Doctrine; nor do I think that you adhere to them; there is a palpable Abuse. I have seen the Experience of it in a very curious Gentleman of the Country of *Eftangourre* (7). This is the first Point. There is yet another, not much better. If there were any Authority now in the Oracles of *Apollo* in *Lebadia*, *Delphos*, *Delos*, *Cyrrha*, *Patara*, *Tegyres*, *Preneste*, *Lycia*, *Colophon*; of *Bacchus* in *Dodona*; of *Mercury* in *Phares*; near *Patras*; of *Apis* in *Egypt*; of *Serapis* in *Canopie*; of *Faunus* in *Menalia*, and *Albunes* near *Tivoli*; of *Tiresias* in *Orchomente*; of *Mopsus* in *Cilicia*; of *Orpheus* in *Lesbos*; and of *Trophonius* in *Leucadia*: I would in that Case advise you, and possibly not, to go thither for their Judgment concerning the Design and Enterprize you have in hand. But you know that

(4) *Jupiter Philos.*] It is no more than plain *Jupiter* in the Original: no such Word as *Philos*: there follows indeed in the head of the next Period the Word *Fillor*, but that's only a Term of Fondness, as we see *Billy*: Sir T. U. mistook it to mean *Philos*.

(5) *Judgment, &c.*] In this Aphorism, which is the first of *lib. i.* *Hippocrates* begins with declaring, *It was a difficult Thing for him to fix and settle his Opinion, in Matters relating to Medicine.*

(6) *Some of the Platonic Sect, &c.*] See *Jamblicus de Mysteriis*, Sect. ix. c. iii.

(7) *Eftangourre.*] Corruptly for *East-angle* (*East-England*) one of the Heptarchies of *England*, under the *Saxon Kings*.

they are all of them become as dumb as so many Fishes, since the *Advent* of that *Saviour King*, whose coming to this World hath made all Oracles and Prophecies to cease; as the Approach of the Sun's radiant Beams expelleth Goblins, Bugbears, Hobthrushes, Broams, Schriech-Owl-Mates, Night-walking Spirits, and Tenebrions. These now are gone; but although they were as yet in Continuance, and in the same Power, Rule and Request that formerly they were, yet would not I counsel you to be too credulous in putting any Trust in their Responses: Too many Folks have been deceived thereby. It stands furthermore upon Record, how *Agrippina* did charge the fair *Lollia* with the Crime of having interrogated the Oracle of *Apollo Clarius*, to understand if she should be at any time married to the Emperor *Claudius*; for which Cause she was first banished, and thereafter put to a shameful and ignominious Death.

But, saith *Panurge*, let us do better. The *Ogygian* Islands are not far distant from the Haven of *Sammalo*: Let us, after that we shall have spoken to our King, make a Voyage thither. In one of these four *Isles*, to wit, that which hath it's primest Aspect towards the Sun-setting, it is reported, (and I have read in good antic and authentic Authors) that they reside many Soothsayers, Fortune-tellers, Vaticinators, Prophets, and Diviners of Things to come, that *Saturn* inhabiteth that Place, bound with fair Chains of Gold, and within the Concavity of a (8) golden Rock, being nourished with divine *Ambrosia* and *Nectar*, which are daily in great Store and Abundance transmitted to him from the Heavens, by I do not well know what Kind of Fowls (it may be that they are the same Ravens, which in the Deserts are said to have fed *St. Paul*, the first Hermit) he very clearly foretelleth unto every one, who is desirous to be certified of the Condition of his Lot, what his Destiny will be, and what future Chance the Fates have ordained for him: for the *Parcæ* or *Weerd Sisters* do not twist, spin, or draw out a Thread; nor yet doth

(8) *Golden Rock.*] See *Plutarch*, in his Discourse of the *Face* which appears in the Moon's Orb.

Jupiter perpend, project, or deliberate any thing, which the good old cœlestial Father knoweth not to the full, even whilst he is a-sleep: this will be a very summary Abbreviation of our Labour, if we but hearken unto him a little upon the serious Debate and canvassing of this my Perplexity. That is, answered *Epistemon*, a Gullery too evident, a plain Abuse, and Fib too fabulous. I will not go, not I, I will not go.

C H A P. XXV.

How Panurge consulteth with Her Trippa.

N Evertheless, (quoth *Epistemon*, continuing his Discourse) I will tell you what you may do, if you will be rul'd by me, before we return to our King. Hard by here, in the *Brownwheat Island*, (*Bouchart*) dwelleth (1) *Her Trippa*. You know, how by the Arts of Astrology, Geomancy, Chiromancy, and others of a like Stuff and Nature, he foretelleth all Things to come: let us talk a little, and confer with him about your Business. Of that, answered *Panurge*, I know nothing: but of this much concerning him I am assured, that one Day, and that not long since, whilst he was prating to (2) the great King, of cœlestial, sublime, and transcendent Things, the Lacqueys and Footboys of the Court, upon the upper Steps of Stairs between two Doors, jumbled, one after another, as often as they lifted, his Wife; who is passable fair, and a pretty snug

(1) *Her Trippa*.] The Author of the *English Notes upon Rabelais* [Mr. *Motteux*] printed by themselves at the Beginning of these Volumes, will have it, (and with a great deal of Reason) that, by *Her Trippa*, *Rabelais* designs *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, a German, who with some, passes for a Magician. And indeed, in his Book of the Vanity of the Sciences, and his four Books of occult Philosophy, he has treated of most of these Kinds of Divinations, here brought together by *Rabelais* in this Chapter.

(2) *The Great King*.] This must be *Francis I.* to whose Mother *Agrippa* was Physician.

Huffy. Thus he who seemed very clearly to see all heavenly and terrestrial Things without Spectacles, who discoursed boldly of Adventures past, with great Confidence opened up present Cases and Accidents, and stoutly professed the presaging of all future Events and Contingencies, was not able with all the Skill and Cunning that he had, to perceive the bumbasting of his Wife, whom he reputed to be very chaste; and hath not till this Hour, got Notice of any thing to the contrary. Yet let us go to him, seeing you will have it so: for surely we can never learn too much. They on the very next ensuing Day, went to *Her Trippa's* Lodging. *Panurge*, by Way of Donative, presented him with a long Gown lined all thorough with Wolves-skins, with a short Sword mounted with a gilded Hilt, and covered with a Velvet Scabbard, and with fifty good single Angels: then in a familiar and friendly Way did he ask of him his Opinion touching the Affair. At the very first *Her Trippa* looking on him very wistly in the Face, said unto him: Thou hast the Metoposcopy, and Physiognomy of a Cuckold; I say, of a notorious and infamous Cuckold. With this, casting an Eye upon *Panurge's* right Hand in all the Parts thereof, he said, this rugged Draught which I see here, just over the Mount of *Jove* was never yet but in the Hand of a Cuckold. Afterwards he with a white lead Pen, swiftly and hastily drew a certain Number of diverse Kinds of Points, which by Rules of Geomancy he coupled and joined together; then said, Truth itself is not truer, than that it is certain, thou wilt be a Cuckold, a little after thy Marriage. That being done, he asked of *Panurge* the Horoscope of his Nativity; which was no sooner by *Panurge* tendred unto him, than that, erecting a Figure, he very promptly and speedily formed and fashioned a compleat Fabric of the Houses of Heaven, in all their Parts, whereof when he had considered the Situation and the Aspects in their Triplicities, he fetched a deep Sigh, and said, I have clearly enough already discovered unto you the Fate of your Cuckoldry, which is unavoidable, you cannot escape it; and here have I got a new and further Assurance thereof, so that I may now hardily pronounce, and affirm
without

without any Scruple or Hesitation at all, that thou wilt be a Cuckold; that furthermore, thou wilt be beaten by thine own Wife, and that she will purloin, filch, and steal of thy Goods from thee; for I find the *Seventh House*, in all it's Aspects, of a malignant Influence, and every one of the Planets threatening thee with Disgrace, according as they stand seated towards one another, in relation to the horned Signs of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and *Capricorn*, and others: in the *Fourth House* I find *Jupiter* in a Decadence, as also in a Tetragonal Aspect to *Saturn*, associated with *Mercury*. Thou wilt be soundly pepper'd, my good honest Fellow, I warrant thee. Shall I so? answered *Panurge*: a Plague rot thee, thou old Fool, and doating Sot, how graceless and unpleasant thou art.

When all Cuckolds shall be at a general Rendezvouz, thou shalt be their Standard-bearer. But whence comes this Ciron-worm betwixt these two Fingers? This *Panurge* said, holding towards *Her Trippa* his two Fore-fingers open after the Manner of two Horns, and shutting into his Palm, his Thumb, with the other Fingers. Then in turning to *Epistemon*, he said, Lo, here the true (3) *Olus* of *Martial*, who addicted and devoted himself wholly to the observing the Miseries, Crosses, and Calamities of others, whilst his own Wife, in the interim, did keep an open Bawdy-house.

This Varlet is poorer than ever was *Irus*, and yet he is proud, vaunting, arrogant, self-conceited, over-weaning, and more insupportable than seventeen Devils; in one Word, a very (4) *πτωχαλάων*, which Term of old was applied to the like beggarly, strutting Coxcombs.

Come, let us leave this Madpash Bedlam, this Hair-brain'd Fop, and give him leave to rave and doze his Belly-full, with his private and intimately acquainted Devils; who, if they were not the very worst of all the infernal Fiends, would never have deigned to serve such a knavish, barking Cur as this is. He hath not learnt the first Precept of Philosophy, which is, *Κνοῦ thy self*: for whilst he braggeth and boasteth, that he

(3) *Olus* of *Martial*.] Lib. vii. Epigr. ix.

(4) *Πτωχαλάων*.] A *Ptochalazon*, i. e. a proud Beggar, from *πτωχός*, poor, and *άλάων*, baughty. See *Plutarch* in his Treatise of Curiosity.

can discern the least Mote in the Eye of another, he is not able to see the huge Block that puts out the Sight of both his Eyes. This is such another *Polypragmon*, as is by *Plutarch* described: he is of the Nature of the *Lamian* Witches, who in foreign Places, in the Houses of Strangers, in public, and amongst the common People, had a sharper and more piercing Inspection into their Affairs than any *Lynx*; but at Home in their own proper Dwelling Mansions, were blinder than Mold-warps, and saw nothing at all: for their Custom was at their Return from abroad, when they were by themselves in private to take their Eyes out of their Head, from whence they were as easily removable as a Pair of Spectacles from their Nose, and to lay them up into a wooden Slipper, which for that Purpose did hang behind the Door of their Lodging.

Panurge had no sooner done speaking, when *Her Trippa* took into his Hand a Tamarisk Branch. In this, quoth *Epistemon*, he doth very well, right, and like an Artist, for *Nicander* calleth it the *Divinatory Tree*. Have you a mind, quoth *Her Trippa*, to have the Truth of the Matter yet more fully and amply disclosed unto you by *Pyromancy*, by *Aeromancy*, (whereof *Aristophanes* in his *Clouds* maketh great Estimation) by *Hydromancy*, by *Lacanomancy*, of old in prime Request amongst the *Affyrians*, and thoroughly tried by *Hermolaus Barbarus*: come hither, and I will shew thee in this Platter-full of fair Fountain-water, thy future Wife, lechering, and scercroupierising (but-tocking it) with two swaggering Ruffians, one after another. Yea, but have a special Care, quoth *Panurge*, when thou comest to put thy Nose within my Arse, that thou forget not to pull off thy Spectacles. *Her Trippa* going on in his Discourse, said: By *Catoptromancy*, likewise held in such Account by the Emperor *Didius Julianus*, that by Means thereof he ever and anon foresaw all that which at any Time did happen or befall unto him: thou shalt not need to put on thy Spectacles, for in a Mirror thou wilt see her as clearly and manifestly Nebrundiated, and Billibodring it, as if I should shew it in the Fountain of the Temple of *Minerva* near *Patras*. By *Coscinomancy*, most religiously
observed

observed of old, amidst the Ceremonies of the ancient Romans. Let us have a Sieve and Shiers, and thou shalt see Devils. By *Alphitomancy*, cried up by *Theocritus* in his *Pharmaceutria*. By *Alentomancy*, mixing the Flour of Wheat with Oatmeal. By *Astragalomancy*, whereof I have the Plots and Models all at Hand ready for the Purpose. By *Tyromancy*, whereof we make some Proof in a great *Brehemont* Cheese, which I here keep by me. By *Giromancy*, if thou shouldst turn round Circles, thou mightest assure thyself from me, that they would fall always on the wrong side. By *Sternomancy*, which maketh nothing for thy Advantage, for thou hast an ill proportion'd Stomach. By *Libanomancy*, for the which we shall need but a little Frankincense. By *Gastromancy*, which Kind of ventral Fatiloquency was for a long Time together used in *Ferrara* by Lady *Giacoma Rodogina*, the *Engastrimythian* Prophetess. By *Cephalomancy*, often practised amongst the *High Germans* in their boiling of an Ass's Head upon burning Coals. By *Ceromancy*, where by the means of Wax dissolved into Water, thou shalt see the Figure, Pourtrait, and lively Representation of thy future Wife, and of her Fredin Fredaliatory Belly-thumping Blades. By *Capnomancy*; O the gallantest and most excellent of all Secrets! By *Axionomancy*, we want only a Hatchet and a Jeat-stone to be laid together upon a quick Fire of hot Embers. O how bravely *Homer* was versed in the Practice hereof towards *Penelope's* Suiters! By *Onymancy*; for that we have Oil and Wax. By *Tephromancy*, thou wilt see the Ashes thus aloft dispersed, exhibiting thy Wife in a fine Posture. By *Botonomancy*, for the Nonce I have some few Leaves in Reserve. By *Sicomancy*; O divine Art in Fig-tree Leaves! By *Icthyomancy*, in ancient times so celebrated and put in Use by *Tiresias* and *Polydamas*, with the like Certainty of Event as was tried of old at the *Dina-ditch* within that Grove consecrated to *Apollo*, which is in the Territory of the *Lycians*. By *Choiromancy*; let us have a great many Hogs, and thou shalt have the Bladder of one of them. By *Cheromancy*, as the Bean is found in the Cake at the *Epiphany* Vigil. By *Antropomancy*, practised by the Roman Emperor *Heliogabalus*;

it is somewhat irksom, but thou wilt endure it well enough, seeing thou art destinated to be a Cuckold. By a *Sybilline Stichomancy*. By *Onomatomancy*. How do they call thee? (5) Chaw-turd, quoth *Panurge*. Or else by *Aleÿtryomancy*: If I should here with a Compass draw a Round, and inlooking upon thee, and considering thy Lot, divide the Circumference thereof into four and twenty equal Parts, then form a several Letter of the Alphabet upon every one of them; and lastly, posit a Barly Corn or two upon each of these so disposed Letters; I durst promise upon my Faith and Honesty, that if a young Virgin Cock be permitted to range amongst and athwart them, he should only eat the Grains which are set and placed upon these Letters, *A. C. u. c. k. o. l. d. T. h. o. u. f. b a. l. t. b. e.* And that as fatidically, as under the Emperor *Valens* most perplexedly desirous to know the Name of him, who should be his Successor to the Empire, the Cock Vaticinating and Aleÿtryomantic, ate up only the Grains that were posited on the Letters, *Θ. Ε. Ο. Δ.* (6) *T. h. e. o. d.* Or for the more Certainty will you have a Trial of your Fortune by the Art of Aruspicy? By Augury? Or by Extispicy? By Turdispicy, quoth *Panurge*. Or yet by the Mystery of Necromancy? I will, if you please, suddenly set up again, and revive some one lately deceased, as *Apollonius* of *Tyane* did to *Achilles*, and the *Pythones* in the Presence of *Saul*; which Body so rai-

(5) *Chaw-turd, or Turd-Taster.*] *Mäschemerde* in the Original; an Epithet for Physicians, tantamount to the *Scatophagos*, which *Aristophanes* bestows on *Esculapius*. *Σκατοφάγος*, *Merdivorus*, says *Robinson's Lexicon*; *Æsculapii* Epith. apud *Aristoph.* in *Pluto*; *est à σκατός merda, & φάγω edo.* [Heretofore Physicians use to taste their Patients Excretions, the better to judge of their State and Condition. A laudable Custom of the Ancients, but not much practis'd by the Moderns! There's as much a Fashion in Physic, as in any Thing, and it's Mode as changeable almost as that of Drefs.]

(6) *Θ. Ε. Ο. Δ.*] For a Proof, that the Name ought not to be written at length, as in the *Dutch Rabelais*, *Zonaras* and *Cedrenus*, from whom *Rabelais* takes the Story, affirm that the Cock toucht no other Letters but the *Θ. Ε. Ο. Δ.* Besides, it was not *Theodorus*, but *Theodosius* that succeeded *Valens*. *Ammianus Marcellinus* pretends with *Sozomenus*, that the Exploration on this Occasion was by *Dactylomancy*.

sed up and requickned, will tell us the Sum of all you shall require of him; no more nor less than at the Invocation of *Eriæho*, a certain defunct Person foretold to *Pompey* the whole Progress and Issue of the fatal Battle fought in the *Pharsalian* Fields? Or if you be afraid of the Dead, as commonly all Cuckolds are, I will make use of the Faculty of *Sciomancy*. Go, get thee gone, quoth *Panurge*, thou frantic Ass, to the Devil, and be buggered, filthy *Bardachio* that thou art, by some *Albanian*, for a Steeple-crown'd Hat. Why the Devil dist not thou counsel me as well to hold an Emerald, or the Stone of a *Hyena* under my Tongue? Or to furnish and provide myself with Tongues of Whoops, and Hearts of green Frogs? Or to eat of the Liver and Milt of some Dragon? To the End that by those Means I might at the chanting and chirping of Swans and other Fowls, understand the Substance of my future Lot and Destiny, as did (7) of old the *Arabians* in the Country of *Mesopotamia*? Fifteen Brace of Devils seize upon the Body and Soul of this horned Renegado, miscreant Cuckold, the Inchanter, Witch, and Sorcerer of Antichrist; away to all the Devils of Hell.

Let us return towards our King: I am sure he will not be well pleased with us, if he once come to get notice that we have been in the Kennel of (8) this muffled

(7) *Of old the Arabians.*] See *Philostratus*, l. i. c. xii. of *Apollonius's* Life.

(8) *This muffled Devil.*] It should be ragged, home-spun Devil: He was slanderous as the Devil, but at the bottom a mere Ninnyhammer. M. D. C. observes, that the *Lyons* Edition, and some others have swell'd this Chapter with nine or ten Sorts of ancient Divinations, which as well as those *Rabelais* touches upon, may be seen in the five Books, *de Sapientia*, publish'd by *Cardan*, just as the third Book of *Pantagruel* came out. Now since among others, the *Cephaleonmancy* attributed to the *Germans* in those Editions, is describ'd in l. iv. of *Cardan's de Sapientia*, I know not but He may be *Her Trippa*. Add to this the Epithets given him by *Panurge*, viz. *Ragged*, &c. and it looks the more probable, for *Cardan* was so careless in what he either wore or eat, that in his *de propria vita*, speaking of himself, as of a second *Tigellius*, (mention'd by *Horace*)

---- modo sit mihi mensa tripes, &
Concha salis puri, & toga, defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa queat.

Devil;

Devil, I repent my being come hither. I would willingly dispense with (9) a hundred Nobles, and fourteen Yeomans, on Condition that he who (10) not long since did blow in the Bottom of my Breeches, should instantly with his squirting Spittle inluminare his Muf-taches. O Lord God ! how the Villain hath besmoaked me with Vexation and Anger, with Charms and Witchcraft, and with a terrible Coyl and Stir of Infernal and *Tartarian* Devils ! The Devil take him : say *Amen* ; and let us go drink. I shall not have any Appetite for my Victuals (how good Cheer soever I make) these two Days to come, hardly these four.

C H A P. XXVI.

How Panurge consulteth with Friar John of the Funnels.

PAnurge was indeed very much troubled in Mind, and disquieted at the Words of *Her Trippa*, and therefore as he passed by the little Village of *Huymes*, after he had made his Address to Friar *John* in pecking at, rubbing and scratching his own left Ear, he said unto him, Keep me a little jovial and merry, my dear and sweet Bully, for I find my Brains altogether metagrabolized and confounded, and my Spirits in a most dunfical Puzzle at the bitter Talk of this Devilish, Hellish, Damned Fool. Hearken, (1) my dainty Cod,

Mellow

(9) *A hundred Nobles.*] *Edward III.* King of *England*, who first coin'd the *Rose-Nobles*, gave a hundred of them to one *Gobin Agace* of *Picardy*, for shewing him a Ford, where he might cross the River *Somme*, which parted his Army from that of *France*. This Coin was call'd *Noble*, on Account of the Excellence of it's Gold, and were usually disposed of as a Reward for a Piece of good News brought, or some important Service done.

(10) *Not long since.*] He had for some time left off wearing Breeches or Codpiece.

(1) *My dainty Cod.*] In the Original it is *Couillon-mignon*. Now tho' *Couillon* signifies a Man's *Scrotum*, yet *M. D. C.* will not allow

Mellow c.	Glazed c.	Burning c.
Lead-coloured c.	Interlarded c.	Thwacking c.
Knurled c.	Burger-like c.	Urgent c.
Suborned c.	Impoudred c.	Handsome c.
Desired c.	Ebenized c.	Prompt c.
Stuffed c.	Brasiliated c.	Fortunate c.
Speckled c.	Organized c.	Boxwood c.
Finely metal'd c.	Passable c.	Latten c.
Arabian-like c.	Trunkified c.	Unbridled c.
Trussed-up-Grey-	Furious c.	Hooked c.
hound-like c.	Packed c.	Researched c.
Mounted c.	Hooded c.	Encompassed c.
Sleeked c.	Varnished c.	Strouting out c.
Diapred c.	Renowned c.	Jolly c.
Sotted c.	Matted c.	Lively c.
Master c.	Genetive c.	Gerundive c.
Seeded c.	Gigantal c.	Franked c.
Lusty c.	Oval c.	Polished c.
Jupped c.	Claustal c.	Poudred Beef c.
Milked c.	Viril c.	Positive c.
Calseted c.	Stayed c.	Spared c.
Raised c.	Maffive c.	Bold c.
Odd c.	Manual c.	Lascivious c.
Steeled c.	Absolute c.	Gluttonous c.
Stale c.	Well-set c.	Resolute c.
Orange-tawny c.	Gemel c.	Cabbage-like c.
Imbroidered c.	Turkish c.	Courteous c.

low of it's signifying so here. He will have it, that in this, and the next Chapter, they call one another only Brother-Monk, for *Panurge* had been a Monk, and Friar *John* was one still, so they might well enough call each other Brothers of the *Cowl*, i. e. *Couillon*, from *Cucullio*, *omis*, an Augmentative of *Cucullus*: for by the bye, *Couillon* is here a Contraction of *Coquillon*, formed from the same Word *Cucullio*. Be this as it may, *Rabelais* seems in these two Chapters, and again in *ch. xxxvi.* to have no other Design in this Profusion of Epithets, but to shew that he thoroughly understood not only the *French* Tongue, but was also capable of enriching it with a great Number of Words from the *Latin*, *Greek*, *Arabian*, and all the Sciences. It may not be amiss to observe, that of the Epithets in this Chapter, and the next, the principal, which may be called honourable, relate to Friar *John*, who was a young Man, and whom *Panurge* had a mind to cajole, whereas those which are applied to *Panurge*, set him out to us as an old fusty Bachelor.

Fertil c.	Insuperable c.	Topfiturvyng c.
Whizzing c.	Agreeable c.	Raging c.
Neat c.	Formidable c.	Piled up c.
Common c.	Profitable c.	Filled up c.
Brisk c.	Notable c.	Manly c.
Quick c.	Musculous c.	Idle c.
Barelike c.	Subsidiary c.	Membrous c.
Partitional c.	Satyrick c.	Strong c.
Patronymick c.	Repercussive c.	Twin c.
Cockney c.	Convulsive c.	Belabouring c.
Auromercuriated c.	Restorative c.	Gentil c.
Robust c.	Masculinating c.	Stirring c.
Appetizing c.	Incarnative c.	Confident c.
Succourable c.	Sigillative c.	Nimble c.
Redoutable c.	Sallying c.	Roundheaded c.
Affable c.	Plump c.	Figging c.
Memorable c.	Thundering c.	Helpful c.
Palpable c.	Lechering c.	Spruce c.
Barbable c.	Fulminating c.	Plucking c.
Tragical c.	Sparkling c.	Ramage c.
Transpontine c.	Ramming c.	Fine c.
Digestive c.	Lusty c.	Fierce c.
Active c.	Household c.	Brawny c.
Vital c.	Pretty c.	Compt c.
Magistral c.	Astrolabian c.	Repaired c.
Monachal c.	Algebraical c.	Soft c.
Subtil c.	Venuft c.	Wild c.
Hammering c.	Aromatizing c.	Renewed c.
Clashing c.	Trixy c.	Quaint c.
Tingling c.	Paillard c.	Starting c.
Usual c.	Gaillard c.	Fleshy c.
Exquisite c.	Broaching c.	Auxiliary c.
Trim c.	Addle c.	New vamped c.
Succulent c.	Syndicated c.	Improved c.
Faction c.	Boulting c.	Malling c.
Clammy c.	Snorting c.	Sounding c.
Fat c.	Piltring c.	Batled c.
High-prised c.	Shaking c.	Burly c.
Requisite c.	Bobbing c.	Seditious c.
Laycod c.	Chiveted c.	Wardian c.
Hand-filling c.	Fumblng c.	Protective c.

Twinkling

Twinkling c.	Jagged c.	Grasp-full c.
Able c.	Pinked c.	Swillpow c.
Algoristical c.	Arfiverfing c.	Crufhing c.
Odoriferous c.	Polifhed c.	Creaking c.
Pranked c.	Slafht c.	Dilting c.
Jocund c.	Hamed c.	Ready c.
Routing c.	Leifurely c.	Vigorous c.
Purloyning c.	Cut c.	Scoulking c.
Frolick c.	Smooth c.	Superlative c.
Wagging c.	Depending c.	Clafhing c.
Ruffling c.	Independent c.	Wagging c.
Jumbling c.	Lingring c.	Scriplike c.
Rumbling c.	Rapping c.	Encremafter'd c.
Thumping c.	Reverend c.	Bouncing c.
Bumping c.	Nodding c.	Levelling c.
Cringeling c.	Diffeminating c.	Fly-flap c.
Berumpling c.	Affecting c.	Perinæ-tegminał c.
Jogging c.	Affected c.	Squat-couching c.
Nobbing c.	Grapled c.	Short-hung c.
Touzing c.	Stuffed c.	The hypogaftri-
Tumbling c.	Well-fed c.	an c.
Fambling c.	Flourifhed c.	Witness bearing c.
Overturning c.	Fallow c.	Teftigerous c.
Shooting c.	Sudden c.	Inftrumental c.
Culeting c.		

My Harecabuzing Cod, and Buttock-ftirring Ballock, Friar *John* my Friend : I do carry a fingular Refpect unto thee, and honour thee with all my Heart; thy Counfels I hold for a Choice and delicate Morsel, therefore have I referved it for the laft Bit. Give me thy Advice freely, I befeech thee; fhould I marry, or no? Friar *John*, very merrily, and with a fprightly Chearfulnefs made this Answer to him: Marry, in the Devil's Name, why not? What the Devil elfe fhouldft thou do, but marry? Take thee a Wife, and furbifh her Harnefs to fome Tune: fwinge her Skin-coat, as if thou wert beating on Stock-fifh; and let the Repercuffion of thy Clapper from her refounding Metal, make a Noife, as if a double Peal of Chiming-Bells were

were hung at the Cremasters of thy Ballocks. As I say Marry, so do I understand, that thou shouldst fall to work as speedily as may be : yea, my meaning is, that thou oughtest to be so quick and forward therein, as on this same very Day, before Sun-set, to cause, proclaim thy Banes of Matrimony, and make Provision of Bedsteads. By the Blood of a Hog'spudding, 'till when shouldst thou delay the acting of a Husband's Part ? dost thou not know, and is it not daily told unto thee, that the End of the World approacheth ? we are nearer by three Poles and half a Fathom, than we were two Days ago. The *Antichrist* is already born, at least is so reported by many ; the Truth is, that hitherto the Effects of his Wrath have not reached farther than to the scratching of his Nurse and Governesses ; his Nails are not sharp enough as yet, nor have his Claws attained to their full Growth ; he is little.

Crescat ; Nos qui vivimus, multiplicemur.

It is written so, and it is holy Stuff, I warrant you ; the Truth whereof is like to last as long as a Sack of Corn may be had for a Penny, and a Punchion of pure Wine for three-pence. Would thou be content to be found with thy Genitories full in the Day of Judgment ? *Dum venerit judicare.* Thou hast, quoth *Panurge*, a right, clear, and neat Spirit, Friar *John*, my Metropolitan Cod ; thou speak'st in very deed pertinently, and to purpose : that belike was the Reason which moved *Leander* of *Abydos* in *Asia*, whilst he was swimming through the *Hellepontick* Sea, to make a Visit to his Sweetheart *Hero* of *Sestos* in *Europe*, to pray unto *Neptune*, and all the other Marine Gods, thus :

(2) *Now, whilst I go, have Pity on me,
And at my back returning drown me.*

(2) *Now, &c.] Parcite, dum propero : mergite dum redeo : says Martial, lib. de Spectaculis, Epig. xxv.*

He was loth, it seems, to die with his Cods overgorged. He was to be commended. Therefore do I promise, that from henceforth no Malefactor shall by Justice be executed within my Jurisdiction of *Sal-migondinois*, who shall not, for a Day or two at least before, be permitted to culbut, and foraminate, (3) Onocrotalwife, that there remain not in all his Vessels, to write a great *Greek Y*; such a precious Thing should not be foolishly cast away; he will perhaps therewith beget a Male, and so depart the more contentedly out of this Life, that he shall have left behind him one for one.

C H A P. XXVII.

How Friar John merrily and sportingly counselleth Panurge.

BY Saint *Rigomè* (1), quoth Fryar *John*, I do advise thee to nothing, my dear Friend *Panurge*, which I

(3) *Onocrotalwife*,] *Onocrotal* is a Bittern or Buzzard, whose Cry sounds like that of an Ass. So that to do the Deed of Kind (as *Shakespeare's* Word is) like an *Onocrotal* is as if one should say, an unsaddled Ass. For, as *Cotgrave* observes, Asses discharged of their Burthens, unsaddled, and set at Liberty, are the friskest Creatures alive. As for the *Onocrotalos* (which I take to be a Bittern or Buzzard,) it is a very large Bird; it never flies but in Company of one of it's own Kind, and under it's Neck it has a Kind of a second Belly, where it lays up for a Reserve what Provision it is not inclined immediately to eat. *M. de Chat* says that under the Name of *Onocrotals*, *Panurge* means the Begging Fryars, who, besides, live mostly on Fish, like that Bird, and like it too, they have a hoarse rough Voice. [He might have added, that they go in Couples too, as I have constantly seen them in France; not to say that they have three Stones as the *Onocrotals* or *Buteones* are said by the Authors of the *Cambridge Dictionary* to have.] To conclude: *Onocrotalos* comes from *ὄνος*, an Ass, and *κρόταλος*, a hoarse, rough, harsh Sound.

(1) By *St. Rigomè*,] *Rigomarus* is a Saint particularly worshipped in *Poitou*, where they keep one of his Arms, and usually swear by it.

would.

would not do myself, were I in thy place : Only have a special care, and take good heed thou foulder well together the Joynts of the double backed, and two-bellied Beast, and fortifie thy Nerves so strongly, that there be no Discontinuance in the Knocks of the *Venerean* thwacking, else thou art lost, poor Soul : for if there pass long Intervals betwixt the priapaising Feats, and that thou make an Intermission of too large a Time, that will befall thee, which betides the Nurses, if they desist from giving Suck to Children, they lose their Milk ; and if continually thou do not hold thy Aspersory Tool in Exercise, and keep thy mental going, thy *Lactician* Nectar will be gone, and it will serve thee only as a Pipe to piss out at, and thy Cods for a Wallet of lesser Value than a Beggars Scrip. This is certain truth I tell thee Friend, and doubt not of it ; for myself have seen the sad Experiment thereof in many, who cannot now do what they would, because before they did not what they might have done. *Ex desuetudine amittuntur Privilegia* : Non-usage oftentimes destroys ones Right, say the learned Doctors of the Law : therefore, my *Billy*, entertain as well as possibly thou canst, that *Hypogastrian*, lower Sort of Troglodytic People, that their chief Pleasure may be placed in the Case of sempiternal Labouring. Give Order that henceforth they live not like idle Gentlemen, idly upon their Rents and Revenues, but that they may work for their Livelyhood, by breaking Ground within the *Paphian* Trenches. Nay truly, answered *Panurge*, Fryar *John*, my left Ballock, I will believe thee, for thou dealest plain with me, and fallest downright square upon the Business, without going about the Bush with frivolous Circumstances, and unnecessary Reservations. Thou with the Splendour of a piercing Wit, hast dissipated all the louring Clouds of anxious Apprehensions and Suspitions, which did intimidate and terrify me : therefore the Heavens be pleased to grant to thee, at all She-conflicts, a stiff-standing Fortune. Well then, as thou hast said, so will I do : I will, in good Faith, Marry, in that Point there shall be no failing, I promise thee, and shall have always by me pretty Girls clothed

clothed with the Name of my Wive's waiting Maids, that lying under thy Wings, thou mayest be Night-Protector of their Sister-hood when thou comest to see me.

Let this serve for the first Part of the Sermon. Harken, quoth Fryar *John*, to the Oracle of the Bells of *Varennes*; What say they? I hear and understand them, quoth *Panurge*, their Sound is, by my Thirst, more uprightly fatidical, than that of *Jove's* Great Kettles in *Dodona*. Harken; *Take thee a Wife, take thee a Wife, and marry, marry, marry: for if thou marry, thou shalt find Good therein, herein, herein a Wife thou shalt find Good; so marry, marry.* I will assure thee, that I will be married; all the Elements invite and prompt me to it: let this Word be to thee a Brazen Wall, by Diffidence not to be broken thro'. As for the Second Part of this our Doctrine: thou seemest in some Measure to mistrust the the readiness of my Paternity, in the practising of my Placket-Racket within the *Apbrodisian* Tennis-Court at all Times sitting, as if the stiff Cod of Gardens were not favourable to me. I pray thee, favour me so much as to believe, that I still have him at a Beck, attending always my Commandments, docile, obedient, vigorous, and active in all Things, and everywhere, and never stubborn or refractory to my Will or Pleasure.

I need no more, but let go the Reins, and slacken the Leach, which is the Belly-point, and when the Game is shewn unto him, say, Hey, *Jack*, to thy Booty, he will not fail even then to Flesh himself upon his Prey, and tuzzle it to some Purpose. Hereby you may perceive, although my future Wife were as unsatiable and gluttonous in her Voluptuousness, and the Delights of Venerie, as ever was the Empress *Messalina*, or yet the Marchioness in *England*; and I desire thee to give Credit to it, that I lack not for what is requisite to overlay the Stomach of her Lust, but have wherewith aboundingly to please her.

I am not ignorant that *Salomon* said, who indeed of that Matter speaketh Clerk-like, and learnedly, as also how *Aristotle* after him declared for a Truth, that the Lechery

Lechery of a Woman (2) is ravenous and unsatisfiable: nevertheless, let such as are my Friends who read those Passages, receive from me for a most real Verity, that I for such a Gill, have a fit Jack; and that, if Womens Things cannot be satiated, I have an Instrument indefatigable; an Implement as copious in the giving, as can in craving be their *Vade Mecums*. Do not here produce antient Examples of the Paragons of Paillardise, and offer to match with my testiculatary Ability, the Priapæan Prowess of the fabulous Fornicators, Hercules (3) Proculus Cæsar (4) and Mahomet (5) who in his Koran doth vaunt that in his Cods he had the Vigour of threescore Bully-Ruffians; but let no zealous Christian trust the Rogue; the filthy ribald Rascal is a Lyar. Shall thou need to urge Authorities, or bring forth the Instance of the Indian Prince, of whom Theophrastus, Pliny, and Athenæus testify, that with the Help of a certain Herb, he was able, and had given frequent Experiments thereof, to toss his Sinewy Piece of Gene-

(2) *The Lechery of a Woman.*] It is in the Original *l'estrè des femmes*, i. e. a Woman's Thing. In *Languedoc* they call every Thing (*estree*) *Thingumy*, that they must not name. See c. xiii. of l. iv. of *Feneste*, where Mention is made of certain Monks who not being able to get at some young Nuns their Neighbours, they threw over to them carved Images of their virile *estres* (*Thingumies*) which the Nuns very tenderly received into the Fore-lappets of their Smocks.

(3) *Hercules,*] *Diodorus Siculus*, l. v. c. ii. of his Antiquities, relates that Hercules in the Vigour of his Youth got King *Thespi*'s fifty Daughters with Child in one Night.

(4) *Proculus Cæsar.*] He boasted that of a hundred *Sarmatian* Maids that were brought to him at one Time, he devirginated ten the first Night, and that within a Fortnight afterwards, there was not one of all the rest which he had not made a Woman. See *Agrippa*, de *Vanit. Scient.* chap. lxiii.

(5) *Mahomet . . . in his Koran, &c.*] I know not whether any but *Peter Bolan* has seen a certain *Arabian* Book intituled, *Mahomet's Good Customs*: but according to that Book which says *Mahomet* had eleven Wives, he never was above an Hour in doing them all over one after another. See *Brantome's Dames Galantes*, Tom. I. p. 371.

ration,

ration, in the Act of carnal Concupiscence, above three-score (6) and ten times in the Space of four and twenty Hours. Of that I believe nothing ; the Number is Suppositious, and too prodigally foisted in : give no Faith unto it, I beseech thee, but prithee trust me in this, and thy Credulity therein shall not be wronged ; for it is true and *Probatum est*, that my Pioneer of Nature, the sacred *Ithyphallian* Champion, is of all stiff-intruding Blades the primeft : come hither my Bellockette, and hearken, didst thou ever see the Monk of *Castres Cowl*? when in any House it was laid down, whether openly in the View of all, or covertly out of the Sight of any, such was the ineffable Virtue thereof for exciting and stirring up the People of both Sexes unto Lechery, that the whole Inhabitants and Indwellers, not only of that, but likeways of all the circumjacent Places thereto, within three Leagues around it, did suddenly enter into Rut, both Beasts and Folks, Men and Women, even to the Dogs and Hogs, Rats and Cats.

I swear to thee, that many Times heretofore I have perceived, and found in my *Codpiece* a certain Kind of Energy, or efficacious Virtue, much more irregular, and of a greater Anomaly, than what I have related : I will not speak to thee either of House or Cottage, nor of Church or Market, but only tell thee, that once at the Representation of the *Passions*, which was acted at Saint *Maxents*, I had no sooner entred within the Pit of the Theatre, but that forthwith, by the Virtue and occult Property of it, on a sudden all that were there, both Players and Spectators, did fall into such an exorbitant Temptation of Lust, that there was not Angel, Man, Devil, nor Devilefs, upon the Place, who would not then have Bricollitched it with all their Heart and Soul.

(6) *Threescore and ten Times.*] See *Theophrastus*, l. ii. c. v. *Pliny*, l. xxvi. c. ix. and *Athenæus*, l. i. c. xii.

The Prompter forsook his Copy, he who played St. *Michael's* part, came down to rights, the Devils issued out of Hell, and carried along with them most of the pretty little Girls that were there; yea, *Lucifer* got out of his Fetters; in a Word, seeing the huge Disorder, I disparted myself forth of that inclosed Place, in Imitation of *Cato the Censor*, who perceiving by reason of his Presence, the *Floralian* Festivals out of Order, withdrew himself.

The End of the Second Volume.



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